

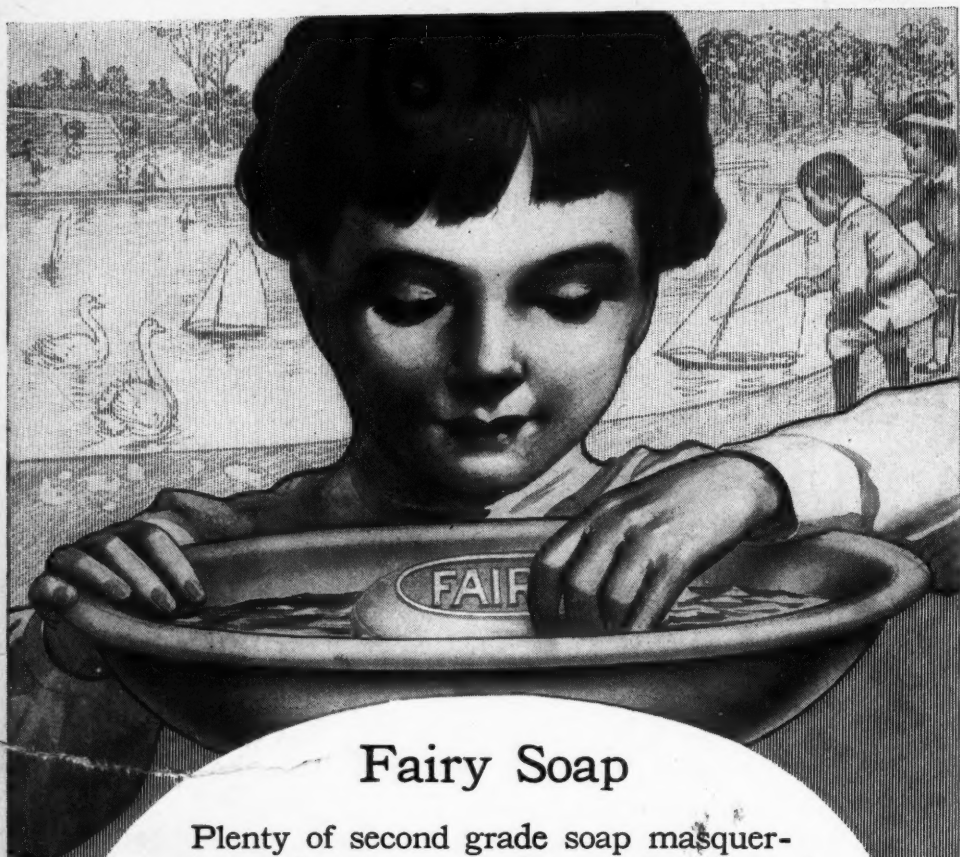
JUNE

THE

10 CENTS

# MUNSEY





## Fairy Soap

Plenty of second grade soap masquerades under strong perfume and dyes, and sells at a fancy price because it *looks* and *smells* well.

Fairy Soap is white—undyed—made from edible fats. It costs but 5c a cake, because it contains no needlessly expensive perfume.

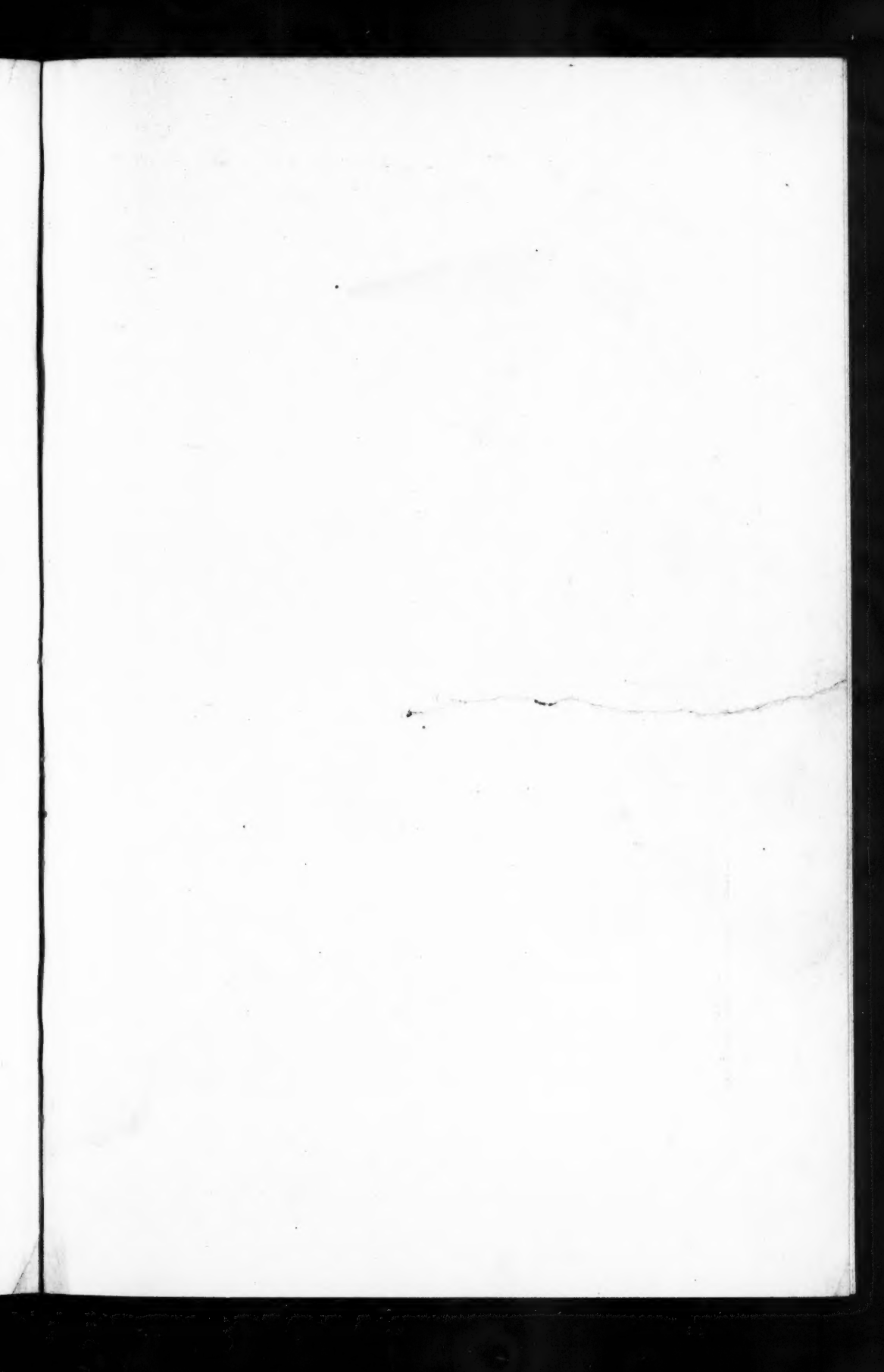
When you want *all* soap and no sham, order Fairy Soap—the handy, floating, oval cake.

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VICTORIA EUGÉNIE, QUEEN OF SPAIN, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG  
AND NIECE OF KING EDWARD VII

*From her latest photograph—copyright, 1910, by Paul Thompson, New York*

[For other portraits of the Spanish royal family see pages 321, 322]

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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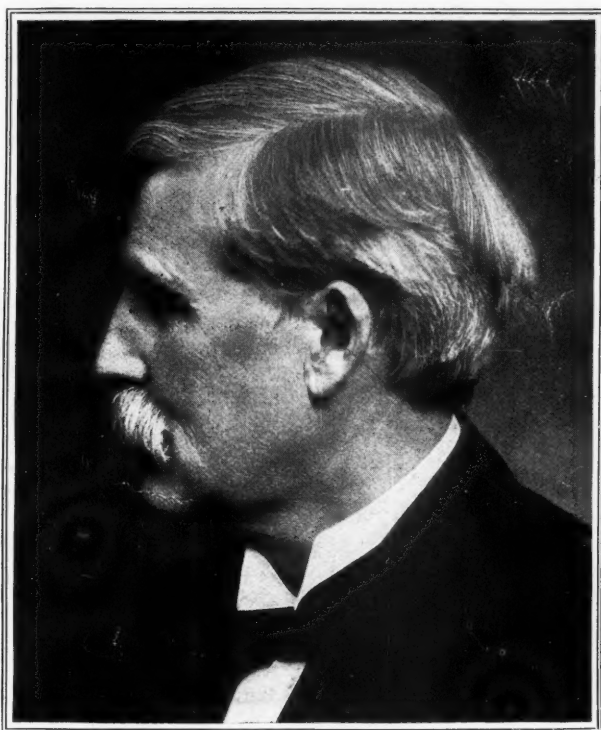
Number III

## THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE GENESIS AND DEVELOPMENT OF  
THE GREATEST BENEFACTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

TWENTY thousand American newspapers have lately announced the arrival of the Rockefeller Foundation—that scheme of philanthropy which, as Senator Gallinger has well said, is “more gigantic than was ever conceived by any other human being in the history of the world.” More than twenty thou-



THE REV. F. T. GATES, CHAIRMAN OF THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD

*From a copyrighted photograph by Fuch, New York*

sand guesses have been made as to what our richest citizen is about to do with his surplus affluence; and in practically all civilized countries, the keenest interest has been aroused by the spectacle of a Rockefeller devoting both his fortune and his brain to the service of the sick, the suffering, the unfortunate, and the unsuccessful.

Naturally, an event so unusual has aroused a clatter of comment, mostly favorable, of course, but with many misunderstandings of Mr. Rockefeller's plan and purpose. Some very unlikely things have been imagined, and much pure fiction has been served up with a sauce of truth; all of which has been a sheer waste of energy, as the truth is in this case so much more wonderful than any fancies. It was probably not to be expected that other people could comprehend at once an idea which has taken fifty years of a great man's thought to grow to its full development.

#### THE BEGINNING OF THE FOUNDATION

This Rockefeller Foundation, to make a story of it, is in reality just this—it is the dream of a poor boy come true. It is the happy ending of an American novel of real life. It is the climax of one of the most dramatic and impressive careers that this country, or any other, has ever known.

The dream—or the novel or drama, whichever you like—began more than half a century ago. It began in a shabby little boarding-house in Cleveland, in the brain of a lad of eighteen who was clerking for a shipping and real-estate company. There were at that time about a million other American boys of the same age, and not many of them had received fewer privileges than this one. He had been educated partly in the public schools, but mainly at home, by his mother and father. His pay, at this time, was sixty cents a day. His hours of labor were from breakfast until bedtime. For his room and meals he was paying a dollar a week, so that his net income—the basis of his dream of fortune and philanthropy—was not more than a hundred and thirty-five dollars a year.

Even at this time, and with this income, he built a tiny little foundation of his own. Out of the sixty cents a day,

he set aside a few pennies for the church, or for some hungry family, or to drop into some hat that was passed around in the office.

The note-book in which these little philanthropic entries were made is still in existence. It is known by the name of "Ledger A" in the Rockefeller family. It is a completely worn-out little note-book, with broken cover and tattered pages of faded writing; but it is one of the most precious treasures in the Rockefeller vaults. It has more than a personal interest now. It has suddenly become historic, because it records the origin of "the most comprehensive scheme of benevolence in the whole history of humanity."

The managerial instinct was so strong in this boy that he was not satisfied with merely paying his share into the contribution-boxes. By the time he was nineteen, he had ripened into an organizer of benevolence. He was a member of a mission church, which was fast breaking down under the weight of a two-thousand-dollar mortgage. This sixty-cent-a-day youth undertook to collect the money, and he did it.

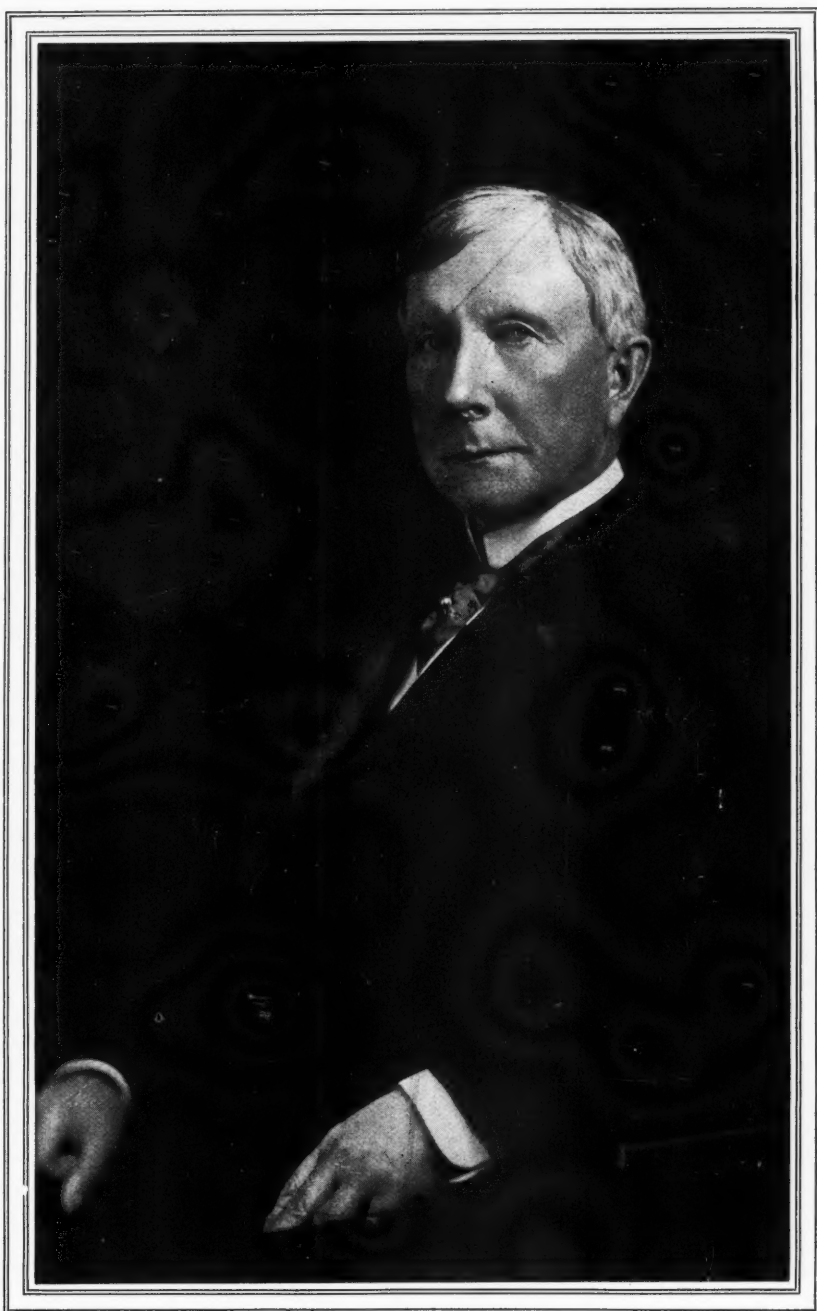
"That was a proud day," he said in later years, "when the last dollar was collected."

Little as he knew it, the boy was then at work upon the fulfilment of his dream to become perhaps the greatest getter, and the greatest giver, of his generation.

Later, when he became a prosperous man of business and large affairs, he still retained the habit of organizing his giving as well as his getting. He even went so far as to organize his family into a sort of foundation. At the breakfast-table he would distribute the various appeals for help among his children, requesting them to investigate each case and make a report to him on the following day. In this way his children, and especially his son and namesake, who is destined to distribute the revenue of the Rockefeller fortune, received a Spartan training in "the difficult art of giving."

The whole bent of the Rockefeller mind seems to have been inclined from the first toward the working out of this problem of distribution. The business of the Standard Oil Company itself is much more a matter of distribution than of pro-





JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, WHO HAS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS, AND WHO PLANS TO MAKE THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION HIS CROWNING GIFT TO HIS FELLOW MEN

*From a copyrighted photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland*

duction. It was unquestionably the first company that undertook to sell its product directly to the users on a world-wide scale. For the most part, it delivers its oil, not to wholesalers and middlemen, but to the family that burns it, whether it be in the United States or in the uttermost parts of the earth. It has, for instance, no fewer than three thousand tank-wagons traveling from door to door in the twenty countries of Europe, selling pints and quarts of liquid light to whosoever demands it. Fully a million dollars a week, in foreign gold or its equivalent, comes to this country to pay for the oil that is peddled to the doors of hut and palace, according to the Rockefeller plan of international distribution.

#### TO MAKE PHILANTHROPY EFFICIENT

Consequently, both by natural aptitude and business experience, Mr. Rockefeller was well prepared to work out the problem of distributing the surplus money of the rich in a systematic and efficient manner. His new foundation is no afterthought. It is no sudden change of mind or change of heart. It is the natural result of fifty years of experience and experiment. What he began to do as a poor boy in a Cleveland boarding-house, he is now about to complete on an international scale—that is the explanation of the new plan that has excited so much comment and so much curiosity.

Until 1890 Rockefeller had given away his money here and there, to the institutions that seemed to need it most and to get the best results. Then, as he was preparing to retire from active business, he began to study the whole matter of benevolence. To his surprise, he found just as much waste, and competition, and haphazard, in the world of charity, as he had previously found in the world of commerce.

The more he brooded upon this subject the more absorbing it became to him. It began to dominate his mind. He saw more and more clearly that the schools and colleges and hospitals and institutes need the brain of the business man as well as his money; and he proceeded quietly to cut himself loose from business and to attach himself to a new set of interests. He sold out his iron-mines and his fleet of ore-ships to the Steel Trust.

He relinquished the control of the Standard Oil Company to the hands of younger men. He withdrew from city life and its distractions. And he began, in his silent, almost secretive way, to pick out men for a new species of organization—a system of organized help.

He gave no intimation of his purposes until six or seven years ago. He was then the guest of honor at a banquet in the University of Chicago, and he had a carefully written speech which he had intended to read. But he was so deeply moved by the occasion that he acted upon the impulse of the moment—an event most unusual for him—threw away his notes, and spoke out as if he were talking to the members of his own family.

"What we need," he said, "is a benevolent trust. We need a board of directors as much in philanthropy as we do in business. It is one of the urgent problems of our day to establish efficiency in giving, so that the money we give shall be as well spent as the money we invest."

#### THE ROCKEFELLER ALMONERS

At this time he had already picked out one man who had precisely the sort of genius that was needed to carry out the new plans. This man, Frederick Taylor Gates by name, had been born in New York and bred in Kansas. He was practical, shrewd, constructive, and a master of details. He had been a preacher in a church in Minneapolis, but had shown so much business ability that he had been set apart to handle the finance and philanthropy of his denomination. In this capacity he met Rockefeller in 1890, and became soon afterward his chief distributor. All told, in the last twenty years, Gates has superintended the pouring out of an affluence of one hundred and fifty millions, mainly for the promotion of health, education, and religion.

To describe Gates in a sentence, he is a born money-maker who has devoted his life to altruistic ends. He can give money away, or invest it, with equal efficiency. It was he who led Rockefeller into the treasure region of the Mesaba Range, opened up the mines of iron ore, built the ore railways and the fleet of steamships, and finally created a property that was sold for about seventy million dollars. As Mr. Rockefeller himself



STARR J. MURPHY, THE PERSONAL COUNSEL AND REPRESENTATIVE OF  
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

*From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York*

said of Gates on a recent occasion, he "possesses a combination of rare business ability, very highly developed and very honorably exercised, overshadowed by a passion to accomplish some great and far-reaching benefit to mankind."

Ten years ago a second man was found—Starr Jocelyn Murphy. He, like

Gates, was a happy combination of business man and altruist. His career as a New York lawyer was abruptly cut short by Mr. Rockefeller, who invited him to join in the new enterprise of systematizing philanthropy. Personally, Mr. Murphy is a man of pleasing and magnetic presence, with a strong dash of enthu-

siasm in his temperament. He is the natural spokesman of the group, because of a ready habit of speech that is convincing and at times even eloquent.

Upon these two men, Gates and Murphy, rests the burden of working out the details of the Rockefeller plan. It is they who read and investigate the letters.

"There were five hundred yesterday, from twenty-two countries," said Murphy.

They occupy Mr. Rockefeller's private suite of rooms on the fourteenth floor of the Standard Oil Building in New York, and grapple with the eternal problem of human need.

#### THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD

What have they accomplished? Much. One winter evening in 1902 they and ten other men, half educators and half business men, met in the home of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York, and constructed a preliminary organization which came to be known as the General Education Board. This was the acorn from which the great oak presently began to grow. A bluff, burly, genial educator named Wallace Buttrick was called in as its general manager, and he forthwith became so busy that Rockefeller piled its treasury roof-high with an endowment of fifty-three million dollars.

What this board has done for the South is a story in itself. It has promoted a thousand high schools. It has declared war on the boll weevil and other pests that plague the farmers. It has spent three hundred thousand dollars to teach efficient farming, and five millions on sixty-two colleges, in various parts of the country. Best of all, perhaps, it has raised the educational standards all along the line, and insisted that no institution shall call itself a center of higher learning when it is nothing of the kind.

But even this titanic work was no more than preliminary. The great engine of the Rockefeller brain was speeding up—faster—faster. The more he studied, the more the keen old organizer drove back to first causes and first principles. He began to probe behind the signs and the symbols. The truth! The facts! The real meaning and value of education! These were the objects he sought, and presently his study became a quest, and his quest became a foundation.

Here is the full significance of the charter that Congress has been asked to approve. It represents the birth of a new force. It will not interfere with the fixed and definite work of the Education Board. It is "under the head of new business," and we may expect to see it launch forth into adventures in philanthropy. It will be a creative, path-finding agency, making original experiments and dealing with unforeseen emergencies. It is in reality an expedition of social exploration and discovery, as unique as the voyage of Columbus.

What will it do first? No one knows. How is it possible to know what an exploring expedition will do?

"I do not know," said Mr. Murphy.

"I do not know," said Dr. Buttrick.

Neither does any one know how much money will be given to it. The Rockefellers themselves do not know.

"All I can say is that there will be money enough," said one of the Standard Oil partners. "Mr. Rockefeller has never under-financed anything yet."

#### THE PURPOSE OF THE FOUNDATION

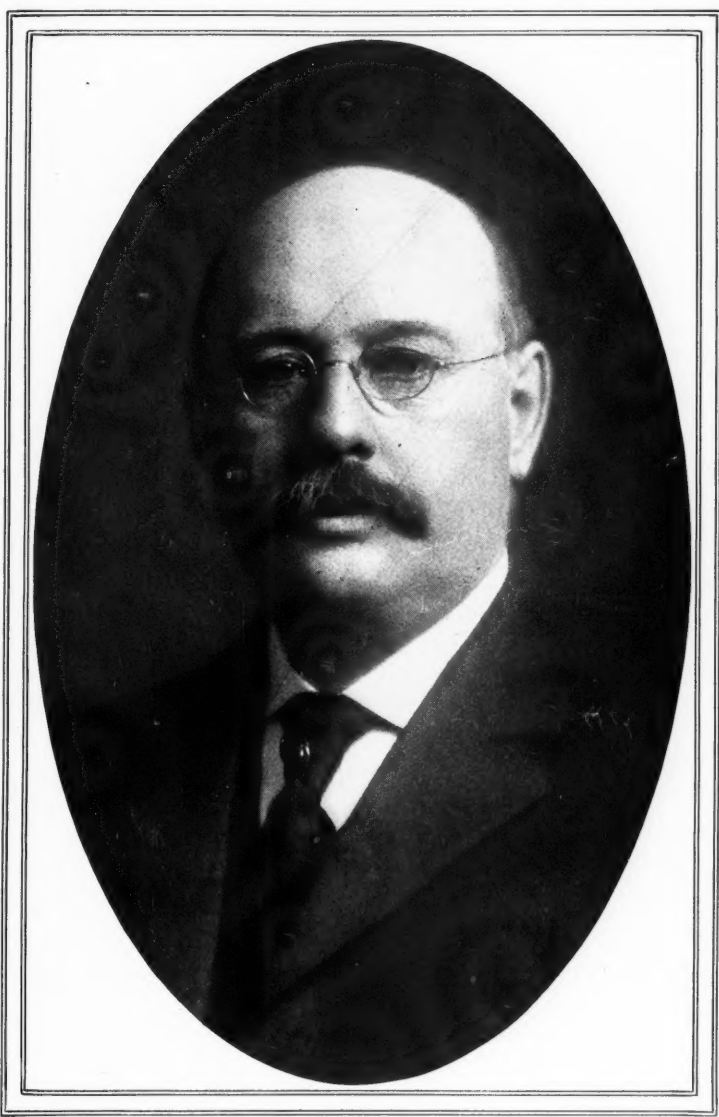
The marching orders of the new enterprise are as follows:

"To promote the well-being and to advance the civilization of the peoples of the United States and its Territories and possessions, and of foreign lands, in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge; in the prevention and relief of suffering; and in the promotion of any and all of the elements of human progress."

This extraordinary sentence is one of the most comprehensive statements ever written. Only fifty-three words in it, yet it covers every sort of assistance that one man may give to another. It is the core of the whole matter, and it allows us to have a glimpse of Rockefeller's philosophy of benevolence, in its present stage of development. There is no theory in it—no doctrine—no method. The immense fortune which will eventually be given to this foundation is to be left without any restriction, except that it is to be devoted to the well-being of the human race. And not Rockefeller himself, but the unborn generations of the future, will decide as to how the money can best be expended.

Take off the dead hand—that is one





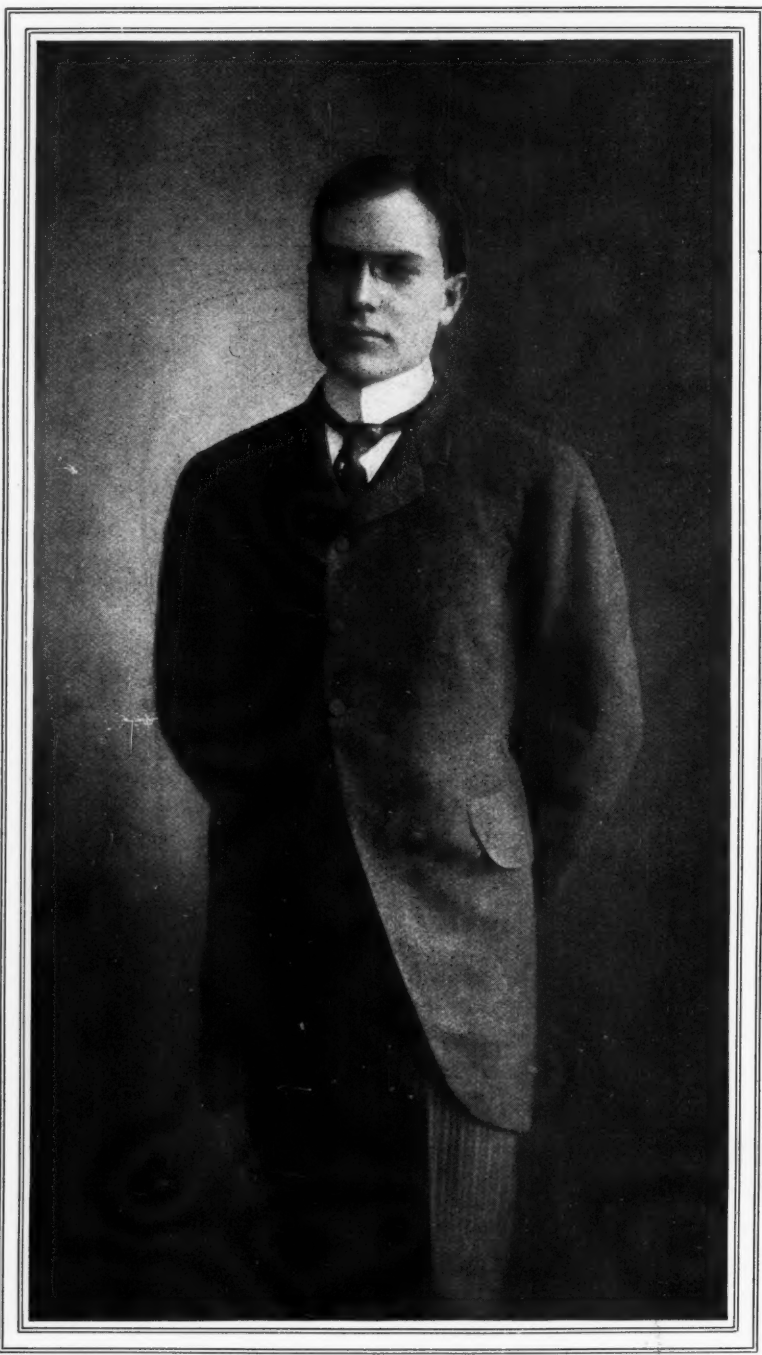
DR. WALLACE BUTTRICK, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*

of the structural ideas in Rockefeller's system of thought. Times change. Conditions change. Whatever is immovable in a moving, evolving world becomes an obstruction to progress and not a help. Like all great capitalists, Rockefeller has a horror of idle and unproductive money. He demands dividends in philanthropy as well as in commerce. And he knows

that no group of living men, however able, can tell what will be most needed in the years of the far future.

There was once an English philanthropist, somewhat less sensible than generous, who died several centuries ago and left his fortune "to ransom Christians from Algerian pirates." Here was an extreme example of the dead hand. The



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., WHO IS TO BE A TRUSTEE OF THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION, ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT TRUE THAT HE IS ABOUT TO ABANDON ALL HIS BUSINESS INTERESTS IN ORDER TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO BENEVOLENT WORK

*From a photograph by Davis & Eickmeyer, New York*

Algerian pirates long since became extinct, and the fund which the good man had left was eventually wiped out by act of Parliament. But in the Rockefeller Foundation there is not a sentence, nor a word, which will tie down the people of the twenty-first century. In fact, the last clause of its charter provides that any Congress may control, or modify, or destroy the whole enterprise, if at any time such should be the will of the American people.

So far, in the course of his philanthropic career, Rockefeller has been content to work through institutions that were already in existence, with four exceptions. He created the Hookworm Commission, the Institute for Medical Research, the General Education Board, and Chicago University. These may be straws that show which way the Rockefeller wind blows. They prove, at least, how especially intent he is upon the conquest of illiteracy and disease. No institution has given him a keener satisfaction than the Medical Institute. When it cut down the percentage of deaths in cases of cerebrospinal meningitis from eighty per cent to twenty, he was delighted.

"That one victory is worth all the cost," he said.

#### STRIKING AT THE CAUSES OF FAILURE

Strike at causes, not at effects—that is another of Rockefeller's structural ideas. He has little interest in charity of the soup-house kind. The bull's-eye of benevolence, he holds, is to help a man to help himself. Most of the preventable ills of the world, so he has told his co-workers, arise from defective personality. A man or woman who has been poorly taught and poorly disciplined is certain to be more or less of a failure in any walk of life. And the only way to give real help to a defective person is to help him to overcome his defect.

In his business life, one of the secrets of Rockefeller's success has been his sagacity in picking men. Seldom, if ever, has his judgment been at fault in this respect. But the selection of men involves also the rejection of men, and this problem of what to do for the inefficient has grown upon him year by year. To make men fit, and then to place them

where they will be most effective in the work of the world—that, he believes, is, after all, the central problem that links both business and philanthropy together.

A well-organized civilization, according to Mr. Rockefeller's thinking, is a sort of a six-story structure. First comes material prosperity—steady work at good wages for labor, and safe investments with sure dividends for capital. This includes health, too, and all the necessary comforts of every-day living. Then, in due place, come the various activities of government; the pursuits of literature; the researches of science; the masterpieces of art; and the ideals of religion. All of these elements are necessary in any nation, but first things must come first. And it is probably one of the dearest wishes of his heart to see the scope of education widened out until it includes all the practical knowledge and efficiency that make men and women useful as well as cultured.

To this end has come the Rockefeller Foundation. It is to be as international as trade is—as international as commerce and suffering and ignorance and human need. It is based upon the conviction that evil things can be prevented, that poverty is pathological, that tuberculosis and cancer and infectious diseases can be overcome, and that every Dismal Swamp of human misery can some day be drained. Beyond all question, it has opened up a new era of social engineering, and on a scale so vast that we are left breathless as we contemplate what may be accomplished.

#### A FUTURE OF UNLIMITED SCOPE

It is not in any sense a personal institution, this foundation. It is rather to be a nucleus around which other great fortunes and other minds will gather. The report that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will abandon his business interests and concentrate his life upon the new benevolences is incorrect.

"The only element of truth in this story," he said to me, "is that I am my father's sole male heir, and so will naturally inherit his responsibilities."

Already Andrew Carnegie has consented to become a member of the Education Board, and it is not unlikely that he may cooperate in this larger enterprise.

The Sage and Kennedy fortunes, both dedicated to benevolence, are such as may be expected, in time, to augment the amount that will be provided by the Rockefellers.

The total amount contributed to American colleges last year—from all sources, not by Rockefeller alone—was one hundred and forty-two million dollars; the full sum given to all benevolent purposes was probably not far short of a thousand millions. This flood of generosity rises

higher year by year. There has never been anything to approach it in any other age or country. Imperial fortunes are being sanctified to the service of humanity. "The greatest joy in living is to give"—this, it would seem, is becoming the very motif of American life.

What dazzling results, then, may we not expect when this mighty Niagara of benevolence is organized into a regenerative force as systematic and efficient as the great industrial organisms of to-day?

## THE PIGEONS OF PEKING

A CHAPTER OF HITHERTO UNWRITTEN HISTORY

BY HENRY J. MARKLAND

IN the month of May, 1900, there began to be heard in China's capital the mutterings of a human storm. Throughout the great and populous provinces of Chi-li and Shan-tung, rumors were rife regarding the secret organization which afterward became so widely known as the Boxers. The Boxers were animated by a militant determination to rid Chinese soil of all foreigners. Their watchword was:

"Exterminate the barbarians!"

It was not unnatural that many intelligent Chinese should feel a bitter hatred of other peoples. France had taken by force the territory of Tongking. Japan, after a brief war, had torn the great island of Formosa away from Chinese sovereignty. Germany, as a pretended indemnity for the murder of two missionaries, had gained possession of Kiao-chau, with the region immediately behind it; Russia had obtained a lease of Port Arthur, commanding the sea approach to Peking; while even Great Britain, which already held Hong-Kong, had placed a garrison

at Wei-hai-wei, on the promontory of Shan-tung. Italy, with no shadow of a cause, had also demanded a strip of territory for a naval station.

At this point the patience of the Yamen, or foreign office, had become exhausted. A sharp refusal was given to Italy, and the Italians had to accept the affront. But enough had happened to make it seem as if China might presently be dismembered by foreign countries.

Against such a fate, the Boxers were organized. Their leaders were patriotic, according to their own notions; but they did not understand the great military strength of Europe and America, and their followers were still more ignorant. They believed in charms and spells, and they were told that they could be made invulnerable to bullets. Tricks were played upon them to encourage this belief. Rifles, apparently loaded with ball-cartridges, were discharged at them from a distance of a few yards, and no harm came to them—which is not surprising when we learn that the "bullets" were really made of

NOTE—This article is based upon the authority of one whose official position, at the time of the events recorded, gave him every opportunity of knowing the actual facts. It is published because it throws light upon an episode hitherto unexplained, and of great importance in the history of American diplomacy and of our relations with the Far East.



wax rubbed over with soot to make them appear like lead.

So it happened that, early in June, 1900, the foreign ministers at Peking began cabling to their respective governments to send them guards for the legations. Some guards were sent—a handful of American marines, a squad of British infantry, some Austrians and Germans and Japanese; but the alarm of the foreign ministers was not taken very seriously.

#### THE PERIL OF THE LEGATIONS

On June 14, from the great wall which lay beyond the Austrian legation, there was seen the glare of flames arising from all quarters of the city; while the blowing of horns, the beating of gongs, and the sharp fire of musketry rose above the savage roar of the distant multitude. It was clear that a great crisis had arrived, and that armed bands of Boxers were swarming in the city. They butchered native Christians, blocked the approaches to Peking, and came on like a human avalanche into the neutral territory where the legation stood.

When night fell, the fires still blazed in the inky darkness; and, to use the words of Mr. Putnam Weale, "the whole city seemed to be alive with hoarse noises which spoke of the forces of disorder unloosed." Torches danced before the startled eyes of the legationers, and bullets spattered against the barricades which were being hastily thrown up.

The Chinese Empress, Tsi-An, and her counselors, were uncertain what to do. They did not dare to put themselves in opposition to a popular movement so fierce and formidable. A part of the regular Chinese army joined the Boxers; and before long the legations were in a state of siege—not before the German minister, a daring and determined man, had been cut down and murdered in an attempt to reach the Yamen and to demand protection.

With his assassination, the Boxers, like a pack of wolves, had tasted blood. They had violated the most sacred law of nations, which protects the ambassadors of foreign governments. Grown reckless, they now hurled themselves in enormous masses against the barricades, behind which there could be assembled, at the

most, only five or six hundred men capable of bearing arms.

#### A RELIEF EXPEDITION THAT FAILED

The news of the outbreak was borne southward to the city of Tien-tsin, on the Peiho, not far above the mouth of that river. Here a force of some two thousand allies had already assembled—Americans from Manila, British from Hong-Kong, and various marines from foreign ships of war. It was believed that even a few days' delay would end in the destruction of all the foreign ministers at Peking, together with their families. What should be done?

A council of war was held. Most of the commanders urged delay until reinforcements could be received; but the officer in command of the Americans, Captain B. H. McCalla, took a decided stand. He said:

"The minister of my country is in danger. I shall march to his relief even if I have to do so with none but my own troops!"

This spirited decision caused his colleagues to follow his advice; and under the command of Sir Edward Seymour, the British admiral, a march was begun to Peking, which was less than a hundred miles away. But courage could not avail here against overwhelming numbers. Large bodies of Chinese troops—perhaps fifty thousand of them—blocked the way. The railroad was destroyed. The canals were cut. Well-directed volleys from modern guns, and even from Krupp artillery, made it plain that Peking could not be reached by so slender a force; and the allies had to retreat.

Nothing further could be done until a stronger expedition should be organized; and meanwhile there descended a pall of silence which gave the outer world no news as to what was happening under the pink walls of the Forbidden City. The wildest rumors circulated. Some said that the wife of the Russian minister had been boiled in oil. Others declared that the legations had been swept away by cannon fire and by streams of burning kerosene. The Boxers were thought to have hacked their prisoners to pieces, and the white women in the beleaguered quarter to have saved themselves from dishonor only by committing suicide.

The whole Christian world was thrilled with horror. Not unnaturally, there was a strong feeling among many European statesmen that the time had come when China must be dismembered. They held the Chinese authorities responsible for all the reported outrages, and they planned to divide up the cities and rich mining districts among their own governments.

#### SECRETARY HAY'S OPTIMISM

Curiously enough, at the very darkest period of this reign of terror, the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, refused to believe that the legations had been overpowered. He consistently held the view that the Boxer outbreak was only in the nature of a riot; that the Chinese government had not instigated it, and that the foreign ministers were safe. In a circular note, addressed to the great powers, he expressed himself as being strongly against any suggestion of the partition of China. So ably did he urge this view that he secured the written assent of the other governments to preserve the "administrative entity" of China, after the Boxers should be suppressed, and a guarantee of the so-called "open door" for trade and commerce.

Nobody shared the optimism of Secretary Hay. Every one was certain that all the foreign diplomats in Peking had been tortured and put to death. But Mr. Hay went on with his usual serenity, conferring with the Chinese minister at Washington, who then, as again lately, was Wu Ting Fang.

During the early days of July, troops began to arrive at the mouth of the Peiho. On the 14th of that month, after heavy fighting, the native city of Tien-tsin was stormed and captured; and on the 4th of August an allied army of eighteen thousand troops set out for the relief of the besieged legations. Every inch of the way was disputed by swarms of Chinese infantry; but on the 14th, Peking was reached. How the coming of the allies affected the gaunt and smoke-blackened defenders of the legations is told most vividly by Mr. Weale:

In two places the Chinese had pushed so close that hand-to-hand fighting had taken place. This gives a lust that is uncontrollable. Everything was being taken out of our hands.

Suddenly, above the clamor of rifle-fire, a distant boom to the far east broke on my ears, as I was shouting madly at my men. I held my breath and tried to think; but before I could decide, boom! came an answering big gun, miles away. I dug my teeth into my lips to keep myself calm, but icy shivers ran down my back. They came faster and faster, those shivers. You will never know that feeling. Then, boom! Before I had calmed myself came a third shock; and then, ten seconds afterward, three booms—one, two, three, properly spaced. I understood, although the sounds only shivered in the air. It was a battery of six guns coming into action somewhere very far off. It must be true!

It was this artillery which battered a great breach in the massive walls. Into the legation compound there came streaming first a relieving force of British troops from India; but an Englishman who was present records the fact that the American flag was the first one to be raised above the captured Chinese capital.

#### HOW DID MR. HAY LEARN THE TRUTH?

So, after all, Mr. Hay had been correct. The brave men in the legation had managed to hold their own against the Boxers and the Chinese "banner men." Heavy cannon had rained shells upon their quarters. Sharpshooters had tried to pick them off, man by man. Again and again a host of desperate Boxers would try to rush their entrenchments. But they were safe, and the governments of Europe had no reason for failing to carry out the pledges which they had given to Secretary Hay. His reputation for astuteness gained him the admiration of all diplomats throughout the western world.

What was the cause of Mr. Hay's serene conviction that the legationers were safe? For two months he turned a deaf ear to all the alarming stories that came from every quarter. His confidence and his energy left China undisturbed. To the United States there was secured an important field for its trade and industry.

The mystery of Mr. Hay's consistent attitude has never yet been explained to the public. How did he know that the foreign ministers in Peking were safe?

Around the city was drawn a cordon as impassable as a wall of fire. Great rewards were offered by the British and

other ministers to any native Chinese who could manage to slip through this cordon and carry a message to the foreign commanders at Tien-tsin, who would give it to the outer world. Many faithful natives did attempt the task; but every corner and every loophole was so watched that not one of these attempts succeeded. Some of the would-be messengers were tortured and killed; others—usually mere boys—were horribly beaten and turned back. They were obliged to carry their missives in writing, for otherwise they would not be believed, and would be suspected of trying to sell false information.

Still another effort at communication was made by despatching carrier-pigeons, with which some of the legations were provided; but the vicinity of Peking was infested with hawks, which made a speedy end of every pigeon that flew forth from within the barricaded refuge.

Nevertheless, there were some intelligent and resourceful Chinese officials who were themselves anxious to let the truth get out. Externally they had to pretend a sympathy with the Boxers and a hatred of all foreigners; but they were astute enough to know that the destruction of the foreign ministers would mean the end of China as an empire. Truly patriotic, they sought to avert so great a national disaster, and to send word that, although the crisis was extreme, the legations were still safe.

To whom would they communicate this fact? Not to the foreign governments which had already seized portions of China. There was one great nation in which they trusted, because it had never sought an inch of Chinese soil, but had always acted fairly and honorably in its relations with the greatest empire in the East. This nation was the United States of America, one of whose ministers, Mr. Anson Burlingame, had many years before taught the Chinese that his country had no wish for selfish gain at the expense of China.

The United States was now vastly more powerful than it had been in the time of

Mr. Burlingame. It had lately won high prestige by its remarkably complete and speedy victory in the Spanish War. To the American State Department, therefore, must the word be sent that would make America remain friendly to the government of the empress.

#### THE PIGEONS OF PEKING

But the wily diplomats mistrusted human messengers. To use them and to be betrayed would mean their instant degradation, if not their death. So they, too, bethought themselves of carrier-pigeons, and they contrived a means of despatching some of these winged bearers to the coast below Tien-tsin. Having written on thin rice-paper a message in Chinese, they fastened it in the usual way to one of the pigeon's feet. Then, to the bird's tail, they attached a light, slender contrivance of bamboo, so made that when it was passed swiftly through the air it would emit a strange, lugubrious sort of whistle.

The trick was not a new one. In Mr. Weale's book he speaks of it casually as one of the amusements of the ordinary Chinese; but no one has mentioned the use of it with carrier-pigeons and for a very serious purpose.

The pigeons, thus equipped, were set flying toward Tien-tsin. Their rapid movement made the air rush through the bamboo whistles, and the noise which these produced alarmed the hawks and kept them at a distance. In this way the message was conveyed to friends around Tien-tsin, who cabled in cipher to Wu Ting Fang at Washington. He took the messages and translated them to Secretary Hay, who believed their contents, and shaped his policy accordingly.

It was, therefore, to carrier-pigeons and to bamboo whistles that we owe, at least in part, the commercial rights which the United States now possesses in China. To them, also, the Chinese Empire perhaps owes its freedom from dismemberment and the maintenance of its national unity.

#### THE HIDDEN TRUTH

It hath been said the loneliest spot on earth  
Might yield some tribute to the passer-by;  
So even our worst defeats have each their worth,  
If we but read the truths which in them lie.

*Eugene C. Dolson*

# THE KIDNAPING OF HELEN HALL

BY KATHARINE EGGLESTON

WITH A DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND

A CRACK of the long whip sent the stage-coach lunging forward. "Goin' to Spearfish?" the one-eyed driver asked the pretty passenger who sat beside him.

"Yes. Then on to the Linscombe's Luck Mine, to teach," she replied.

"Gee!" One-eye exclaimed. "They ain't seen you, hev they?"

"No. It was all done by letter."

One-eye chuckled.

"In the future, I foresee it'll all be conducted personal."

"What do you mean?" Helen asked curiously.

"They ain't lookin' fur no prize beauty fur a schoolma'am; an' it's a goin' to make things hotter'n"—One-eye caught his breath, swallowed, and concluded in expurgated style—"hotter'n ever!"

He cast another look at Helen.

"Lopin' lizards! It'll make 'em both want you worse!" he observed.

"Both?" Helen repeated.

"Yessum—the Luckers and the Mollyers. Mr. Pattison started the fun by promisin' the schoolhouse and the pay fur the teacher to the one that'd git her fust. They ain't neither uv 'em bin able to ketch one—till the Luck got you! Crawl'in' coyotes! The Mollyers'll be bitin' their elbows when they see whut's in the Luck sieve!"

Dusk and the cold sent Helen inside, to the company of Wheezy Winnie, a camp washerwoman, and fat Mrs. Wilson, who groaned and grunted as the stage rattled along. Winnie beguiled the journey by tales of hold-ups and breakdowns in which One-eye and his coach had figured. Suddenly her asthmatic tones froze on her lips. A shot rang through the cañon.

"Halt!"

The terrifying repetitions of the rocks shouted the word endlessly; but One-eye regarded neither voice nor echoes. Helen heard the hiss of his long lash. The sudden, back-wrenching leap of the stage told that it had bitten into the flesh of the horses. The coach plunged forward. An incline in the road urged its speed, and, reeling and rocking, it dived down through the cañon.

For an instant, only the rattle and shriek of the straining vehicle was heard; then the pistol barked again. But One-eye drove on. He was made of the stuff that can run away when it takes more nerve than to stand still.

Then chaos came again. Shots whizzed and cracked; the coach creaked and growled as the fierce speed and rough road wracked its gear; the rocks hurled back their magnified retorts to the volley of language that One-eye bellowed at his assailants. The flying feet of horses came nearer to the stage.

"Git down on the floor!" Winnie cried. "Ye ain't so apt to git hit!"

The others obeyed, while the madly careening vehicle rushed on.

Winnie thrust her face close to Helen's.

"They ain't no bullet hit this old ark yit," she whispered. "An' they ain't a man in these here hills but kin hit a stage-coach at short range, onless he jes' natchully don't want to!"

But Helen could not grasp the sorry comfort of the words. She was listening to the pound, pound of hoofs that crawled up, with every leap, toward the front of the coach. She heard the galloping horse come close alongside. Then the stage veered wildly from its course. It swung and plunged and dived on its huge springs; and the terrified girl waited



breathlessly for the leap into the abyss on the edge of which she imagined they were trembling.

Scarcely had the horses paused in their onward rush, when she could distinguish the voices of three men who were climbing up in front. Then, suddenly, One-eye stopped swearing.

"They're gaggin' him!" Winnie breathed.

A moment later the door was wrenched open.

"Excuse me, ladies," a polite voice said, "but we're a lookin' fur the schoolma'am."

"You are holding up the stage to get—me?" Helen asked, breathless with surprise, and with the relief that the voice somehow inspired.

"Ef you're the schoolma'am, miss, it's you we're after."

"But I'm engaged to teach at the Linscombe's Luck Mine," she began.

"That's too bad, miss," Pete replied amiably. "Sorry to interfere with your plans, but the time ain't come yit fur us Mollyers to lay down and let the Luck fellers walk off with the school. Mr. Merton tole us to git you—"

"I won't go!" Helen asserted.

"We've got to have you, miss," Pete said, preparing to enter and assist her to alight.

Helen leaned out and called to One-eye:

"Drive on, please!"

As she called, she reached down and turned the handle of the door; and before the men on the opposite side could realize her intention, she sprang out into the darkness. Pete darted ahead to overtake her; but she did not appear. She was climbing up beside the driver.

Pete's lantern flashed under the coach. Then he yelled to the others, and started back up the road. He had an idea that women were like rabbits, and that running was their only resource in danger.

Helen felt for One-eye's knife. She found it in his belt, and sawed at the ropes that bound him. They parted, and, snatching the gag from his mouth, the driver slid down on the wagon-tongue. He found his reins. Helen seized the whip. He scrambled up on the box, and gave a mighty tug that fairly lifted his four back into the road.

Helen whirled the long whip in both hands and brought it down. The horses leaped forward. Pete gave a whoop of rage, and climbed into his saddle; but Helen, hearing him mount, lashed the horses into wilder speed.

The clatter of the horses behind sounded nearer. Pete shot out ahead of the others. He gained the side of the coach.

"Pull up, or I'll shoot your hosses!" he shouted.

"You dassen't do that, Pete Morris!" One-eye yelled.

"Hate to," Pete retorted, "but we got to git the schoolma'am!"

The lantern dangling from his arm swung and twisted till the cañon seemed filled with leaping streaks of light. Helen saw a pistol in the extended hand.

"Oh! Stop! Stop!" she cried, seizing One-eye's arm. "He's going to shoot!"

One-eye would have driven till he was tattered with bullets; but he could not see his horses killed. He pulled up.

Helen felt herself being carefully lifted down and carried till she was sitting in a buckboard, with Wheezy Winnie to keep her company. A terrible ride brought her to the Molly camp and face to face with the manager who had planned the kidnaping. Indignation at her treatment had grown with every jolt of the buckboard; and she was not slow in letting Merton receive its full weight.

"If you think I shall stay here, you are mistaken. I shall go to the Luck Mine to teach!" she asserted positively.

"You couldn't teach there if you went," Merton returned, with equal determination. "They have no children. We have twelve, and we need you. I hope you can be comfortable in this shack."

Before Helen could protest further, the manager left her alone with Winnie.

The Molly camp buzzed with excitement. The men gloated over their possession of the schoolma'am, while they quieted whatever qualms of conscience they felt by the fact that they actually had twelve children on the ground, while the newer camp had not yet gathered its women and children to itself.

## II

MEANWHILE the main street of Spearfish was animated. The Luck had sent a deputation to meet the schoolma'am.

When the stage came in two hours late, and Mrs. Wilson climbed out alone and indignant, the men could only stare.

One-eye strode into the hotel, where Steve Linscombe and Willoughby waited for the expected arrival.

"Hello, One-eye, did you get Miss Hall?" Steve asked.

Willoughby looked eagerly at the driver, awaiting his answer.

"Ef that's the schoolma'am's name, I got her all right; but I ain't got her now. She's stole!"

"What?" Willoughby cried, leaping up from his seat.

"That's the ding-busted truth! The Molly's got her!" the driver affirmed.

"Jove, they've scored!" Steve exclaimed, but without rancor.

But Willoughby seemed indisposed to accept the capture of the schoolma'am as a mere episode in the game the two mines had been playing.

"It's an outrage!" he cried.

"Oh, come, now," Steve said soothingly. "They're one ahead, sure!"

Willoughby was questioning One-eye; and the more he learned, the glummer he grew.

When he read the letter of application that came from Helen through the teachers' agency, he had urged Steve to represent the Luck Camp as a metropolis and social center. It had looked to him as if fate wanted to give him another chance to win the girl who, two summers before, had resented his headlong wooing. Now what would she think? he wondered. Where would he stand—or sink—in her estimation when she knew that he was largely the cause of her present plight?

The next day Helen wrote a letter to Linscombe, which was virtually an order for him to appear and claim her.

"You will send this, Mr. Merton," she asserted positively.

Merton took the missive. He could scarcely refuse to send it for her, even if he suspected its contents. He trusted the errand to Pete; and ten minutes later, after a conference with the Molly men, Helen's letter bore another message scrawled across the envelope:

Don't you think you better leave the schoolma'am here? We do. This here is writ without Mr. Merton's knowledge or consent. By the Molly men.

Pete gave the epistle into Linscombe's own hands, and at once turned toward the Molly. Steve read it with misgivings. He knew that his own men were not inclined to accept the loss of the schoolma'am as a providential happening; and he gathered from the exterior decoration of Helen's letter that the Molly men were ready to do their part to keep her.

"This is bad business, Willoughby!" he commented. "You see the men are trying to take it in their own hands; Mert doesn't know about this outside information. We'd better ride over to-morrow and talk to him. It won't do to have a fight between the camps."

"Excuse me!" Willoughby said.

"You're afraid of the lady!" Steve taunted.

"I'm not going!" Willoughby insisted doggedly.

So Steve set off alone. At least, he supposed he was alone, till he came within a quarter of a mile of the Molly. Then a mighty clatter rose behind him. Twenty of his own men, mounted on every piece of horse-flesh and donkey-flesh that the Luck boasted, were hot on his trail.

"Great guns! They'll think we've come to storm the camp!" he protested.

But the men trotted on unheeding; and before they reached the mine he could see that the Molly miners were collecting. He rode up to the office in advance of his column.

"Don't think I'm to blame for this gang, Mert!" he stormed, as the Molly manager came out. "They just tagged."

Helen came from her cabin as Mack Wilson called out:

"We come fur our schoolma'am, Mr. Merton!"

"We got her, an' we 'low to keep her!" Pete Morris asserted, as spokesman for the Molly.

"This is my affair," Helen said resolutely. "I made a contract with the Luck Mine, and I shall keep it!"

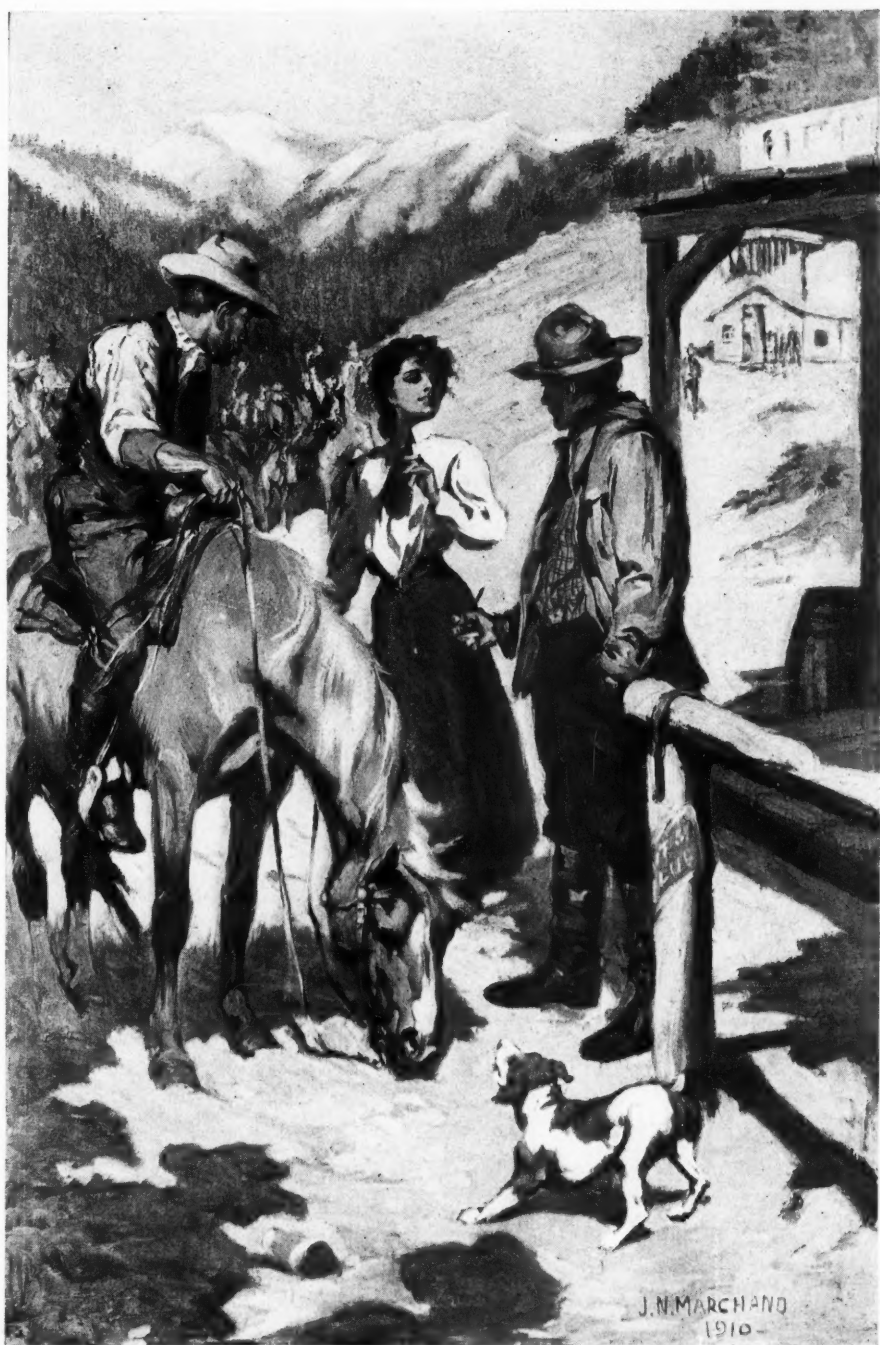
A cheer rose from the Luck men.

"You ain't playin' fair! We won this here trick!" Pete yelled.

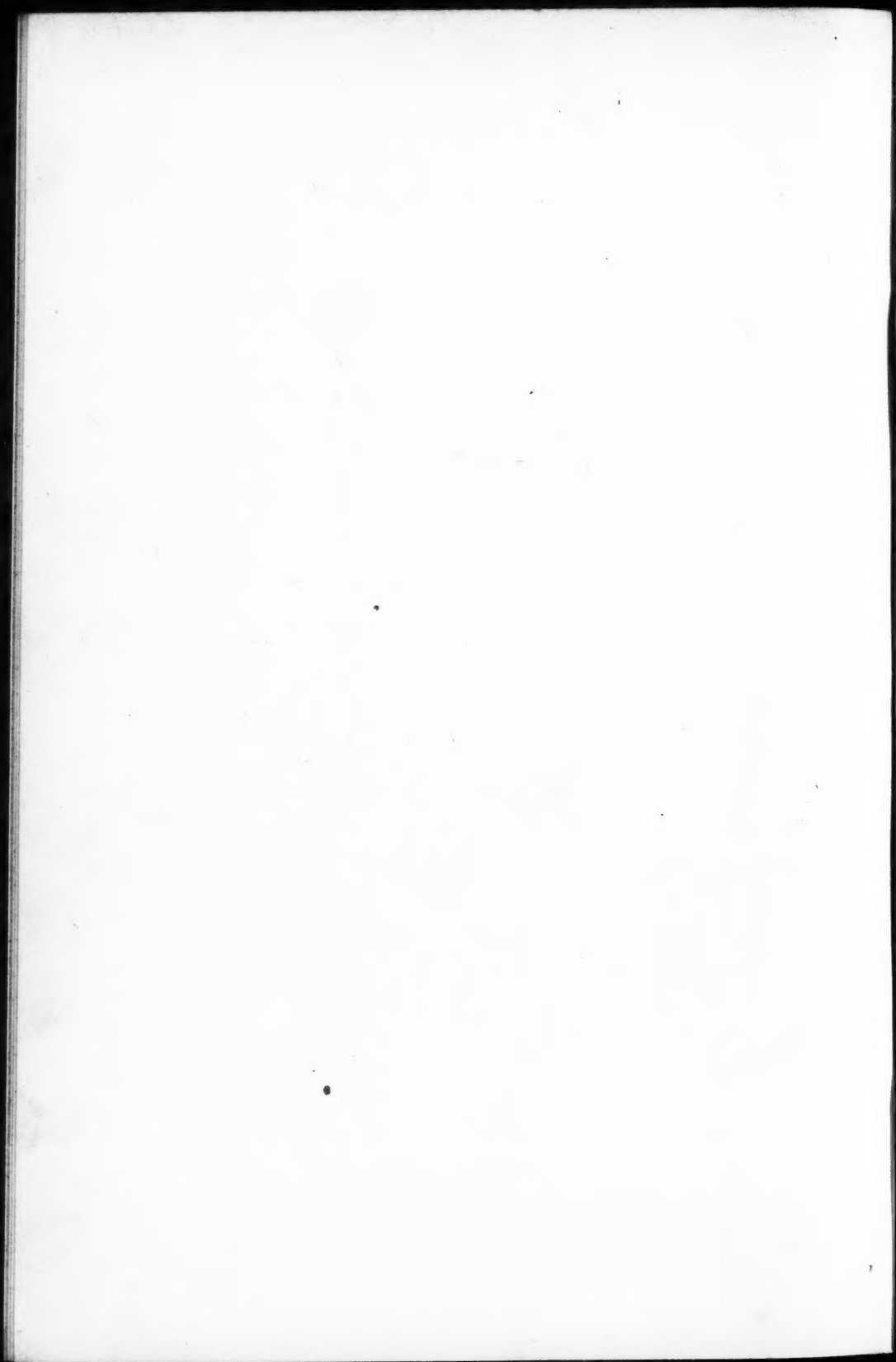
A growl that was challenge and defiance at once came from the Luckers.

"An' they ain't a woman in your camp!" Pete asserted.

"Aw, we got Mis' Wilson! Ain't we, Mack?" Finnehan cried.



"THIS IS MY AFFAIR. I MADE A CONTRACT WITH THE LUCK MINE, AND I SHALL KEEP IT!"



"N—n—no, we ain't," Mack answered reluctantly. "She got so blamed mad 'bout bein' held up that she went back to Deadwood."

Gloom fell over the faces of the Luck men.

"I'll take Winnie with me," Helen said, moving away. "I'll pack now!"

The two groups of miners watched her with different expressions; and Steve and Merton glanced uneasily at each other. Then the loud noise of a horse galloping toward the camp diverted the attention of the men.

"Hello, there's Willoughby!" Steve exclaimed, as the rider dashed into view.

"What's happened?" he asked, springing from his sweating horse.

"Nothing—yet," Merton answered meantly.

"Where's Miss Hall?" Willoughby inquired.

"She's in that lugzurious shack we got pervided," Pete informed him. "Which same you can't! We got the hold-up habit, an' the lumber Mincin' Billy wuz a haulin' fur you is—our'n!"

He waved a dramatic hand toward a pile of pine boards. Mack whirled like an angry bull.

"Come on, boys! We'll carry off this here wood like we're a goin' to carry off our schoolma'am!"

The twenty men raced toward the lumber. The Molly miners sprinted after them. Each board became a storm-center. A free-for-all fight, waxing fiercer every moment, began.

"Hold on!" Willoughby shouted.

"We will!" the men yelled in a chorus, gripping the boards.

"Listen! Listen to what I've got to say!" Willoughby urged, seizing Mack to emphasize his meaning.

The Luck men, seeing their leader quiet in the strangle-hold of the boss, paused.

"I've got to explain something to you men. It's Willoughby or the schoolma'am for the Luck," the engineer said positively.

"What d'ye mean?" Finnehan asked, while the others listened intently.

"Just what I say!" Willoughby replied. "If Miss Hall knows that Daniel Quintus Willoughby grubs at your diggings, she'll stay here and cook before she'll come to you!"

"They ain't no question 'bout which we're boun' to choose—not meanin' no disrespect' to the lady; but are you sure she's got that kind uv a feelin' fur you, Mr. Willoughby?" Mack asked, dropping the board he had been defending.

"Go and ask her," the engineer said, shrugging his shoulders in hopeless resignation.

"You ast her, Mr. Merton," Pete urged his manager. "Ef they'se a chance to have the school, we ain't willin' to let it go a beggin'."

"Not me, Pete," Merton objected. "I'm in bad already!"

Willoughby looked at Steve.

"No, sirree!" Steve responded to his unspoken request. "You're the chief cause of the mess, Willoughby, and it's up to you to do the cleaning up!"

Willoughby accepted the duty ungratefully.

"Tell her we'll quarantine you in the engine-house if she'll come!" Steve called after him.

As he crossed to the cabin, Willoughby could hear the Molly men casting gibes of condolence at the Luck miners; and he knocked at the door with the feeling that they were perfectly safe in anticipating victory.

"Come in!" Helen called. "I'm all ready."

Willoughby entered.

"Why—do you—is this where you live?" she asked, her voice an exquisite mixture of wonder and pleasure.

"At the Luck," Willoughby managed to say, disconcerted by the difference between the reception given him and the one he had dreaded.

"And you are going to take me there?" she inquired.

The indignantly reproachful faces of the Molly men rose to darken the brilliant anticipation that her words inspired.

"Well, I—don't know. I gave the Molly men the impression that you wouldn't go," Willoughby explained unhappily.

"Don't you want me?" Helen asked.

Willoughby closed his eyes and opened them again to be sure that the delicious face was really there. It was, with a blush and sudden shyness rising over it like a soft shadow.

"Want you?" he cried.

And he took her.



Winnie withdrew her disregarded self and lingered in the shadow of the cabin for an hour before she walked toward the men.

"You Luck fellers kin hoof it. The schoolma'am's got a job that suits her!"

The Molly men let loose a yell of triumph.

"An' 'tain't teachin' your kids, neither, you Mollyers!" Winnie went on. "She's jes' engaged fur life—engaged to Mr. Willoughby!"

## THE PURSUIT\*

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY

BY FRANK SAVILE

XLVI

AYLMER toiled vigorously, but with caution. As he rolled the larger blocks from their resting-place, he was quick to notice and to support the beams or flagstones which they had buttressed with their weight. He used the first plank which tumbled out of the chaos as a lever upon its fellows.

At his feet Claire also worked vigorously, sweeping out the plaster which filled the openings as he made them, rolling aside the unseated stones to give him room, lending her lesser strength to aid his when some task was trying his powers to the utmost.

For a couple of hours they toiled silently, and a gap had been hewn into the débris—a gap which seemed to be ceaselessly filled as the accumulations rolled into it from above, but an opening, nevertheless, which spoke of progress, which showed a reward for effort, which even pictured, faintly and indistinctly, a vision of hope. If their strength lasted, was there not a chance—a tiny, elusive, but possible chance?

It was the remembrance that uninterrupted effort would fatigue them to a point where their strength would be taxed beyond recovery which made Aylmer at last call a halt. They went and sat beside the sleeping child. To economize the light, they extinguished the lamp.

And then—they rubbed their eyes.

A tiny beam of light—dim, faint, gray, but distinguishable—was filtered down into their prison at a point where one of the cloister pillars reached an arch. It fell upon the flags in a little circle. Aylmer reached it in two strides.

"It is a pipe from the spouting of the roof!" he cried. "I see the sky—I see the sky!"

She was at his side in an instant. In her turn she looked up into the hollow of the tube to see—light. She gave a little gasp.

"It's wonderful—wonderful!" she breathed. "Only that little way up—ten feet—twelve, perhaps, and freedom! And we are here!"

"It means two things of infinite importance," he rejoined; "air and, in all probability, water. If the gutter which discharges into this is still intact, we shall receive the rain—when it comes. And after earthquake it always comes."

She was not paying him attention. Her eye was still fixed below the tiny opening. She continued to look up as if the tiny disk of brightness fascinated her—as if she would drink drafts of the outer air thus delivered to them through the walls of their prison.

And then the emotion of sudden discovery illuminated her face.

"We can signal!" she cried. "We can attract attention! We have only to

\* This story began in the September (1909) number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

thrust a rod up through that, and it will tell our tale. Surely there are rescuers at work by now—a whole city cannot be left to its fate!”

His eyes glistened.

“God sent that thought to you—God Himself!” he cried. “We must have a rod—we must make one!” He turned and relit the lantern. He examined the splintered woodwork of the boat with a calculating eye.

Wood was at their service in plenty, but the tools to deal with it were wanting. Neither of them possessed a knife. He searched the pockets of the dead, but had no success. For a moment they stood regarding each other in incredulous despair. Surely Fate, after bracing them with this hope, was not going to torture them by withdrawal. And then Aylmer's eye fell upon the baling-slipper.

He lifted it with a gesture of relief. He tore the strip of tin from off it and held it up.

“That is our blade!” he cried. “We have only to pare down splinters till they will pass through the pipe, and the thing is done.”

He picked up a piece of planking as he spoke, worked the metal into the grain till a split began to gape, and then, wrapping a piece of tarpaulin round each end of his impromptu blade, worked it to and fro and downward. A thin sliver of wood, about eighteen inches long, was the result.

He repeated the operation, slowly and carefully. As each lath was split and pared, he passed it to his companion, and she spliced the ends with strips of gray cloth. And these? Aylmer took them from the dead body at the end of the cloister. Miller, in death, was helping to repair some of the injuries for which his life was responsible.

They worked methodically, without haste, but with every care. Two hours later they had a twelve-foot staff laid out at their feet. To the top they attached a little flag, also of gray. They divided it into two halves, thrust the upper half into the pipe, attached the lower one to it, and then pushed the whole upward to the full extent of Aylmer's reach.

Claire peered anxiously into the hole. She gave a great cry of relief; her eyes filled with sudden tears.

“The flag is outside!” she cried. “There is no doubt of that—it is a certainty. While it was wrapped round the head of the staff *inside* the tube, it hid all light from me; and now light has come again—dim, but there still. It slips down between the staff and the sides. The flag is out in the air—the air!”

He nodded.

“All that remains, then, is to keep it moving—to show that human beings are holding its other end. We must work, ceaselessly!”

He looked round at her as he spoke. Her eyes were bent on him earnestly, meditatively; and there was something in her gaze for which he had no clue.

She spoke, and so supplied it herself.

“I think we shall be rescued now,” she said quietly. “I feel a certainty about it—an instinct. Yes, I think we have defeated Fate. We shall come back into life again, you and I!”

He understood. Through the wild days in the boat and on the island, Fate had given no chance for either of them to probe the future. Hope had had so tiny a place in their thoughts; hopelessness had so immeasurably absorbed them all. And now? Was she allowing herself to dwell on life as it would affect them when untouched by Fate, and free? Was she mentally rearranging her attitude toward him?

Fate would supply her own answer. He turned and doggedly began to work the flagstaff up and down.

A tension of silence was over them as they waited. The hours went by. With a little gesture she came, took the pole from his hand, and bade him rest. He surrendered it quietly, spent ten minutes in massaging his stiffened muscles, and then took it again. It was strange, this sudden reticence which had arisen between them. It was as if, while Fate delayed to speak, all other words were futile; and her answer might come at any moment or—God help them!—not at all.

The hours lengthened. The thin rays which still filtered through the half-closed pipe grew dim, and at last died altogether. Night had come.

Aylmer turned with a little shrug, placed a plank beneath the butt of the

staff to keep it in position, and came back to the boat.

"There is no need to fatigue ourselves through the darkness," he said. "Till daylight shows our flag again, we had better rest, to be strong for to-morrow. Shall we sleep?"

She looked at him curiously, and then answered with a little nod.

"Sleep," she agreed. "You are tired—tired. And wake strong; your strength, God knows, has been tried enough."

There was something restrained in her voice—something which again escaped his comprehension, but his fatigue was overmastering. He stretched himself upon a couple of flags, and sleep overcame him instantly.

Was it a moment later that he awoke in answer to her cry? So he believed; but as a matter of fact midnight was long past. She had lit a match—she was holding it to the wick of the lantern.

Her eyes were wide and bright with excitement. She pointed toward the pipe.

"I could not rest!" she cried. "No, I could not sleep and know that rescue might be passing by. I have worked at the staff ceaselessly, and *now!* Now it is gone!"

He sprang toward her.

"Gone!" he repeated. "Gone!"

"They are there—above us—men—men who know we are here. They pulled it up, out of my hands!" She made a gesture that pleaded for silence. "Listen!" she cried. "Listen!"

A tinkling sound came from the pipe, and then a tiny bottle sank into view, dangling from a string. He seized it. It was warm.

"Soup!" he cried. "Food—that is their first thought for us! And I had forgotten that I was starving—I had forgotten it absolutely!"

He held it to her lips. She put out her hand in protest, but his gesture was inexorable. She gave a queer little laugh, shrugged her shoulders, and drank. He took the half she left him, and drank in his turn. He tied the bottle again to the string, and shook it. It disappeared, and was lowered again—this time with wine; and half a dozen little rolls dropped at their feet.

They ate—they waked the child and fed him—they sat, and from above there thundered down to them the sound of pick and mattock in the hands of men who toiled furiously. They speculated how and whence the first sight of rescue would appear. They laughed in high, excited tones. Expectancy had them in its grip, to the exclusion of all other emotions.

And then, with a sudden roar and crash, an avalanche of rubble poured into the hole which they had dug into the mass of débris. And with it came a man—a man in sailor uniform—who mixed anathema and congratulation in excited but fluent French. He wept—he fell upon Aylmer's neck and embraced him—he kissed the child's cheeks and Claire's hand.

Slowly they toiled at his heels, helped by a dangling rope, out into the red glare of a dozen torches which were held by seamen of the French navy; and one of the two officers who directed them called upon all the saints to emphasize his amazement.

It was Rattier who held and shook their hands a hundred times—Rattier, incoherent, swearing, every vestige of his taciturnity ravished from him by emotion, plying them with a thousand questions, raining tears upon little John Aylmer's wondering face.

They reached the market square. They looked upon the ruin which covered the devastated earth in the wan light of the slowly coming dawn.

Five miles away, swinging at her mooring opposite the ruined port of Messina, was a white-hulled boat—a boat which they looked at with wistfully incredulous eyes. They whispered her name.

"The Morning Star!" they wondered. "The Morning Star!"

"What else?" cried the *commandant* exultantly. "That Spanish torpedo-boat—did you think nothing was to be heard from her? You disappeared. Two days later comes the news from Malaga—a felucca, going east, with prisoners on board. Would that not induce your father, *mademoiselle*, to put two and two together? The Melilla port authorities supplied the name of that felucca and her destination—Sicily. He arrived two

days back—I have seen him—we spoke together; and then, God knows, all our thoughts have been with these poor wretches ashore. Down in Messina your own countrymen, and the Russians, are doing marvels. The Diomède was the only French ship, alas! in harbor, but we have others coming—from Tunis, from Algiers, from Marseilles. We need every worker we can get. What you have suffered thousands are suffering still."

Aylmer gave a quick, decided little nod. He looked at Claire.

"You will let one of these sailors see you on board?" he said. "Paul will spare one to escort you."

She looked at him, startled, even a little bewildered.

"And you?" she asked. "And you?"

He made a gesture toward the chaos which covered shore and hill.

"Can I leave the work which calls me, knowing what I know?" he asked. "Paul has put my duty into words. What I have suffered others are suffering yet. Would you think well of me if I left it?"

She looked at him with a smile that told of appreciation, approval, of something—or was hope a lying glass?—more than these.

"No!" she said quietly. "No!" She hesitated a moment. "And when I have found my father—eased his mind—delivered to him his grandchild, whom he owes to you—rested—made myself strong to work—will you come for me to do my part? Will you come, then?"

As the dawn rose over Messina's city of the dead, in John Aylmer's heart rose the dawn of hope fulfilled. Her eyes? What message did they not give? He read it as plainly as he knew that he would read it, at their next meeting, from her lips.

He lifted her hand. His mustache swept it.

"Till then, Claire," he whispered. "Till then, beloved!"

#### XLVII

DAWN flushed into full daylight as the sun rose upon the ruined city. Morning dragged its length to midday, and midday merged in afternoon; and the workers toiled on doggedly, burrowing, hewing, climbing, flinging their energies,

risking their lives, against the inanimate barriers of destruction.

Italian and Frenchman, Englishman and Russian, vied with one another in deeds of humanity against the common foe. Nor was that foe content with the victory already won. Further shocks furrowed the stricken shores; ruin became more complete, danger more menacing, but the toilers worked on.

Aylmer's rescuers had gone aboard their ship, and had been replaced by a new relay. He himself remained. The pressing needs of those who lay, as he had lain, in living tombs around him, were first in his mind. But another thought was ceaseless. Certainty—that was what he asked; certainty of Landon's fate. He scarcely allowed himself to realize how he hoped—*yearned*—to know definitely that Landon was dead. He simply contemplated it as a matter of completeness—news that would bring infinite relief to those on board the Morning Star.

If the man was alive? Aylmer set his lips grimly. Though law was suspended, and order out of gear, Landon should meet his deserts; if not by instruments of Italian justice, then by Aylmer's own hands—by the law of retribution, not the law of revenge.

He dropped the mattock which he had been wielding. He stood up and straightened himself, turning his eyes from the wearying expanse of wreckage toward the sea.

A boat was running up beside the ruined jetty. Before the mooring-ropes were cast ashore, a tall figure leaped from it—a figure clad in a soutane. Aylmer made an exclamation, hesitated, and then clambered down the walls and ran across the uneven flags, holding out his hand.

Padre Sigismondi flung up his arms. His gesture was one of incredulous relief.

"But the *signora*?" he cried, stricken with sudden apprehension. He panted—his eyes were vivid with anxiety. "The *signora*?"

As Aylmer answered with the one vital word, the priest cried aloud again. He lifted his face toward the sky—he made the sign of the cross.

"Safe!" he repeated. "Safe! If there was a single hope left to me amid

the horrors which have overwhelmed us, it was that. I told myself that God, who allowed me to fail in my duty to you through my arrogant self-confidence, might be saving you in the midst of—and *by*—this destruction. When I came to myself, and found you gone, I writhed. My friend, I cast myself upon the ground in the agonies of my self-reproach. Not to have plumbed the wicked devices of these men—I who have worked among them a score of years!"

Aylmer gripped his hand.

"You yourself?" he inquired. "You come here—how?"

"One of the many boats which were speeding to Messina—some, alas! with no charitable intent, I fear—saw my signals and took me off. And now? One scarcely knows where to begin. How can one confront such a disaster with one's puny efforts? God send me His strength! My own is as water!"

A shout echoed to them suddenly from the group of sailors. One stood up and waved to them with his neck-cloth.

Aylmer made an answering gesture. He took the priest's arm.

"Begin here, father," he said quietly. "Some of those we have found are alive, but Death's claim, I fear, is relaxed for no more than an hour or two. They need your offices. It may be for such a one that they are signaling to us now."

They hurried across the square, and climbed the pyramid of ruin.

The sailors were looking down at something which lay at their feet—something brown, and white, and vivid *red*.

The quartermaster pointed to a crevice in the masonry.

"There is a hollow," he explained. "We pulled him out by the arms, which—God forgive us!—are broken. In there, perhaps, are others. His eyes imply it. Words are beyond him."

The priest gave a startled exclamation. Aylmer echoed it. Disfigured, battered, crushed as it was, they recognized the figure in the blood-stained *djelab* of brown.

A growing dimness was clouding Muhammed's eyes. The quick pant of his breathing weakened as they watched; but a flash of feeling illuminated the pallid features as the Moor's glance reached and dwelled upon Aylmer's face. His lips moved.

"The child?" he asked in a faint whisper. "The Sidi Jan?"

Padre Sigismondi darted an inquiring look at his companion, and then knelt beside the dying man.

"The child is well," he answered gravely. "Yourself? Is there no message to give—no delivery of your soul you wish to make? Time is short for you. Use it—and me—as you wish."

The brown eyes searched the priest's features with a queer disdain, as it seemed—or was it, perchance, compassion? The stiffening lips became grimly resolute.

"I proclaim!" said the Moor. "I proclaim that there is One God—One God!" and passed, unfaltering, to meet Him.

#### XLVIII

For a moment there was silence. Aylmer broke it.

"Perhaps we owe him more than we think," he said slowly. "The boy? That was always his first care. He may have stood between the child and harm. I believe that he would have done so in the face of the child's father himself."

Sigismondi drew a fold of the *djelab* over the bruised face.

"The God to whom he appealed is his judge," he said. "Let us leave it in His hands. The living now, my friend! It is not here that we can concern ourselves with the dead."

They turned to the sailors. Half a dozen blocks of stone had been rolled from the opening which gaped wide over an empty darkness. The quartermaster slung himself carefully down into it, and slowly disappeared. A moment later they heard his voice.

"A rope!" he demanded. "Here is one who is, at least, warm."

They passed down a rope carefully. Aylmer's heart became suddenly audible to himself. What would appear—what had Fate still in store for him?

Again the quartermaster's voice echoed from the darkness with directions. The sailors bent their backs and hauled. A face appeared in the opening, traveling upward.

Aylmer felt no surprise. This was the expected—the inevitable.

Landon was dragged out into the day—Landon—alive!



They laid him silently at his cousin's feet; and as Aylmer looked down, he felt a thrill of what must have been nearly akin to sympathy. God help the mutilated wretch!

His arms hung beside him, limp and helpless, the fractured bones distorted in hideous angles. There were marks as of burns upon his face; but the supreme horror was in the sockets, which held nothing recognizable as human eyes. Coals might have lain within them—coals pressed down to find their quenching there.

He moaned ceaselessly, swinging himself from side to side; and then words came slowly, piteously, one by one.

"Oil!" he gasped. "For Heaven's sake, a little oil upon my eyes!"

Sigismondi shuddered; then he bent and placed his hand compassionately on the scarred temple.

"As soon as it can be found, my brother," he said. "Try to keep your courage while we do our utmost. We have to carry you where you can be treated."

The tortured wretch moaned again, and made an instinctive effort to raise a hand to his face. He shrieked as the shattered bones failed him—shrieked and cursed in hideous blasphemies. His brain began to wander upon the border-line of delirium.

"Hours—days—weeks!" he wailed. "Broken—broken! Immovable, and always in agony—burning—my eyes—my eyes! And the rain running over them and bringing more agony—and more—and more! And unable to move a finger. My feet hanging in emptiness—my hands crushed in upon me—crushed—crushed—crushed!"

The quartermaster made a gesture of infinite compassion.

"The room had been newly plastered, do you see?" he whispered. "He was caught bodily in the closing of the walls, as a nutcracker closes; and he was held and crushed, like the nut. The lime was deep upon his face, and when the rain came, washing it in, eating him—" The speaker turned away with another pregnant motion of his hands, as if he put from him the picture which imagination conjured up.

Aylmer leaned down and spoke.

"We are going to take you from here," he said. "We are going to lift you. Be prepared!"

Landon's groans ceased. His body became suddenly rigid with attention.

"Jack?" he whispered incredulously. "Jack?"

"It is I," said Aylmer gravely. "I—am unhurt."

Landon's face grew yet more distorted. "Claire?" he muttered eagerly.

"Claire—is gone?"

A light gleamed tempestuously in Aylmer's eyes, and then as quickly died. His voice was even and restrained.

"She is safe and well," he said. "She is on her father's yacht."

An inarticulate howl of rage burst from Landon's lips. He rocked himself to and fro—he made as if he would beat his broken hands upon the stones.

"God! If they'd suffered alongside of me—if they'd been there—if they had given me groan for groan, I could have stood it—enjoyed it! I could have laughed with the lime in my eyes, if they'd been there!"

He jerked himself to a sitting posture; he writhed backward and forward. His spite was a sort of ecstasy, possessing him, freeing him, as it seemed, from even the sense of pain.

Aylmer made a significant motion. He bent and slipped his arms beneath Landon's shoulders. The quartermaster lifted his knees.

Landon struggled in their arms.

"Let me be!" he cried, with another oath. "Let me stand! Let me stand upon my own feet!"

They hesitated; then, with a shrug, the quartermaster laid down his burden.

"This is no place for a blind man to pick his way," he remonstrated. "To get down, *monsieur*, you have to poise yourself along the wall thirty feet above the square."

Landon stood panting and leaning against his cousin. The spasms of agony were convulsing his face.

"I will not be carried!" he panted. "I'll walk upon my feet, like a man."

They looked at each other—hesitating.

"But your arms?" protested Aylmer.

"Your arms?"

The breath hissed between Landon's teeth.

"My arms, my arms!" he repeated. "Oh, if I had my arms! You—you must lead me—carefully—carefully. Put your hand upon my shoulder—keep close—close!"

For a dozen yards he tottered along, and the sweat broke out in a stream upon his scars. Then he halted, and stumbled. The quartermaster instinctively put a hand upon one of the broken wrists. Landon shrieked with pain, and cursed him hideously.

"*Monsieur* might have fallen," apologized the man. "My excuses, *mon-sieur*, but the danger was so quick, so near. The drop is sheer, do you see, sheer down to the square."

Landon gasped.

"Which side?" he asked thickly. "Which side?"

"The right," said Aylmer. "Lean away from me—inward—to the left!"

Landon drew a deep breath. The next instant, with all the force his shattered body could muster, he had flung himself against Aylmer—outward—to the right!

For the second time the quartermaster cried aloud and stretched out a hand. It was not Landon's sleeve that it reached, but Aylmer's—reached and gripped it, while the two bodies reeled upon the crumbling edge and sent the flying blocks down to break into powder upon the solid flags below.

And then, where two had struggled, one alone remained and clung. Landon had gone. Like the blocks, he lay thirty feet below—broken.

### XLIX

A PALL of mist and driving rain closed upon the city as evening fell, as if Nature flung a veil between herself and the handiwork of her passions. Through it the launch of the *Diomède* threaded the network of the shipping.

Warmly red against the ghost-white paint-work, the ports of the *Morning Star* beamed up out of the smother. Aylmer held up his hand. Silently, with stopped engines, the boat slid up to the accommodation ladder, and as silently Aylmer swung himself aboard.

With a gesture of farewell to the boat's crew and one of greeting to the sailor at the gangway head, he passed into the

companion and went below. In the doorway of the saloon he halted.

Two figures sat at the table, a picture-book open before them. Claire's arm was about her little nephew's shoulder. His face was turned up to hers, but his finger still pointed to the page which they had been studying.

"And was he brave—enormously brave?" he was asking. "As brave as—as Muhammed?"

"Braver than Muhammed," she said quietly. "Because he was good."

He debated a moment.

"As brave as the pig man, then?" he suggested. "He's been good—always!"

Aylmer stepped forward.

"Not always," he said, smiling. "Not even often; but just as much as he knew how to be."

The glances which met his were startled, but full of welcome. With a cackle of delight, little John ran from his seat.

"It's him himself—the pig man!" he cried.

Aylmer smiled and held out his hand. Then he turned. In Claire's eyes the surprise had vanished. They were full of inquiry—of an agony of question. Her lips were pale and faltered over the words which would not come.

He nodded—gravely, significantly.

She gave a little gasp. The color rushed to her cheeks—flooded to her brow. As if some strong chord of tension had broken in her breast, she leaned against the table, quivering.

"Yes," said Aylmer quietly. "That shadow is lifted from our lives. He is gone. God's hand fell upon him, as you told him it would. The future of this life"—he laid his fingers tenderly upon the child's head—"is in your hands now." He paused. "And my life, Claire—that is yours, too, to deal with as you will."

She lifted her head. The wave of emotion had passed and left her calm again. The anxious lines were smoothed. Only in her eyes remained the mist of unshed tears. And as the mist sinks from the face of the risen sun, so the shadow of past sorrow fled before her dawning smile.

Slowly she came toward him. Her hands placed their surrender in his.



ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN, AND HIS TWO LITTLE SONS, ALFONSO, PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS (BORN MAY 10, 1907), AND PRINCE JAIME (BORN JULY 22, 1908)—THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS IS LIGHT-HAIRED AND BLUE-EYED, LIKE HIS ENGLISH MOTHER; PRINCE JAIME IS DARK, LIKE HIS FATHER

*From their latest photograph—copyright, 1910, by Paul Thompson, New York*



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, PRINCESS BEATRICE (BORN JULY 21, 1909)  
—THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN WERE MARRIED ON MAY 31, 1906,  
AND NOW HAVE THREE CHILDREN

*From their latest photograph—copyright, 1910, by Paul Thompson, New York*

# TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN SURGEONS

THE MAYO BROTHERS, OF ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA, AND  
THEIR REMARKABLE WORK

BY GEORGE W. SACKETT

If a man build a better mouse-trap, or preach a better sermon than his neighbor, even though he build his house in the woods, the world will find him out, and wear a beaten path to his door.—*Emerson.*

**T**WENTY years ago, two young doctors—brothers, and fresh from college—hung out their signs together in a small Western city, in Minnesota. In twenty years the world found them out, and to-day the beaten path has been made to their door. Rochester, where they first began their practise, has become a Mecca to which, each year, thousands of afflicted people travel to seek that greatest of all life's blessings—good health.

Just as Edison has become known as the wizard of electricity, Burbank as the wizard of vegetation, so have Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo won fame as wizards of surgery. Their rapid rise from the narrow sphere of two country physicians, ministering to the ills, pains, and injuries of a little Western town, to foremost places in a most difficult and exacting profession, reads like a fairy tale; but it is true.

The Mayo brothers were born in Minnesota, and received their education in the schools of Rochester. Their father, a country physician, was not well endowed with worldly possessions; and upon graduating from the local high school, the boys went to work in a drug-store. They studied pharmacy, and mixed their father's prescriptions. It was their ambition to follow in his footsteps, and become doctors. The instinct

of the one seemed to be the instinct of the other. They went to college, William graduating from the University of Michigan in 1883, and Charles from the Chicago Medical College—now a part of the Northwestern University—in 1888.

In the mean time, the Sisters of St. Francis realized a long-cherished ambition and opened St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester, in order to care for the ills and injuries of the surrounding country. This was the door of opportunity for the Mayo brothers. Their father became the medical head of the hospital, and William and Charles, now doctors, were privileged characters at the newly built institution.

Under the guidance of their more experienced father, they handled minor operations. They became enamored of the marvelous handiwork of the Creator. Hand in hand, they worked, studied, and read. Soon they were undertaking more complicated operations, and the skill with which they handled the knife, and the marvelous success of their work, became the talk of their friends.

## THE MAYOS AND THEIR HOSPITAL

Patients began to come to them from a distance, and the modest hospital was soon too small to meet the demand. Addition after addition was made, the last in 1908, and to-day St. Mary's Hospital has accommodations for three hundred patients. It is perhaps the most perfectly equipped institution in the world for surgical work. The operating-rooms, three in number, are on the third floor,





ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA, MADE FAMOUS BY THE WORK OF  
THE MAYO BROTHERS

*Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey from a photograph*

and directly across from them is a laboratory in charge of one of the best bacteriologists in the country. In the basement are more laboratories, and also a department given to photographic work. Within the walls of this institution Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo have worked out the destiny that has given them their place among the greatest surgeons in the world.

In twenty years more than thirty-three thousand people afflicted with disease have sought these men, have submitted to operations, and, in the vast majority of cases, have returned to their homes with a new lease of life. It is doubtful if any other surgeon in the world can show an equal record.

The percentage of cures at St. Mary's Hospital is probably larger than that of any other institution. During the year 1909 the number of operations performed was 7,177, and only ninety-two patients died in the hospital. The marvelous skill with which the Mayos handle their instruments has amazed the world; but behind their technical skill lie perfect knowledge of the human anatomy, the

keen mental ability to grasp situations, the steady nerve, and the unflinching hand.

From every State in the Union, and from almost every country in the world, sufferers journey to this place to feel the magic of the four hands that daily perform from fifteen to thirty operations. There is no known operation that the Mayos do not undertake, and they do some that were unknown until these men dared them. Their record for last year included more than five hundred different operations, from the surgical treatment of a scalp to the amputation of a toe.

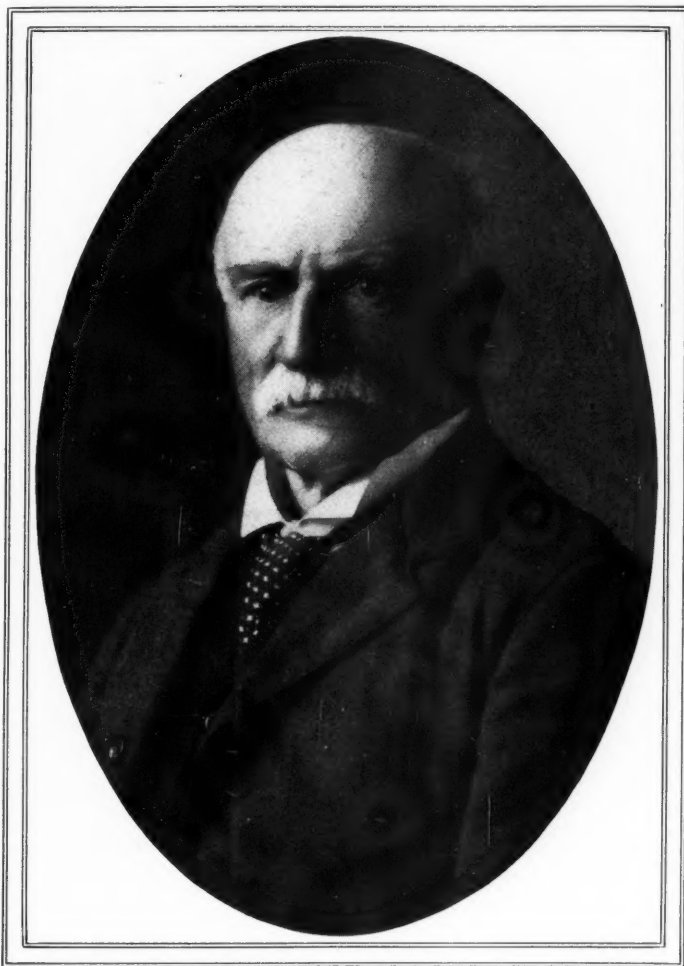
Very few of their operations, however, are so simple as an amputation. Last year they amputated in only twenty-four cases, besides reducing eleven fractures. Their specialty lies in the most difficult field of surgery, their greatest achievement being their wonderful success in abdominal cases. In 1909, for instance, they operated in 1,325 cases of appendicitis, with only four deaths, and in 1,434 intestinal cases, losing only twenty-three patients. Their total record of ab-

dominal operations, for the year, was 3,746, with sixty-eight deaths—a death-rate of one and four-fifths per cent.

Another of their specialties is the treatment of goiter, their study of exophthalmic goiter having resulted in reducing the death-rate of the disease by one-half.

fields. When either is away, the other takes all varieties of surgical work.

"We need to learn more about diagnosis," says Dr. Charles Mayo. "When we have conquered this most difficult of all the phases of medical work, disease will be the easier to deal with."



DR. WILLIAM WORRALL MAYO, THE FIRST MEDICAL HEAD OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, AND FATHER OF THE MAYO BROTHERS

Last year they performed 407 operations for goiter, without a death.

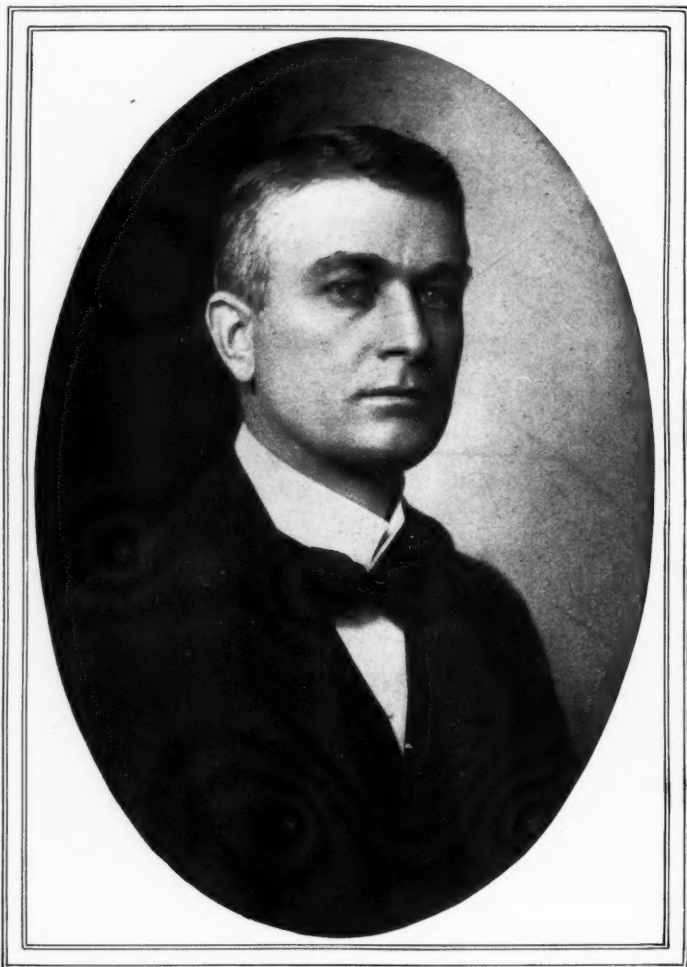
When both of the brothers are in Rochester, Charles Mayo does the operations from the throat up, and William Mayo those from the throat down. This does not mean that they have separate

In spite of this modest statement, extreme care and high skill in diagnosis are typical of the Mayos' work. They make no experiments upon the operating-table. They know the case before the patient enters the hospital, and as one visiting surgeon said, "They do the right thing

in the right way." They know precisely what they are going to do when they enter the operating-room, and no time is lost in deciding the mode of procedure.

From the office of the diagnostician to the operating-table, to the bacteriologist, to the release from the hospital and the

are world-leaders in their profession, do not know it all. If some one else is doing something especially well, they are always on the alert to learn about it. Dr. William Mayo went to Germany, some time ago, to see how an incision was made in a certain operation. They search and



DR. WILLIAM JAMES MAYO, THE ELDER OF THE TWO FAMOUS BROTHERS

final discharge of the patient, they maintain a system practically simple in form, economical of time, almost assuredly accurate in results. While a patient is under the influence of anesthetics, every possible second is saved, every effort is used to minimize the loss of vitality.

But these two country surgeons, who

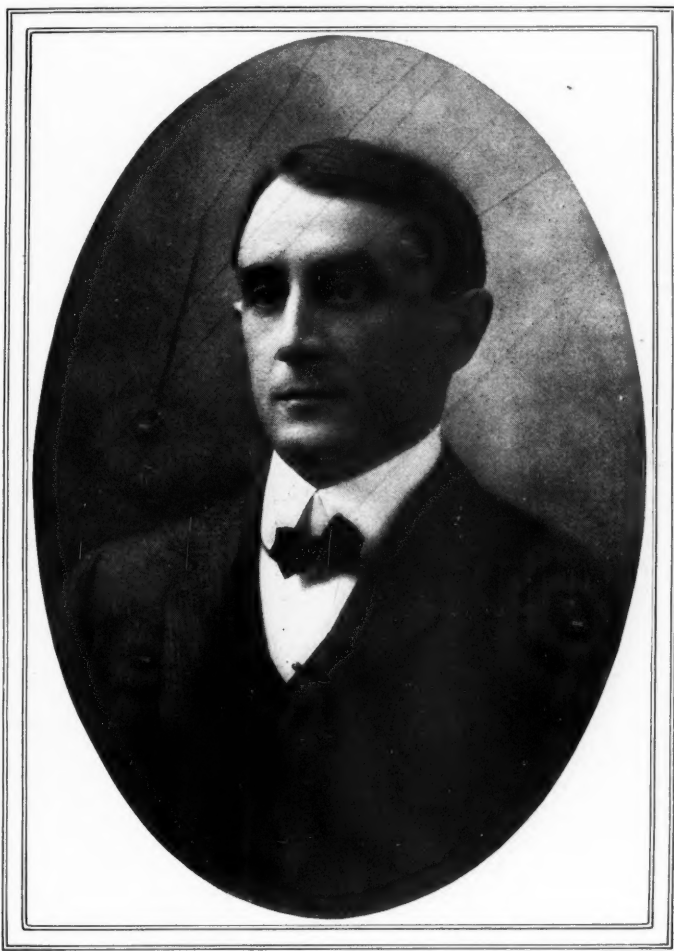
study for new revelations to-day just as eagerly as they did twenty years ago. A corps of assistants is kept busy in various branches of research work.

#### THE SURGEONS' SURGEONS

It was at the meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlanta, Georgia,

some few years ago, that the Mayos were first brought prominently to the attention of their own profession. A noted authority on surgery, whose word upon the subject was regarded as final, addressed the convention upon a technical matter. At the conclusion of his speech, a young,

tle surprised at the temerity of the young surgeon, who, they were told, had a small hospital somewhere in Minnesota. 'To-day the Mayos are called the surgeons' surgeons, because so many of their own profession come to them for instruction and for treatment. Forty or fifty doctors



DR. CHARLES HORACE MAYO, THE YOUNGER OF THE TWO FAMOUS BROTHERS

boyish-looking doctor asked for the floor. It was William Mayo; and on being recognized, he began to challenge the arguments of the previous speaker, and firmly disputed some of his most important statements. Dr. Mayo proved by his own work that the authority was wrong.

The assembled doctors were not a lit-

tle surprised at the temerity of the young surgeon, some of them famous practitioners from foreign countries, daily watch these men as they work in the operating-room. A noted French savant, connected with the research work of his government, recently said:

"No surgeon in France has completed his education until he visits Rochester."



THE MASONIC TEMPLE, ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA—ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THIS BUILDING ARE THE OFFICES AND CONSULTATION-ROOMS OF THE MAYOS

*Drawn by Vernon How Bailey from a photograph*

The Mayos talk while they operate. Every incision, the applications used, the whys and wherefores, are fully explained to the students who have perhaps traveled thousands of miles to learn, for the Mayos have no secrets in their profession. They are working for humanity, and what knowledge they have gained of their life-giving art they freely pass on to their brothers.

St. Mary's Hospital is in the outskirts of the city, and the Mayos also maintain an office in the business district. Here again is a spacious and well-equipped institution; indeed, it is said to be the largest office of its kind in the world. An aisle in the center of the building forms a waiting-room, upon each side of which are small offices, where a staff of thirty doctors diagnose the troubles of newcomers, or treat patients who have been released from the hospital. Some of them are specialists, others general assistants. The business of the Mayos is also handled here, a separate office being maintained for the necessary clerical work. In the basement is a large room where is kept a complete record of all cases treated.

Adjoining the offices, a separate building serves as the Mayos' private medical

library, and here one night a week is devoted to the discussion of medical topics with the staff. The Mayos themselves visit the offices each afternoon, and meet in consultation the patients who are to submit to operations, or treat cases assigned to them by their staff.

#### THE MAYOS' PATIENTS

A glimpse into the offices reveals a motley crowd. Millionaire and pauper, plebeian and prince, have left differences of rank without, and joined the army of human sufferers in search of health. Wealth, fame, social position, make no difference here. The man without a dollar receives the same helping hand as the one with the big bank-account. The Mayos have given their lives to relieving the physical sufferings of humanity, and the door of hope has never closed upon a man because he could not pay.

Some time ago a woman, who had had a cancer removed, asked what she owed.

"Seventy-five dollars," she was told.

"Well, doctor, here is twenty-five—all the money I have; but I have a cow at home, and I will sell it, and send you what I get for it. The rest I will pay as soon as I can earn it."



Dr. William Mayo excused himself and stepped into an adjoining office. Returning, he handed the woman two slips of paper—one a receipted bill, the other a check for seventy-five dollars.

The Mayos believe in honesty and frankness. One patient's case had been diagnosed as something not even akin to tuberculosis, but the first stroke of the knife revealed the dread disease. Dr. Mayo at once stopped the operation, went into the waiting-room to the patient's husband, acknowledged the mistake in diagnosis, explained the seriousness of the case, and asked what to do. He was told to go ahead, and the woman lived.

Optimistic, these surgeons always see the bright side. If there is but one chance, and that hinges upon the success of an operation, they will take that chance. Their smile and hearty greeting to the convalescent give encouragement; their daily visit to each room of the hospital lessens the tediousness of the day, and brings hope of ultimate recovery. It is a part of their system.

"Why in the world don't you go to New York?" James J. Hill, the railroad magnate once asked them.

"Why in the world should we go to New York?" replied Dr. William Mayo. "We have all we can do now."

True it is, they have reached the limit of their powers, and still every train brings its load of sufferers to seek their aid. Realizing this, they have under them two younger surgeons, Drs. E. Starr Judd and E. H. Beckman, and these men have shown exceptional skill in surgical work.

The Mayo brothers are thoroughly democratic men. They scorn notoriety and abhor publicity. They will not speak to a layman about their professional achievements. In the little Western city in which they have grown from mischievous boys to eminent surgeons, they are familiarly known as "Dr. Will" and "Dr. Charlie." They love their home town, and find time to join with its citizens at the banquet board, or to discuss with them questions of civic concern. A beautiful public park bears their name, and nearly seventy-five thousand dollars was their gift for its maintenance last year.

Their daily routine is a strenuous one. At eight o'clock in the morning they are at the hospital, and at half past eight in the operating-room. Operations continue until one o'clock. At two they are at their office for consultation, and not until six do they seek the quietude of their homes. Demands are constantly made upon them for addresses before medical societies or classes, and the night trains are always used to save time. Their chief recreation is automobiling, and in this they are both ardent enthusiasts.

These masters of surgery are still young men. What the future has in store for them, what they may yet give to the surgical profession, no one knows, not even themselves. They solve their problems as they come. Certain it is, however, that the city in which they started their career, twenty years ago, will continue to be the scene of their life's activities, the goal of health to which the army of pain will journey.

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### THE VOYAGE

I SENT a little hope across the sea,  
Its snowy sails adrip with blowing spray,  
And watched it swiftly speed away from me  
To face the unknown perils of the way.

So frail it shone against the ocean's blue—  
A speck of white by wind-swept surges tossed—  
The course it followed fast I never knew,  
And long ago I gave it up for lost.

But one day, when my heart was sick with toil,  
And all the world was dim with driving rain,  
From some dear isle of dreams, freighted with spoil,  
My little white-sailed hope sped home again!

*Martha Haskell Clark*

# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

## XVIII—THE STORY OF FRANZ LISZT

BY LYNDON ORR

IT is a remarkable thing to have been the greatest pianist whom the world has ever seen. It is perhaps even more remarkable to have been a man whose individuality was so alluring, so moving, and so infinitely attractive as to endue him with a personal magnetism more intense and comprehensive than that of any one whom we can readily recall.

There are records of many who could sway and charm to a very high degree, and yet there has always been in their nature a negative as well as a positive pole — something that repelled at times, while at other times it attracted. It is, in fact, an old proverb that "he who has no enemies will have no friends," and this has been almost universally true.

Thus, Napoleon was to his soldiers little less than a god. They would willingly die for him. Before a battle they would make him promise to keep himself out of harm's way; but his generals and marshals more than once betrayed him, and so did Talleyrand, who was Napoleon's great diplomatic adviser. Again, it cannot be said that Napoleon was ever loved, in the full sense of the word, by

any woman. Both his wives were false to him. Not even Mme. Walewska loved him always, for she gave herself to him, first of all, in the belief that she might influence him to set Poland free.

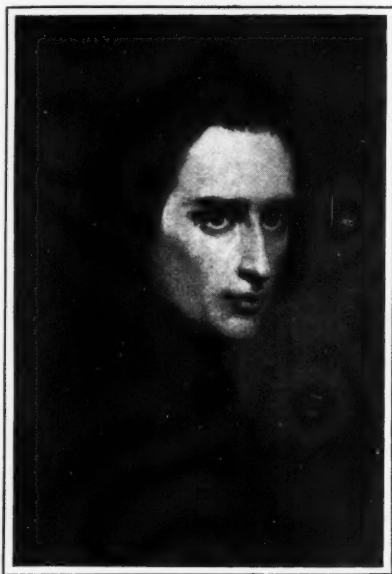
Julius Cæsar was one of the most magnetic personages in history, yet he, too, was deceived by his second wife, and was slain by Brutus, who was a very probably his own son.

There have also been great artists, poets, dramatists, and musicians who have cast a spell on many persons. We can all recall the scenes which mark the end of concerts given by Paderewski, where audiences become frantic with excitement, and almost faint from the intensity of their emotion; but these admirers are nearly always women. Paderewski, apart from his music, is like any other man. It was granted to Franz Liszt only, perhaps,

to charm men as well as women, and to exercise a strange and subtle influence upon all who knew him, whether they loved music or were entirely ignorant of it.

### LISZT'S WONDERFUL MAGNETISM

It was the man himself, the personality, the delicacy and strength combined, which



FRANZ LISZT AS A YOUNG MAN

*From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Ary Scheffer*

made Liszt so exceedingly remarkable. Mme. Janka Wohl has described many scenes where, in the open streets crowded with foreigners, natives, and people of every sort, the tall and delicate form of Liszt would appear in the distance, with his black ecclesiastical robe and his long white hair. The very sight of him would stir thousands. Rough men, artisans, and soldiers, no less than women of all classes, would be smitten as by a sudden madness. The personal influence of this man was as vivid and as overpowering as the sensation felt by those who heard him, in the prime of life, improvising his wonderful music, of which Mme. Wohl has written:

Liszt played. For the first time in my life I witnessed a real inspiration! For the first time I heard the real voice of the piano. He played one of his own compositions, a religious fantasia. There was nothing strange or immoderate in his attitude. He handled the instrument easily and quietly. His lips were closed, his head a little thrown back, and his face looked simply sublime. When the music expressed rapture, a sweet smile wandered over his lips, like a sunbeam on the water. When triumph was the keynote, his nostrils distended, and a heavenly light seemed to play on his features.

This power, so wonderfully exerted, had very little to do with his music, since the same writer remarks that at one time, when Liszt stayed in Budapest for nine years, he played only fourteen times in public. His admirer adds, with unconscious humor:

He lent himself to anything, he never spared himself.

Surely, one concert in eight months can scarcely be regarded as an excessive strain on a musician. No, it was not his music only, it was Liszt himself, from the time when, at eleven years of age, the

keenest critics in Vienna called him a "wonder-child" and a "baby Hercules," who exercised this sway over men and women of all countries and of every class down to the last year of his old age. It is not remarkable that his life should have been full of incidents such as few men ever know.

Franz Liszt, who was born in Hungary nearly one hundred years ago—his centenary will occur on the 22d of October, 1911—had for his father a fairly well-known musician, Adam Liszt, the first of twenty-six children, and for his mother a typical German of the class noted for domestic virtues, simplicity, deep religious feeling, and gentleness. The life of the father and the mother had a mystery in it; for not many years after the birth of their famous child the mother was sent roughly back to her family without a word of explanation, and the two never met again. But though she had barely reared the boy, she had instilled into him a love of purity and truth and a longing for the peace which is enjoyed by the servants of the church.

So it is that all through Liszt's long life we find two motives battling with each other. First, there is the passionate love of music which he inherited from his Hungarian father; and second, there is the longing for a religious life which his mother taught him, and which, in the end, prevailed when he finally took the three minor orders and became the Abbé Liszt.

#### A PRODIGY OF GENIUS

We have nothing here to do with Liszt as a musician. All the world knows how great he was, how at the age of eleven he enchanted all Germany by his wonderful playing, and how at fourteen, in his first concert at Paris, his performance was so exquisite that the men in the orchestra

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March); "Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur" (April); and "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May).

forgot their parts and sat silently regarding this supernaturally brilliant boy, of whom it was afterward said:

"Orpheus charmed the beasts of the field, and moved even stones; but young Liszt has so affected an orchestra as to make it dumb."

The world knows, too, how Liszt passed from one great master to another, finding very soon that they could teach him nothing, and how as a mere child he played before the stern and almost savage Beethoven, whose eyes glared at him as he began, but who in a few moments sank back with a sigh of genuine pleasure and delight. Every one has heard of the honors that were showered upon him, both as boy and man. In the house at Weimar, in which his last years were spent, there is a great collection of the signs of honor that were bestowed upon him—stars and orders and medals, golden wreaths and parchments, giving him the freedom of most of the great cities of Europe.

It is recorded that besides being the greatest pianist of his time, he was the author of some twelve hundred compositions, many of them so difficult that only he could render them. He was the friend of kings and queens and emperors, as well as the companion of all the most distinguished artists, writers, and notables of his day. In Budapest, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in Paris, and in England he was equally at home. Pope Pius IX was particularly fascinated by Liszt. He used to ask the great musician to play for him, and to improvise, so that the inspiration of the music would drive away the sadness which often came upon the Pope in his later years. It is even said that the pontiff, who was a great lover of music, used to sing, whenever he could have Liszt to accompany him. He called Liszt "his dear son," and once said:

"The law ought to make use of your music so as to lead hardened criminals to repentance. I am sure that not one of them could resist it; and I believe that the day is near when such methods will be employed to touch the hearts of vicious men."

On his side, Liszt was tenderly grateful to the Pope. Of all the orders and decorations that were given him by monarchs, the papal order was the only one of which he ever spoke. On the other hand, he

treated kings and queens with no more courtesy than any gentleman would show to other persons of rank and dignity. There is, for instance, a well authenticated story, which tells how he very quietly but effectively rebuked a bit of inattention on the part of Queen Victoria.

#### HOW LISZT REBUKED A QUEEN

The Prussian court, with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, had assembled at a castle near Bonn. At the request of King Frederick William, Liszt, with several other distinguished artists, promised to organize an impromptu concert, to be given in the evening. This was during the earlier years of Queen Victoria's marriage, when she was striving to have her husband received as a royal personage. She loved him passionately, and the refusal of foreign courts to give him the same precedence as a king caused her an annoyance which she was not always able to conceal. On the occasion of this concert it happened that an Austrian archduke arrived at the castle; and as he was of imperial rank he took precedence of Prince Albert. This so much distressed the young queen that her nerves were utterly unstrung. She found fault with her ladies, used language which from a less exalted personage would be described as scolding, and found everything wrong and badly managed.

At the concert, Liszt was to play an introduction. Scarcely had he begun when Queen Victoria complained of the heat in the room. A chamberlain rushed to open a window. A few minutes afterward the queen shivered, and said that the draft was intolerable. Then the chamberlain again bustled forward and closed the window. The hall was in confusion, and Liszt's exquisite performance was being absolutely ruined. So, after playing a few more bars, the great musician rose, made a low bow, and went out into the park, where he leaned over the terrace and quietly smoked a good cigar.

Half an hour later he returned, and as he entered, King Frederick William left his place and said to him:

"Why did you run away just now? What was the matter?"

"Oh," said Liszt, "I was afraid of interfering with her majesty Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders!"

The king laughed, but requested him to complete his performance, which he did in the midst of a profound and respectful silence.

Had this been an isolated instance, one might have said that Liszt was far too sensitive; but he felt that he must do everything possible to compel society to accord to great artists the respect which was their due; and since he was the friend of the great, it was possible for him to fight successfully against ignorance and Philistinism. One could fill a book with anecdotes illustrative of this, and they lead one to admire the musician's wit and self-possession no less than his artistic gifts.

Only one woman of high rank ever disliked him, and this was the Princess Metternich, wife of the celebrated Austrian diplomat. He never fell a victim to her charms, and she resented his indifference on many occasions and in many ways. One day, for instance, at an imperial drawing-room, in Vienna, she came up to him and asked in a sneering tone: "Is business pretty good?"

To understand the insult conveyed in these words, it is necessary to remember that among the nobility of Austria, "business" is considered to be utterly disgraceful. But Liszt answered her in a way that made her blush and turn away with vexation. He said:

"Madam, it is only shopkeepers and diplomats who do good *business*!"

#### LISZT'S GREAT EARNINGS

As a matter of fact, after Liszt's early youth, money flowed in upon him in a golden stream. Even as far back as 1840 a concert brought him ten thousand dollars; and afterward he received almost an equal sum for playing a single piece in public. A wealthy American once advised him to visit the United States and to give a series of concerts, at each of which he should play only once, while the tickets were to be disposed of at the rate of one hundred dollars apiece. Such a price would have eclipsed the terms which in after years were made with Jenny Lind, Patti, Jean de Reszke, and Caruso, although many people fancy that Caruso has reached the climax of financial success as a musician.

Liszt, however, cared little for money.

He played only when he felt disposed to do so; and even then his income was fifty times as much as he actually needed. His life was a very simple one; his only extravagances were on behalf of others.

It would be impossible to enumerate the myriad instances where he gave not only money but personal service, and what, to an artist's soul, is still more delightful, generous encouragement. When the most munificent offers could not induce him to touch a piano in public, he would play and improvise wonderfully for those who were sick at heart. When his door was besieged by the daughters of millionaires, or by those who brought him letters of introduction from princes, all begging that he would receive them as his pupils, he would steal away to teach some poor and unknown person in whom he had discovered the promise of genius. And all this wealth of kindness was given so delicately and so unobtrusively as to make the recipients of it feel no sense of obligation, but only a great surge of affection for "the master."

Such was Franz Liszt throughout his brilliant career, which began at the age of eleven and ended at the age of seventy-five. If we turn to his love-life, we shall find that it was his fate to divide that which ought always to be united. To most men love comes first as a spiritual longing, which is only deepened and intensified, in time, by the joys of sense. The two are welded together, so that in reality they form a complete and beautiful unity, neither ascetic on the one hand, nor sensual on the other. But for Liszt destiny had decreed no such happiness.

The story is a simple one, and it ought to be disentangled from the numerous and discreditable legends which have been woven about the life of this great man. He was not free from sin; but there are very few to blame him when they know and understand the circumstances.

#### LISZT AS A MUSIC-TEACHER

In 1827, when young Liszt was only sixteen years of age, his father, who had watched over him and shielded him from all contact with material affairs, died at Boulogne, and was buried there. The death of his father made a profound impression upon Franz Liszt. Inexperienced, still a mere boy, not over strong in



body, and living in a world where his art was everything, he suddenly found himself alone and obliged to take upon his shoulders the burden of a man—a man's concern for practical affairs, and a man's responsibility. It might have been easier for a different type of genius, or for an ordinary youth; but Liszt had lived in a world of fancy and of imagination, free from care, and with a nature which was more sensitive than a woman's.

However, he met the crisis without flinching. His first act was to send for his mother, from whom he had been so long separated. She hurried to him, and the two renewed their life of mutual devotion.

Now there came to the artist the strong desire of consecrating himself to God. He felt drawn to the priesthood. His life had been singularly pure; his aspirations were those of the spirit. All this came to him from his mother; and now that she was with him once again the call was very strong and clear. And yet the instinct of the artist, the Hungarian strain that had been his father's, and the brilliant professional successes of the past six years, fought strongly against his making any ultimate and absolute renunciation of the world.

Meanwhile, something must be done to assure his maintenance, and he therefore decided to give piano lessons in Paris. It was odd enough to see this slender boy instructing men and women of twice his age, some of whom had already made their mark in music. He had no lack of pupils who paid him well; though he also gave lessons to some who were unable to remunerate him. His life was a singular one—a life which seems to have accorded wholly with his temperament. Mme. Ramann describes it in these words:

The division of the day was a mere accident, springing from the moment, or from his humor. One day he played the piano and another not; at one time in the morning, at another in the evening, just as he felt inclined. His lessons were not subjected to any order. He bound himself to no time. Their duration was to-day short and to-morrow long, according to his mood. Sometimes he appeared too early, and sometimes too late; and sometimes a lesson was omitted altogether. The long distances that he often had to go displeased him; so that he would pass the intermediate hours with friends,

lest he should be exposed to this unpleasantness twice in the same day.

It was not unusual for him to come home very late in the evening, without having eaten a solid meal during the whole day, though meanwhile his mother had kept his viands for him until they had become uneatable. All these were indications of a mind ill at ease. He was, in fact, shaken by the stirring of his first love—a love that was as sweet and holy as ever entered into the life of any man.

#### LISZT AND CAROLINE DE SAINT-CRICQ

Among his pupils was Caroline de Saint-Cricq, daughter of the Count Saint-Cricq, minister of the interior under King Charles X. The count was a type of the old French aristocracy, devoted to his order, haughty, eccentric, and believing, like the Austrian *noblesse*, that "humanity begins with a baron." His daughter Caroline was among the first of the patrician women who were placed under the tuition of Liszt after he came to Paris. She was then of precisely his own age—a very beautiful girl, lithe in form, with a lovely face, and perfect purity of mind, while gifted at the same time with wit and unusual intelligence. Like Liszt, she had a religious nature, and was deeply moved by all that was best and noble in the world, and in her thought of the other world.

These two young people could not be much together without an instinctive sympathy springing up between them. To quote a biographer of Liszt:

Indeed, a deeply passionate bias lay in both these youthful minds, manifesting itself through music, and drawing them together, since they had no other language than music to express their feelings. Inexperienced in heart, they played a magic strain, the pure tones of which made life appear to them beautiful and joyous.

The lessons were always given in the presence of the countess, a very noble-minded woman, who believed in happiness more than she believed in birth or rank. Before long, her womanly instinct saw the affection that was growing up between her daughter and the brilliant young musician. She watched it, not with disapproval, but with the deepest interest. What would come of it she

could not tell, but to her there was only one thing to be desired, and that was the happiness of her daughter. She believed in Liszt as truly as in the girl with whom he talked and whom he taught, though at last there was more talk than teaching.

But the Countess Saint-Cricq was suffering from an illness which she knew too well would leave her only a short time to live. So assured was she of this that she felt it her duty to tell her husband of their daughter's love for Liszt. She pleaded for the young people with pathetic eloquence, and ended with the words:

"If she loves him, let her be happy."

This news, and the mother's plea, seemed at first to the count like the delirium of an invalid. When it dawned upon him finally that she had told him nothing but the truth, he bristled with indignation. What? His daughter, a Saint-Cricq, a noblewoman of high degree, marry a mere music-master? His anger was unbounded; and yet his wife was so near her death that for the time he restrained himself.

Soon afterward, her illness increased, and the music-lessons were suspended. Before long, the countess died. An interval elapsed, and then, full of sympathy and hope, young Liszt went to the great mansion of Saint-Cricq and asked after his young pupil. The count sent word that he desired to see him.

By this time there was no indignation in the soul of the old aristocrat. He assumed all the suavity and kindness of a man of the world, but he spoke to Liszt in words that cut to the heart. They were polite to a degree, but every one of them was a dagger. He pointed out that it would be undesirable—highly so—for the lessons to be continued; and finally he showed that the difference in rank between his daughter and the musician made even an acquaintance between them quite impossible.

Had Liszt been a man and not a boy, he might have acted differently, for he would have known that very seldom can anything keep two loving souls apart. But at seventeen, and with no knowledge of life, he was simply crushed with agony. He felt like one who had heard his death-sentence pronounced by an unfeeling judge. His heart stood still, his

face grew pale as death. For a moment it seemed as if he would actually die upon the spot.

Then, however, something strong came into him—a surge of self-respect. Since he was held so low, he would be man enough to endure renunciation. Without speaking a word, he gave his hand to the count, and passed out into the night, like an exile from whom everything he loved had been torn away. Only once again did he set eyes on Caroline de Saint-Cricq. Both he and she lived long thereafter, and both suffered from the memory of their blighted hopes.

She afterward married a man who was a country nobleman with a large estate, interested in farming and cattle and the affairs of every day. She never forgot Liszt, though she did her duty to her husband. Nor did the memory of Mlle. de Saint-Cricq ever fade from the great musician's memory. "She gave him an ideal of womanhood which for long years remained within him and kept his passionate nature enchained in spite of the temptations which surrounded him on every side."

#### LISZT'S LIFE IN PARIS

For a time Liszt scarcely seemed to live, but gave himself up to solitude. Once more he thought of entering the church; but this time his mother, who, with a mother's instinct, had learned to know him as he really was, discouraged his desire. Furthermore, she could not bear to part with him, or to think of him as secluded in a monastery. Even his confessor, to whom he told his whole story, urged him to remain in the world and to cultivate the great gifts which had been entrusted to him.

He did so, and finally threw himself almost madly into the vortex of Parisian life. One part of his nature was consecrated to this first and spiritual love; for the rest, he now became a man of the great world, the associate of artists and bohemians as well as of noblemen and princes. The first chapter of his love-life had now closed. The second chapter was to come.

Though the deep melancholy slowly faded from his mind, Liszt was far from happy amid the diversions of the Parisian world. He read widely in the literature

that was most admired in those days. Byron's poems, the writings of Voltaire with their ingenious mockery, and the pessimism of Chateaubriand, he assimilated swiftly. More than all he was affected by the novels of George Sand, who frankly taught the doctrine of free love.

He met this polyandrous woman many times, and there is no doubt that she tried to fascinate him—not that she really cared for him, but because she had an insatiable love of admiration. This short, stout creature, with black, narrowed eyes looking out like unpolished velvet from her full eyelids, tried to exert on Liszt a physical influence equal to the intellectual influence which he felt from her romances. But Liszt turned away from her, though not until her preference for him had excited the jealousy of Chopin, who was absolutely in her power. It was all a mistake, for Liszt cared nothing for the woman; yet it led him to say afterward, speaking of Chopin:

"We used to be dear friends, but now we are mere acquaintances."

A more romantic impression was made upon him by the Countess Adèle Laprunarède, a charming and brilliant woman, married to a very aged man, who compelled her to pass her winters with him at a gloomy château in the Alps. One of these winters Liszt spent with her and with her husband; and yet between the musician and the countess there was nothing more than the charming and intimate sort of flirtation so common at that time. Mme. Ramann speaks of this episode in picturesque language.

Outside, the storm roared, the wind howled, and the snow fell in masses. All the roads were blocked up, and the inhabitants of the castle lived inaccessible to others. But within, the chimney-fire crackled, and its sparks mixed with the flashing repartee which sprang from the golden cheerfulness of youth. They laughed, jested, read, played, and when spring kissed away the snow and ice, the young artist journeyed back to Paris, his heart full of real romance.

This little episode was not important, except that it paved the way for another, which exercised a deep influence on Liszt's life. He had flirted and chatted with Adèle Laprunarède. The time had now come when he was to be swept from his moorings, not by an innocent and spirit-

ual love such as he had felt for Caroline de Saint-Cricq, or even by a make-believe romance such as had amused him in the Alps. There lay in wait for him a woman several years older than himself, remarkably strong of will, violent in passion, and both intellectual and selfish. This was the Countess d'Agoult, whose name is inseparably linked with the life and art of Liszt during the period of his true development.

#### LISZT AND MME. D'AGOULT

He was only twenty-three years of age when he met the countess. She was already married, and well known for her cleverness, which showed itself in the books that she had written over the pseudonym of "Daniel Stern." She was of mixed French and German parentage. Indeed, the romance of her father and her mother half anticipated her life with Liszt.

Her father had been a young French officer, stationed in the German city of Frankfort. There he fell wildly in love with the daughter of a German banker. The girl's father would not listen to his pleading, but the girl herself was more than ready. The two met secretly. They were surprised by the police, who had been set upon their track by the angry father, and the young French officer was cast into prison. But in this case the old proverb came true that "love laughs at locksmiths"; for by some means or other, the jailer was persuaded to admit the young lady to the prisoner's cell, and there she was found by her father after she had spent a night or two in her lover's arms. To avoid scandal, a marriage was hastily arranged, and the newly married pair went, after a time, to France, where they purchased an estate, and where, presently, a daughter was born to them, who became afterward the Countess d'Agoult.

This was the woman—ardent, experienced, and as unrestrained as her mother had ever been—who now set eyes on Liszt. The countess was a beautiful blonde—slender, tall, and graceful, with masses of hair that seemed like molten gold, and a classic profile in which there was something dreamily mystical. Her only physical defect was a poor complexion; and this was speedily forgotten by

those who listened to her brilliant talk. At heart she was selfish, susceptible, not well balanced in her mind, and melancholy, though beneath this melancholy she concealed the glow of a tremendous sensualism.

When she first met Liszt, his spiritual nature had been undermined by his reading and by the tone of the society about him; yet he retained, as always, a graceful, even innocent demeanor, which strongly attracted this woman of a nature so distinctly opposite. She was already married, and had three children; but she flung herself at Liszt with an ardor which unchained his senses and made him feel for the first time the sting of passion.

Even so, he did not yield to her at once, and his seeming coldness only increased the fire of her longing. She became reckless, and resolved to leave her husband, to give up her children, and to abandon her position—all for the love of young Franz Liszt. She persuaded him to escort her and her mother on a journey to Basle. Her mother had been induced to accompany her, in the hope of putting some restraint upon her daughter. Liszt had arranged to stay at a certain hotel, while the countess and her mother had engaged an apartment at another. But when Liszt, reaching Basle, went to his hotel and entered his rooms, he found that the countess's luggage had been deposited there, her toilet ornaments were upon his bureau, and very soon the countess was beside him, clinging about his neck and overwhelming him with caresses and words of burning love.

#### AN ILL-MATED COUPLE

From that moment there began the life of these two together. They visited Italy, and they lived in various capitals of Europe. So great was the personal influence of Liszt that their relationship was accepted by the world at large even more freely than that of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes—with whom, by the way, Liszt had a slight acquaintance.

A few censorious persons spoke harshly of the musician, and declared that he had "abducted" the countess; but he held his peace. When the whole story had become fully known, even her husband said

that Liszt had behaved like a gentleman. In fact, he had done more than might have been expected; for he seems to have proposed that they should both become Protestants, and thereby legally enter into marriage after the countess had been divorced. But this was distasteful to the woman herself, who had the pride of her race and of her family's religion. To the suggestion she answered haughtily:

"The Countess d'Agoult will never in the world become Mme. Liszt!"

And so they lived together for ten long years. After the first, he felt that her companionship was a burden. Her egotism, and her insistence upon interfering with his art, led to continual disagreements. Liszt loved periods of solitude. The countess had a restless, nervous longing to be always in the midst of brilliant company. She fettered his genius and made his life unhappy.

To all this there could be only one end. Liszt felt himself to be morally her husband, yet he could not continue the alliance. Therefore, in 1840, he sent this disturbing woman, with their children, to Paris, where she might make a home with his mother. Their life together was at an end. In the higher sense of the word, he had never really loved her; and in after years he used to speak of her with a touch of cynicism.

She once compared herself to the *Beatrice* of Dante, whereupon Liszt said:

"You are altogether wrong. It is the Dantes who create the *Beatrices*, and the real *Beatrices* die at the age of eighteen."

At another time she wrote her souvenirs, and asked him to suggest a title for them. He read them over and then returned them to her.

"Well," said she, "what shall I call them?"

He smiled a little as he replied:

"Why, I think that I should call them 'Swagger and Lies.'"

Therefore, it is plain that the Countess d'Agoult had no hold upon the deeper nature of Franz Liszt. She had thrust herself upon him in a way that made it hard for a youth of twenty-three to repel her. He endured her for many years from a feeling that he was bound to do so by a sense of honor. But when he became a man of mature age, he saw the truth—that she was insincere, that she was volup-



tuous instead of affectionate, and that her first thought was always of herself and of the notoriety that she loved.

#### THE LATER LIFE OF LISZT

After that, Liszt had no more serious affairs with any woman; and this very fact, combined with his magnetic personality, seemed to arouse in women an almost frantic desire to possess him. They tried to win him in many ways. One Russian countess, infuriated by his courteous indifference, rushed into his studio and pointed a loaded pistol at him. Liszt calmly folded his arms and looked her in the eyes.

"Fire!" said he in his gentlest tones.

The woman wavered for a moment, then dropped the pistol, and rushed out of the studio, bathed in tears. At another time a friend of his came to call on him, and found him fast asleep at his piano. Around him were a dozen women of all ages, with easels and drawing-paper, sketching him according to their ability.

His extraordinary influence over the other sex was perhaps most vividly expressed by a woman who once cried out, in a sort of agony:

"If only Liszt would love me for a single hour—that would be joy enough for life!"

It made no difference whether Liszt showed the slightest interest in a woman, or whether he treated her as he would a man. When he took up his abode at Weimar at the request of the duke, the Princess Caroline of Sayn-Wittgenstein left her home to establish herself in Weimar merely for the sake of being near Franz Liszt; and thousands of others made the place a Mecca because he lived there.

As for Liszt himself, he put aside all this worship, which merely bored him. In fact, it made him a little cynical, as some of his sayings show:

Women always make a boast of the love they feel, but most of all of the love which they have inspired.

Women do not believe in a love which avoids notoriety.

Misunderstood women are generally women who are too well understood.

It is, indeed, a tribute to his strength of character that this hero-worship never

changed the simplicity and gentleness of his disposition. He was most interested in his art, and in doing good and aiding other artists. He spent whole fortunes in this way without the knowledge of the world. He was a charming companion, a generous friend, a rare and wonderful genius.

A great deal has been written about the relations between Liszt and the Princess Wittgenstein; but one is not inclined to make a scandal of them. The princess was very plain and unattractive in appearance. She had, however, an unusual intellect, and she was extremely fond of Liszt. Yet this fondness was platonic in its character. She lived in the same abode with him at the Altenberg in Weimar, taking care of his children, ministering to his comfort, and giving him a domestic peace which he had never known before.

Her husband divorced her, and then Liszt felt that he owed her marriage. Letters of his are extant which show this. He tried to secure a dispensation from the Pope to marry a divorced woman, but it was refused, and so the two lived out their lives together as good comrades whose comradeship was full of sympathy and understanding.

After his younger daughter, Cosima, had been married to Hans von Bülow, and had left Bülow to become the wife of Richard Wagner, Liszt felt once again a longing to take refuge in the church. In 1865 he had received from Cardinal Hohenlohe the honorary title of *abbé*, and in 1879 he submitted to the tonsure. But it should be noted that he never was a priest, that he could not celebrate mass, and that he was still free to marry had he desired to do so. These facts refute the gibe that he entered the church in order to escape from being married against his will.

His life was long, since he lived until 1886. It was in many ways a happy life, so far as concerned his art; yet he, whom so many thousands loved, was destined never himself to know the whole of love in its perfection and as a unity. While a boy, he felt its sacredness. As a man, he came to know its power; but never did he experience the combination of the two. He died, still having missed the most wonderful thing in life.





MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, WIDOW OF THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT,  
AND HER DAUGHTER, THE COUNTESS LASZLO SZECHENYI,  
FORMERLY MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT

## THE ERA OF RICH WOMEN

THE MANY GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES THAT HAVE  
PASSED INTO FEMININE OWNERSHIP

BY WALTER E. PATTERSON

**I**T is frequently urged, by the advocates of votes for women, that women are taxed without representation. It is, of course, quite impossible accurately to estimate what proportion of the nation's wealth is ultimately held and controlled by women; but some astonishing facts are disclosed by a casual glance at the list of taxpayers on

personal property in the City of New York alone.

Seven persons in New York are taxed on one million dollars' worth or more of personal property. Three of them are women, and a woman heads the list—Mrs. Emma B. Kennedy, widow of the late John Stewart Kennedy, who is taxed on six millions. Mr. Kennedy, in his will,

left his wife fifteen million dollars, besides giving about thirty millions to charity. The next two names, taxed upon five millions each, are Andrew Carnegie

who is taxed on one million dollars in personal property. By her husband's will, Mrs. Amsinck received all his real estate in this country, in Germany, and



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE, WHOSE HUSBAND LEFT HER A FORTUNE OF ABOUT SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*

and Mrs. Margaret O. Sage, widow of the late Russell Sage.

The third woman on the list is Mrs. Florence Amsinck, widow of the late Gustave Amsinck, the importing chemist,

in Italy, as well as much other property. She is probably worth to-day twenty million dollars.

Scanning the New York tax-list as far down as those assessed at fifty thousand



MISS GIULIA MOROSINI, WHO INHERITED ABOUT  
TEN MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER FATHER,  
THE LATE GIOVANNI MOROSINI

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*

dollars, we find listed by their Christian names, so that they are recognizable as females, some eighty other women, paying a personal tax on a total of eight and one-half millions. Doubtless there are many others listed only by their initials. Judging by the usual difference between the assessed value of a taxpayer's personal property and the actual size of his fortune, these figures must be multiplied a good many times if we want to estimate the total value of the property held by the eighty women. It must be remembered that some of the richest people in New York pay no personal tax, and that others are rated on a comparatively trifling assessment—not through perjury, by any means, but because of the many exemptions allowed by law. For instance, J. Pierpont Morgan is taxed on only four hundred thousand dollars' worth of personal property in New York.

For similar reasons, the list does not include some of the largest fortunes held by women usually classed as New Yorkers. For example, it does not show the name of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who, by the famous ninety-nine word will of the late railroad magnate, inherited all his fortune, which was estimated by well-in-

formed people at from fifty to seventy-five million dollars, though some much higher guesses were made. Nor does it include Miss Helen Gould, nor many other women of great wealth.

Avoiding as far as possible mere estimates and guesswork, and drawing the figures largely from the published wills of the husbands, parents, or relatives from whom they inherited, it is possible



MISS HELEN GOULD, A RICH WOMAN WHO IS  
FAMOUS FOR HER CHARITIES

*From a photograph—copyright, 1910, by Paul Thompson,  
New York*



MRS. EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, WHOSE HUSBAND  
LEFT HER HIS WHOLE FORTUNE OF  
ABOUT SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS

to make up a list of American women comprising less than twenty names, who control a combined wealth of half a billion dollars. It is easy to speak calmly of half a billion dollars, because the average mind is quite incapable of grasping the idea of it; but it is a larger sum than has ever been accumulated by one man, with the possible exception of John D. Rockefeller.

Add twenty or thirty more names, and the total would mount up toward three-quarters of a billion. Nor, even so, does the catalogue claim to be complete. Doubtless if the full facts could be secured, a list of two hundred American

women who control a combined wealth of one billion dollars could be compiled without violence to the truth.

Here is a list of some of America's richest women, with an estimate of their fortunes:

Mrs. Russell Sage.....	\$70,000,000
Mrs. E. H. Harriman.....	60,000,000
Mrs. Frederic C. Penfield.....	60,000,000
Mrs. Hetty Green.....	50,000,000
Mrs. C. P. Huntington.....	40,000,000
Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.....	35,000,000
Mrs. Henry J. Bracker.....	25,000,000
Mrs. Gustave Amsinck.....	20,000,000
Miss Faith Moore.....	20,000,000
Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy.....	15,000,000
Miss Helen Gould.....	15,000,000
Miss Mary Garrett.....	15,000,000
Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard.....	12,000,000
Mrs. W. D. Sloane.....	12,000,000
Mrs. W. Seward Webb.....	12,000,000
Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.....	12,000,000
Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.....	12,000,000
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	10,000,000
Mrs. Potter Palmer.....	10,000,000
Miss Giulia Morosini.....	10,000,000
Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.....	10,000,000
Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst.....	10,000,000
Mrs. J. J. Lawrence.....	10,000,000
Miss Jennie Flood.....	10,000,000
Mrs. W. B. Leeds.....	10,000,000
Miss Laura Stallo.....	7,500,000
Miss Helen Stallo.....	7,500,000
Miss Grace Watt.....	5,000,000
Mrs. Julia Watt Curtiss.....	5,000,000
Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.....	5,000,000
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	5,000,000
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.....	5,000,000
Miss Anne Leary.....	5,000,000
Mrs. Warner M. Leeds.....	5,000,000
Mrs. J. Watson Webb.....	4,000,000
Mrs. Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen..	4,000,000
Mrs. Ogden Goelet.....	4,000,000
Mrs. Robert Goelet.....	4,000,000
Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry.....	4,000,000
Mrs. James Henry Smith.....	4,000,000

It will be seen from this partial list of America's rich women that about half a billion dollars is controlled by seventeen individuals. So much wealth represents an enormous quantity of real estate, railroad shares, bonds, industrial securities; and while much of it is held in trust for the recipients of the income, nevertheless its owners could make a mighty stir in the financial world if they chose. Their holdings represent a potent factor in the commercial life of the nation.

With the solitary exception of Mrs.

Hetty Green, it will be noted that none of these women made their money for themselves, however, though many of them have let it work for them after they received it by inheritance. Man, they say, proposes, woman disposes. Man also makes, and woman spends. Take the classic case of Russell Sage.

For many, many years Mr. Sage's name was a byword for the extreme of thrift. A great power in the financial world, the possessor of constantly accumulating millions, he went about in clothes of antique cut and extreme shabbiness, while his wife drove down the avenue in a quaint rig of ancient vintage drawn by a poor old white horse. A woman at whose house Mrs. Sage was once calling desired her footman to order away from the curb the outlandish trap she saw standing there.

"But that is Mrs. Sage's carriage," said the footman.

And presently Mrs. Sage drove away in it, between rows of elegant equipages, which her husband could have purchased as you and I might buy a bag of peanuts.

But Mr. Sage, unable to do his duty either to his wife or to mankind while he was alive, dying, did his duty by both. He left all but some six hundred thousand dollars of his vast hoard to his widow, and let it be known that thus vicariously he intended to distribute it for charity. Mrs. Sage, an old lady—she was born in Syracuse in 1828—at last could taste the joys of spending. And she went at the task with right good will. In the first three years of her widowhood she is said to

have disposed of twenty-five million dollars in various charities, of which the great Sage Foundation is the chief. She employs an army of secretaries, and her daily mail is delivered in an express-wagon.

Doubtless Mr. Sage had a lot of fun getting together his seventy millions; but who shall say that the woman in the case is not having a better time disposing of them? Certainly she is doing vastly more good.

E. H. Harriman, on the other hand, in his famous will, made no threats of



MRS. HETTY GREEN, WHO HAS AMASSED ABOUT FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS BY HER OWN BUSINESS SAGACITY

*From a copyrighted photograph by Vanderweyde, New York*





MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, WHO INHERITED ABOUT  
TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER FATHER,  
THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT  
*From a photograph by Bradley, New York*

charity. His fortune is his widow's, to do with what she likes. She has a powerful interest in the Union and Southern Pacific railroads, in the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and in many other commercial enterprises. Though Judge Robert S. Lovett has been appointed "Harriman's successor," Mrs. Harriman maintains an office of her own in New York, and there is a telephone in it. In pursuance of her husband's wishes, she has already given the State of New York one-third of her great estate at Arden, in the Hudson Highlands, for a State park, and a million dollars in cash with which to acquire other lands. Her daughter, too, Miss Mary Harriman, is active and generous in social work in New York.

Mrs. Harriman comes of Pilgrim stock. Her father was William J. Averill, of Ogdensburg, president of the old Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway. She is well equipped to meet the moral and financial responsibilities which her husband voluntarily laid upon her.

Concerning Mrs. Hetty Green, who possesses, according to her own statement and popular estimate, one of the four fortunes of fifty million dollars, or more, held by women, much has been written, and little is known to the general public. Hetty Green is as chary of information as she is of cash. She is seventy-five years old now, has worked hard all her adult life making the fortune left her by her father, a rich New Bedford whaler, wax and grow. She owns real estate all over the country, especially in Chicago; she dresses plainly, even shabbily; often she eats her lunches in dairy lunch-rooms. She never makes any display of her wealth that the eye of man can detect; she hates lawyers, and is always mixed up in law-suits; she dislikes to pay her taxes—or so the story goes—

and says she "doesn't know anything about the Four Hundred and doesn't want to."

The great fortune of Mrs. Frederic

dollars to charity and eight hundred thousand to relatives. She is a Roman Catholic, and has been made a marchioness by the Pope in return for her gener-



MRS. CHARLES B. ALEXANDER, WHO INHERITED ABOUT TEN MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER FATHER, THE LATE CHARLES CROCKER

*From a portrait by Benjamin C. Porter*

C. Penfield came to her from her father, the late William Weightman, the "quinin king" of Philadelphia. When she married Mr. Penfield, a diplomat and writer, she gave away two hundred thousand

ous gifts to the church. Much of her fortune, probably, will ultimately find its way into the church.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, of course, received her millions from her husband.

Her great stone castle on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, in New York, is valued at nearly two million dollars. Her other real estate interests are large, and she has

erty rights and educational matters women should vote," she said. "Yet, though I am a large property-owner, and manage my own estate, I don't think I should vote if I could."



MRS. POTTER PALMER, WHO RECEIVED ABOUT TEN MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER HUSBAND, THE LATE POTTER PALMER, OF CHICAGO

*From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago*

extensive holdings of railroad stock. She is her own business manager.

When she returned from Europe in the autumn of 1909, Mrs. Huntington was asked for her views on woman suffrage.

"I believe that in the cases of prop-

Archer M. Huntington, the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, has already put his present share of the family millions to public use. He has founded and built the splendid Hispanic Museum in New York, equipped with

an unrivaled Spanish library, and many rare Spanish paintings; he is one of the most zealous founders of the New Theater; and it was he who brought the Sorolla paintings to America.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the American ambassador to the court of St. James, and proprietor of the New York *Tribune*, received her millions from her father, the late D. O. Mills. Her expenditures have hitherto been more apparent at the American Embassy in London than elsewhere; but her father's philanthropic interests will very possibly influence her distribution of her share in his great possessions.

Some of the large fortunes controlled by women in America have been liberally administered for the public good, not for private display. The superb charities of



MRS. WHITELAW REID, WHO INHERITED ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER FATHER, THE LATE D. O. MILLS



MRS. FREDERIC C. PENFIELD, WHO INHERITED ABOUT SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER FATHER, THE LATE WILLIAM WRIGHTMAN, OF PHILADELPHIA

Miss Helen Gould are, of course, known to everybody. Never was woman, rich or poor, more universally loved, respected, and honored than she.

Miss Gould's mail, like Mrs. Sage's, is enormous. Some years ago she used to answer requests by a printed circular. This circular stated that in one week 1,303 letters of a begging character had come to her, asking for a total of \$1,548,502. And there followed an itemized list of the various requests. Here are some of them:

1 request to finance a colony in Cuba .....	\$1,000,000
231 requests for money.....	187,880
91 requests for loans.....	156,203
149 requests to raise mortgages....	77,578
4 wish help toward trousseau.....	2,000
1 wishes to sell ring.....	1,200
1 wishes to sell quilt.....	50
1 wishes to buy set of teeth.....	15
1 wishes to get watch from pawn..	8
34 requests for old clothes.	
3 requests for watches.	
17 requests for advice.	
8 requests for autographs.	
5 wishing to sell manuscript.	
7 naming child after Miss Gould.	



MRS. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT, A RICH WOMAN  
WHO IS ACTIVE IN THE CAUSE OF  
EQUAL SUFFRAGE

*From a photograph—copyright, 1910, by Paul Thompson,  
New York*

- 5 want sewing-machine.
- 3 want bibles.
- 53 requests for positions.
- 34 requests for interviews.
- 1 wishes help to bring out opera.
- 1 wishes help to bring out oratorio.
- 1 wishes electro-plater.
- 1 wishes to sell hay and cows.
- 1 minister wishes horse and buggy.
- 1 wishes house, so that girl can marry at once.
- 1 wishes money to enter old people's home.

And so the list went on, for scores of items, including twenty-five marked copies of newspapers, two almanacs, six books, thirty-one catalogues, and eight magazines. Verily, the path of the charitable rich is not all roses!

Mrs. Leland Stanford, it will be recalled, before her death poured all her remaining millions into the university which she and her husband founded in memory of their son. In all, more than thirty million dollars went into that institution. Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, widow of the Senator from California and mother of the proprietor of the *New York Journal*, has given millions to education in her adopted State. Miss Jennie Flood

has given at least three millions to the University of California. Her fortune, like those of the Mills and Mackay families, came from the great mining boom in California and Nevada. Her father was James C. Flood, one of John W. Mackay's three partners in the Comstock mines. He left ten millions when he died in 1889, but he had already given his daughter valuable interests in his mining properties.

The money left by the Italian banker, Giovanni Morosini, a former business associate of Jay Gould, to his favorite daughter, Miss Giulia Morosini, is held in trust for her, and she has only the income, which is said to be from four hundred thousand to half a million dollars annually. Miss Morosini is an enthusiastic horsewoman—the only one in New York, in fact, holding a permit to drive three horses abreast.

Another woman who enjoys the income from a fortune of about the same size is Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, whose real estate holdings, left her by her husband, are said to be worth at least ten million dollars. Mrs. Palmer's work as the head of the women's commission of the World's Columbian Exposition, and also as the woman representative of this country on the commission to the World's Fair of 1900 in Paris, would alone have stamped her as a woman of great executive force, in whose hands the largest of fortunes would be wisely and justly administered.

The fortune of Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, came from her father, John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The Garretts still hold a large interest in that road, though half of Miss Garrett's fortune is invested in real estate. She has always been a woman of simple, unostentatious tastes.

Another wealthy woman of unobtrusive life is Miss Faith Moore, who inherited a great part of the fortune left by her father, John G. Moore, of the banking firm of Moore & Schley. Miss Moore, who is but slightly over thirty, lives in the Fifth Avenue Estates Building, at the corner of Sixtieth Street, where the rents are said to be eighteen thousand dollars a year for each apartment, and where, rumor adds, there dwell at least four spinsters who could easily



buy the entire building if they felt so disposed.

Miss Moore's stepmother, also a young woman, married, after Mr. Moore's death, Warner M. Leeds. She received from Mr. Moore, by will, his New York mansion on East Sixty-Fifth Street, his stables and personal effects, and much money besides. She is at present very active in charitable work, going downtown to such institutions as the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, and contributing liberally of both her time and her money, to the support of that worthy institution, and to many others. Her life is anything but a round of social gaiety.

Various women now hold large shares in the Vanderbilt millions, including Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Twombly, Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt—who owns the château at the Plaza, worth at least four million dollars—and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is a practical and hard-working sculptor. Some of this money is now going into model tenements on the East Side of New York.

The late Henry O. Havemeyer, the sugar king, left, to the surprise of everybody, only about fourteen million dollars. Under his will, his widow received the house at Sixty-Sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, valued at fifteen hundred thousand dollars, an annuity from a million more, and personal property, including the fine Rembrandt portraits that were exhibited during the Hudson-Fulton celebration, footing up some five hundred thousand dollars. Her two daughters, Mrs. J. Watson Webb and Mrs. Peter Frelinghuysen, each received four million dollars.

One of the large fortunes held by a woman was the so-called Watt estate, consisting of immense tracts of valuable land in Harlem. For many years, until



MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., WHO INHERITED ABOUT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FROM HER FATHER, THE LATE SENATOR FAIR, OF CALIFORNIA

her death in December, 1908, this property was owned and administered by a simple, quiet spinster, Miss Mary Goodwin Pinkney, who lived to be ninety-nine years old. Her stepfather, Archibald Watt, had acquired the old De Lancy farm in Harlem back in 1825, but in 1830 he became financially embarrassed, and, in return for a loan of forty thousand dollars made to him by Miss Pinkney, deeded his real estate to her at his death. As land values rose, this property became more and more valuable, like the Astor and Goelet farms farther down-town. But Miss Pinkney's relatives lived high, and she supported them, and it is probable that at her death her property was so much encumbered that the estate was not actually worth the fifty million dollars at which it had been estimated. A nephew and two nieces—Miss Mary Watt and Mrs. Julia Watt Curtiss, children of Miss Pinkney's stepbrother—inherited most of her fortune.

Among other women worth millions in their own right, Miss Anne Leary, a papal countess in recognition of her practical interest in the Roman Catholic church, has long been conspicuous for her good deeds in New York, and will probably leave much of her fortune to church purposes.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has recently espoused the cause of woman, supporting, out of her own pocket, a suffrage campaign, and aiding such manifestations of insurgent femininity as the strike of the New York shirt-waist makers.

As for the millions of Andrew Carnegie, should his wife and daughter—his direct heirs—survive him, there is little doubt that his great fortune would continue to be administered mainly for charity, as at present.

Indeed, even in households where the husband or father who has amassed millions still survives and rules, there seems to be a growing tendency to let the women give as well as spend, and a growing desire on the part of the women to do so. The so-called Junior League in New York—an organization of young society girls who work among the poorer classes—is increasing in scope and usefulness, and many of the daughters of wealth give much of their time to it. In several of our large cities, rich women

have done much for music by the organization and support of orchestras, and have thus duplicated publicly the money spent on their private entertainments. In New York, to-day, there is scarcely a charitable cause which does not number among its chief advocates and its most valuable supporters the names of two or three women who either possess in their own right, or whose husbands or fathers possess, a large fortune.

So, if Mrs. Hetty Green is the only example America can show of a woman who goes down into the market-place and makes millions for herself—and that is not the most lovely type of what we could wish our women to be—there are examples in plenty of woman's ability to administer a wise fortune wisely, safely, and justly.

The mere passion for acquisition is not the noblest trait of humanity. Indeed, it may well be urged that the passion to spend, if only to spend selfishly on beautiful clothes, handsome furniture, fine pictures, flowers and music, is a more commendable trait. But the noblest passion is the passion to spend upon others—to do good, to aid some worthy cause.

For that, most rich women have more time than their husbands. But it would also seem, in spite of the popular strictures on the extravagance of American women, that they also have at least an equal inclination. In the history of the famous American fortunes, it has not been the women heirs who have dissipated their inheritances in riotous living. On the other hand, it has not been the men alone, by any means, who have shown a realization of the responsibilities of great wealth, the moral duty of charity.

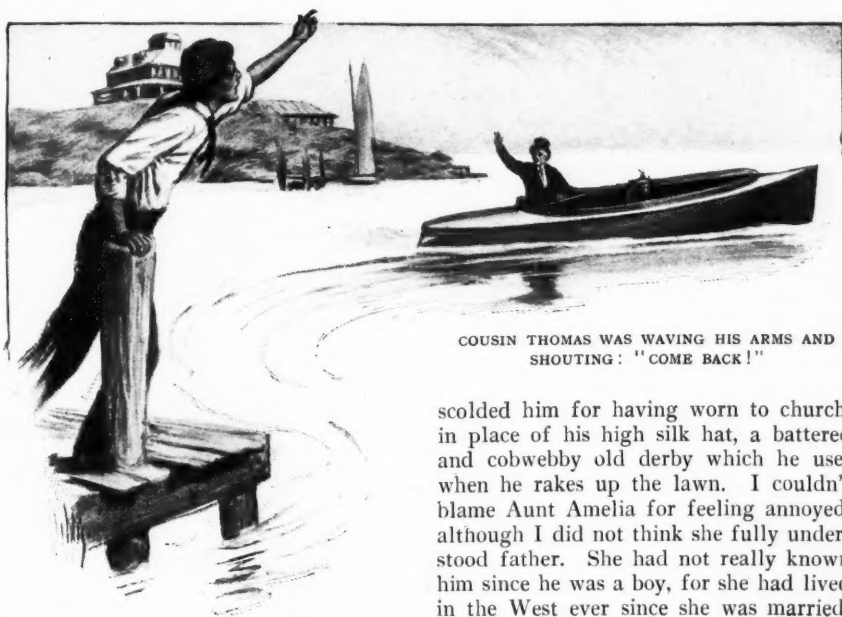
Nor with greater opportunity, either politically or otherwise, is it to be supposed that these facts would be changed. The reasonable supposition, rather, is that the wealth held in the hands of women would be even more wisely and broadly administered. It is no doubt, in many cases, a personal tragedy for the millionaire that he must leave his hard-won wealth behind him. But it seems frequently to be a blessing to mankind that he does have to leave it behind him, and to leave it in the hands of a woman.

# FATHER'S REBELLION

BY FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN BARNEY'S GRAND OPERA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



COUSIN THOMAS WAS WAVING HIS ARMS AND SHOUTING: "COME BACK!"

UP to the time when mother died, and Aunt Amelia came to live with us, I had taken father's absent-mindedness as a matter of course, and something to be expected in a college professor. It was always a part of our family routine to make sure that he did not start for his classes in the morning without his necktie, or with one of my shopping-bags in place of the green one that holds his books.

Father always says that he is absorbed in thinking of his work; and that his mind, instead of being absent, is very much present, although occupied with affairs other than unimportant trifles. That was what he told Aunt Amelia when she

scolded him for having worn to church, in place of his high silk hat, a battered and cobwebby old derby which he uses when he rakes up the lawn. I couldn't blame Aunt Amelia for feeling annoyed, although I did not think she fully understood father. She had not really known him since he was a boy, for she had lived in the West ever since she was married, until her husband died.

"Really, Edith," she confided to me later, "I am anxious about your father's mental condition. All the Adams family for generations, even the scholars, have been practical—extremely practical."

Aunt Amelia herself is extremely practical. I knew that from the way she had set her son, Cousin Thomas, after me, as soon as she found out that mama's money had been left in my name. But to smooth things over, I spoke to father.

He did try for a few days, and Aunt Amelia was very much encouraged until the evening when he brought home Mr. Eliot's family cat in place of the basket of lettuce he had gone to fetch.

We hoped, then, that he would do

better when college had closed, and his classes were off his mind; so, as soon as possible after commencement, we hurried down to the seashore at Hardyport and opened our cottage. But before we had been there a week, Aunt Amelia, with a face of gloom, confided to me in a corner of the piazza:

"Your father, Edith, is certainly not improving. I don't dare to say what I am afraid of."

I knew she meant insanity, but I wouldn't mention it. Father had been spending most of his time in his study, on his scientific work, and it certainly had seemed once or twice, from things he did, that he wasn't just right. That very afternoon, when we routed him out to take a swim, we found that he had retired to his room to change his clothes for his bathing-suit, and had gone to bed by mistake.

"Let's go to town to-morrow and see Dr. Dodge," I suggested.

Dr. Dodge is our family physician, and I suppose we didn't go into details about father as with a stranger. First, Aunt Amelia talked, and then I chimed in. We didn't either of us mention insanity; but when we told how we were afraid of father's having trouble with his head, we thought the doctor understood what we feared.

It developed afterward that Dr. Dodge got the impression that father was suffering from headaches, caused by too close application to study, and that what we women wanted was a physician's authority to make him take care of himself. So he said that, while he couldn't attempt a thorough diagnosis without seeing the patient, he thought father's condition would improve if he limited himself strictly to working not more than two hours at a time, alternated by periods of recreation, preferably out of doors.

"And I will appoint you ladies," he concluded pleasantly, "to make sure that my directions are observed."

Father seldom makes a fuss about anything, and he submitted beautifully to the doctor's orders. We timed his working periods; and if he stayed locked up in his room for more than two hours, one of us would invite him to go for a walk, or boating, or to play croquet.

One morning, when we had been at the

shore about a week, I took father to visit the wharves of one of the big fish companies over in town. It was all very interesting; but father got into trouble, as usual. He sat down on what he took to be the solid cover of an upturned barrel, but it was really the open top of a barrel of brine. Some of the men laughed; but a young man in overalls hurried up and helped father out, and was very kind, not even smiling. He spoke sharply to the men, and it was remarkable how quickly they sobered up and helped father to clean his clothes.

The young man, who seemed to be some sort of a foreman, lent father his own overcoat to wear home. Although I was so much afraid that father would take cold, I did remember to thank the young man, whose name was Mr. McGarragh, and to tell him that we would send back the coat. He was a very pleasant young man, tall and square-shouldered. His face was not a bit handsome, but his forehead looked calm and collected, and his eyes didn't seem to have much nonsense in them. I liked him; but, somehow, when he looked at me so squarely, I was embarrassed a little, to my own disgust.

Of course, Aunt Amelia was wild when father came home wet. She spoke to him so sharply that he stayed in his room all that evening, in spite of us, and most of the following day. Then, almost by force, Aunt Amelia dragged him out and sent him up to the hotel for a newspaper.

Father was so long in returning that I slipped out to look for him. I found that he had dropped the two pennies that Aunt Amelia had given him into a mail-box, under the impression that he had been sent to post a letter. When he woke up to the fact, he found he had no other money with him, and he was trying to screw up his courage to face aunt again.

I bought the newspaper and we went home together, enjoying the walk along the beach very much. At the door of our cottage, whom should we meet but Mr. McGarragh? He had come, he said, to save us the trouble of sending back his overcoat; and of course we invited him in.

When we introduced him to Aunt Amelia, she deliberately sniffed, and I knew she meant to suggest the odor of fish. Mr. McGarragh didn't seem to notice it, nor did he mind when Cousin Thomas,

who was staying with us for a few days, undertook to snub him; but I was indignant because they had picked at the poor fellow that way, so I treated him very nicely, out of sheer pity. Neither Thomas nor aunt seemed to enjoy that.

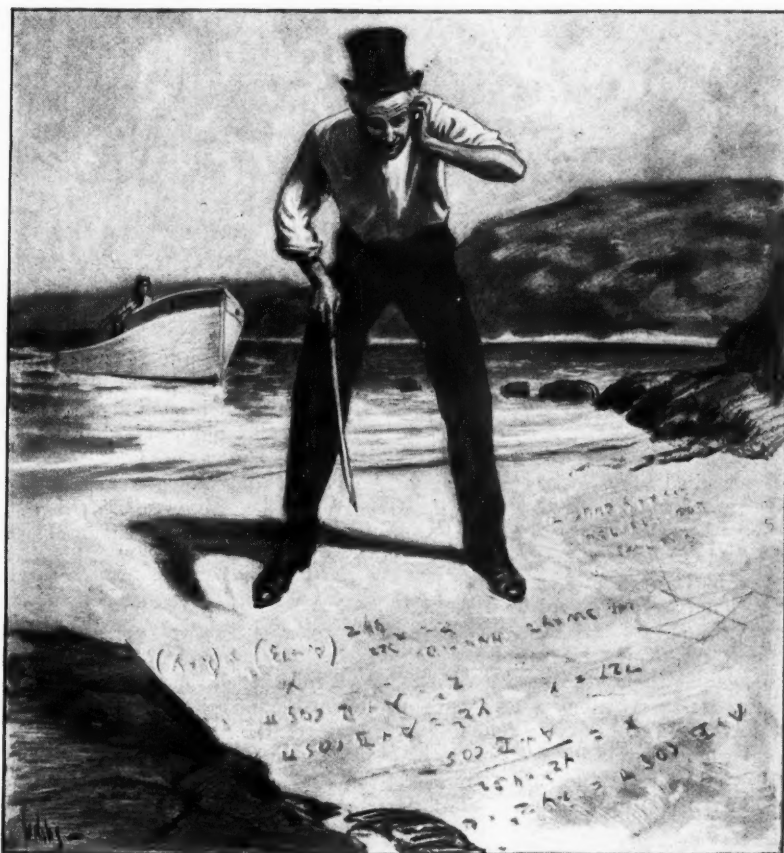
X It was on the second afternoon following that Mr. McGarragh invited me to take the walk around Sunrise Point. Aunt Amelia rose up and said that I should not go without a chaperon—after all the years I had been at Hardyport without the suggestion of such a thing! If I hadn't known that she was working for Cousin Thomas, who had made two attempts that week to propose to me, I should have shown how indignant I was. Instead, I was very sweet, and told her how pleased I should be to have her come with us. Aunt hates walking, since she

began to grow stout, and Mr. McGarragh and I went alone.

He talked less than any other young man I had ever known, but I didn't care—perhaps because I am such a chatter-box myself. After I got home, I found myself wondering how such a nice man could work all day in those slimy fish-sheds. That evening I nearly slapped Cousin Thomas's face when he spoke of Mr. McGarragh as a "fish-skinner."

## II

THE summer wore on, and somehow Mr. McGarragh seemed to take up more and more of my leisure time. He often came in the afternoon to take me for a drive, or for a skim in the harbor in a motor-boat, or for one of the beautiful walks about Hardyport. If he couldn't



THE BEACH, CLEAR DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE RISING TIDE, WAS COVERED WITH MARKS IN THE SAND





THE FIRST ONE LANDED SQUARELY ON THE BACK OF MY NECK

get off from his work in the afternoon, he was fairly certain to appear in the evening and sit out with the family on the veranda.

The first few times he did this, Aunt Amelia insulted him at every opportunity; but it seemed impossible to provoke him to answer back. It angered me so, however, that I treated him more prettily than ever; and when aunt discovered this, she took to ignoring him completely. Cousin Thomas, who had finally decided to spend the summer with us, kept out of his way.

About the middle of August we began to notice a new symptom in father. He was becoming irritable. We found more and more difficulty in keeping his schedule down to the allotted two hours of work. Aunt, however, stuck to the task like a heroine.

We tried to get father to go and see Dr. Dodge, but he absolutely refused.

He also forbade us to consult the doctor ourselves, or to bring him to the cottage, adding that, in his opinion, Dr. Dodge was a darned old fuddy-duddy. When father uses language as unscientific as that he is really angry.

If it had not been so near the end of the season, I think we should have disobeyed him; but Aunt Amelia said the summer was so nearly over we might as well wait until we got home.

Only a day or two later, Aunt Amelia, with a very sober face, brought me a solemn editorial in her conservative newspaper. It turned on some man who was being tried for murder, and on the evidence of insanity in his ancestors. Then it went on for half a column about the wickedness of people who married when there was insanity in their families, and the misery they might cause those they loved.

The horrible newspaper editorial sobered me, and I carried it on my nerves all day. I knew why aunt had made me read it; and the more I thought about it, and about our anxiety for father, the more distressed I was. I wondered what my duty would be if there really was insanity in my family, and if I was asked to marry.

And that very evening Mr. McGarragh proposed to me!

It came so suddenly, and I was so flustered, that I could not shut it off. I hardly know just what I told him; but I gave him to understand that while I liked him, and hoped he would continue to be my friend, the thing he asked for could never be. He took it quietly, as he took everything; but as he went away his face was drawn, and I was so, so sorry for him.

Nor was he the only one hurt, for I cried myself to sleep that night.

He did not come the next day, nor afterward. As the week passed, I began to realize how much I cared for him. It was silly to think that a man in love, who had been rejected, would continue to force himself upon a girl who apparently did not care; but until he stayed away I had not known what his companionship meant.

That must have been a hard week for Aunt Amelia. Not only was I snippy, but father grew more and more irritable, and objected more and more to being prodded out of his den. He said he had important work which must not be interrupted; but Aunt Amelia quoted the doctor's orders and was inexorable.

Then came the morning when father rebelled. It was a hot, bright day, at the very end of August; and I was up in my room, when I heard Aunt Amelia talking at the door of his study. It was evident that she was turning him out for his recreation period, and that he was decidedly unwilling. Finally I heard him go downstairs, actually stamping, and the front door slammed.

A little later aunt came to report:

"I had absolutely to drag out your father, Edith; and, more than that, I caught him smuggling some paper, and pencils out—planning to keep at his tiresome work when he should be resting his mind. I took them away from him, and that is why he was so angry."

"Where has he gone?" I asked.

"With Thomas in the motor-boat. I told your cousin to keep him out all the morning, if he possibly could. It is really beginning to wear on my own nerves, Edith, this watching your father so constantly. I want a rest."

She sat down in my rocker, well satisfied with herself and her managerial ability. Aunt Amelia certainly is a practical woman.

Just then we heard shouting that took us both to the window. There, on a little pier down at the water's edge, was Cousin Thomas, wildly waving his arms and shouting:

"Come back!"

And alone in the motor-boat, well started and rapidly drawing away from shore—and, of course, wearing his tall silk hat instead of his outing-cap—was father!

The ridiculousness of it all, with father in that rig actually running away from Cousin Thomas, struck me first, and I began to laugh. Aunt Amelia quickly sobered me.

"Goodness, Edith! What will happen to him now? We must not call public attention to this, out of regard for your father's position; but Thomas must quietly get another boat and go after him."

Downstairs, Cousin Thomas said he would do nothing of the kind.

"I've put myself out enough for one day, mother, trying to help you cure my crazy uncle, and it's too blamed hot for any more exertion. He knows how to manage the boat, and I'll be hanged if I'll spend any more of my time chasing him if he doesn't want my company. I'm going over to the hotel to play a few games of pool."

He went, and I hope his ears burned from the look I gave him for what he called father.

We got the opera-glasses and watched the motor-boat, easily distinguishing it by father's silk hat as long as it was in the harbor. It kept on going out, however, and finally rounded the point, which hid it from our view.

Noon came, but father did not return. We ate our luncheon, taking turns at the opera-glasses; but there were no signs of the motor-boat. Aunt had been worrying for a long time; and I, too, was nervous. She tried to call up Thomas at the

hotel, but could not reach him. Then we talked as cheerfully as we could, saying that father had known the shore for years, that no accident could have happened to him, and that probably something in the motor-boat had broken down. We were trying to keep our courage up.

Finally it got to be two o'clock, and aunt said we must ask somebody to help us. I told her that I would do it, and I slipped off to the telephone. I think she must have known whom I was going to call, but she made no protest.

### III

ANXIOUS as I was, I had a funny little thrill when I heard Mr. McGarragh's voice again, even although it was burred by the wire. I told him that father had not returned from boating and that the matter must be kept quiet, and asked him to help us. He said he would come over at once and start out to search in his own motor-boat.

He did not ask me to go, but when he got to the boat-house I was there. I was afraid to go—afraid that we should find no trace of father—but I could not stay in that uncertainty on shore.

Outside Sunrise Point we saw nothing of the other motor-boat, either on the sea or along the shore. We did, however, hail an old man who was steering a dory with an awkward sail toward town.

"Ya-as," he shouted, "the feller's on Edge Island. I live there, an' I wouldn't stay overnight with him around. He's been playin' on the beach all day, like a little babby; an' when I stepped on some o' the playthings he made in the sand, he yelled and heaved rocks at me." Then, as our boat drew out of hearing, there came back to us on the wind: "Crazy ez a coot!"

It was a great relief to know that father was not drowned; but when I heard the word "crazy," I struggled for a minute, and then burst into tears. Everything I had been holding back all summer seemed to give way at once. Before I knew it, I had blurted out the long, miserable tale, of wo to Mr. McGarragh, beginning with aunt's first suspicions of father's sanity, and ending with the scene that we had had that very morning.

When I could get my eyes, which must have looked ridiculously red, clear enough

to see Mr. McGarragh's face, he was looking at me from his seat with the same drawn look which I had seen before.

"Miss Adams," he said finally, "I don't know how I can ever forgive myself for the other night. When you had so much trouble of your own, I should have known—I should have felt—"

"Don't!" I begged. "It wasn't that, Mr. McGarragh." I faced him very bravely, for I knew I must tell him the whole truth. "I do—I do care for you. But you can see—with father like that—with that taint in the family—it can't be. I couldn't say yes. I mustn't say yes to anybody!"

He looked at me gravely for a long, long time, and then said quietly:

"You poor, poor little girl!"

Then, before I knew it, my head was down, and I was crying again; and I was so afraid he might lean forward and touch even my hand, which would have been miserable for both of us; but he did not. And then we rounded a bit of cliff, and there before us was the beach on Edge Island.

It was a wide, hard beach, broken here and there by rocks; and in the distance was a tall man, digging—or rather scratching—in the sand. His coat and waistcoat were both off, but his silk hat was still on his head. Even if he had been some one else's father instead of mine, I should have felt sorry for him. In that dress, combined with his occupation, he certainly appeared anything but normal.

As we drew near shore, we saw that the beach, clear down to the edge of the rising tide, was covered with marks in the sand. It looked as if father had spent the day like a five-year-old child; and there came over me a strange dread of seeing him face to face, of hearing him speak, of knowing how he had changed.

But, even as we neared the shore, he straightened up from his work with a gesture as if he was done, and began to walk back. Then, as he saw us, he quickened his steps and approached the edge of the waves, where we were drifting.

"Father!" I called softly.

"Well, Edith?" he returned.

To my joy, it was father's normal voice, and his face and eyes were more like his old self than he had been for weeks. Ri-

diculous as he looked, standing tall and gaunt in his silk hat, with his light shirt and trousers wet and plastered with mud, I was so glad to know, as somehow I did know, that no great change had come over him.

"We were worried about you," I said reproachfully.

He felt for his watch, but it was in his waistcoat, lying back there on the sand. Then he looked at the sun.

"Goodness, child! It is late afternoon, isn't it? I had no idea it was even lunch-time. You see, I have been absorbed in my work."

He waved his hand at the beach; and I saw now that the sand was crowded with diagrams, scientific writing, and figures upon figures.

"Your Aunt Amelia actually forced me out of my room this morning, and I am afraid I became exceedingly angry. I cannot abide my nephew Thomas; and when I found myself in the motor-boat, the temptation to start off alone was irresistible. I am sorry to say, Edith, that my work has often been disturbed this summer."

"Yes, father," I acknowledged guiltily.

"I have been writing a book, and these interruptions have seriously interfered with the solving of a certain problem necessary to my work. This problem has troubled me greatly all the season. It seemed as if every time I got well started on it, I was disturbed by a well-meant invitation to go walking, or boating, or bathing—all of which are pleasant diversions at their proper time, but not at all conducive to serious accomplishment. The thing has rested heavily on my mind; I may even have seemed a trifle absorbed at times."

"You have, father," I agreed.

"This morning, sailing along shore in the boat, I was thinking of this problem, and wishing that I had not been so weak as to yield up to your aunt my pencils and supply of paper. Then I saw a fine beach on this all but deserted island, and it struck me that here was a primitive but perfectly practicable field of operations—one might say a gigantic writing-pad prepared for me by nature. I came ashore at low tide, anchored my boat out there where you now see it floating, secured a sharp stick, and went to work, working

out my problem on the sand. Despite the amount of pedestrianism required, the heat which obliged me to dispense with my coat and waistcoat, and an interruption by an old fisherman, whom I drove away, I have had a satisfactory day. And I am overjoyed to announce that my important problem is solved."

"You are to be congratulated, professor," said my companion in the boat. "I know what it is to dig out a thing of that sort."

"You do, Mr. McGarragh!" I exclaimed.

He closed his mouth, and began to redden a bit. Father looked at him in a puzzled way.

"McGarragh!" he repeated. "You don't happen to be a relative of the George L. McGarragh who wrote that treatise on 'The Use of Logarithms When Applied in Chemistry,' do you?"

Mr. McGarragh reddened still more. Then he looked at me.

"You should have told me," I began. "I thought you were the fish company's foreman!"

"That is just what I am, temporarily, but meanwhile I have been devising for them certain new methods of preserving fish. They do pay me a trifle more than a foreman usually gets," he acknowledged.

"McGarragh," said father, speaking as if to an old friend, "if you have a pencil and any paper with you I'd like to transfer some memoranda of my results before the tide washes them away. When I've done that I'll wade out and shake hands with you."

"There's a note-book with a pencil in it," returned Mr. McGarragh, throwing them ashore. Then, the instant father's back was turned he leaned toward me. "Are you satisfied of your father's sanity?" he asked quietly.

I retreated to the farthest front seat, but I had to nod.

"Don't you dare leave that tiller!" I ordered.

But he did, and between the rocking of the boat and my fear that father would turn around, and the fact that Mr. George L. McGarragh didn't know nearly as much about kissing a girl as he did about chemistry, the first one landed squarely on the back of my neck!

# PERIWINKLE\*

AN IDYL OF THE DUNES

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "BARRY GORDON," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE heroine of the story is a girl who, as a baby, is the only living creature saved from a vessel wrecked on the treacherous shore of Cape Cod. She is picked out of the surf by a young man named Ira, the "kid" of the Crooked Bar Life-Saving Station; and having no clue to her name or parentage, the crew of the station christen her "Periwinkle."

The child speedily captures the affections of the life-savers, but they are anxious that she should have a mother's care. They therefore entrust her to Ann Scudder, a widow who lives with her father—Ephraim Rawlins, an old beach-comber—in a solitary cottage not far from the station. Here she spends her lonely childhood, and grows to budding womanhood, with the life-savers as her friends and companions.

One stormy night, Periwinkle, who is out with her oilskins and lantern, sees a vessel on fire close to the shore. There is an explosion, and then darkness—the ship has sunk. She hurries to Crooked Bar to summon aid, but finds the place empty, the crew having been ordered off to another wreck. Returning to the scene of the disaster, she finds a man lying helpless and senseless in the sand. She partially revives him, and with great difficulty gets him to the station, where she leaves him on one of the cots that are kept in readiness for the shipwrecked.

For several days the rescued man remains at the station, weak with fever and intermittent delirium. Periwinkle visits him daily; and in her storm suit he takes her for a boy. She does not undeceive him, telling him that her name is Scudder.

## XV

"TAKE off that hat, Scudder, and let me have a look at you."

It was a morning several days later. The last vestiges of fever had left him the previous night, and after ten hours of natural sleep he had awakened a new man.

Luckily for her, the day was rainy, affording her an excuse to appear once more in her storm-clothes.

She was standing at his bedside, looking down at him with satisfaction, noting his recovery. She had folded her arms to hide her hands. Now that his brain and senses were clear, she knew the need of redoubled caution. How long she could retain the rôle of a man she did not know. With luck, she might do it a day or two longer—long enough to keep him in igno-

rance of her sex until he went away. This was her one object—that he should leave without knowing, because she could not be sure how much he remembered of that long moment on the sand in the heart of the storm.

"Scudder, will you please take off your hat?"

"Why?"

"So that I can see you, of course. I hope you don't think I meant as a mark of respect; no, keep it on. If there's any salaaming to be done, it's I who ought to do it to you. Sit down a moment. I want to talk to you. Jove, how much it means to feel one's thoughts run smooth again! Here!"

He made a place for her beside him on the cot, but she seated herself at his feet.

"You're a splendid lot of men, Scudder. I've been holding a sort of reception

\* This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE



up here this morning. How you can stand this loneliness beats me."

He turned toward the window and glanced off over the shore. From where he lay he could not see the ocean—only the endless, dismal waste of sand, looking drearier than ever now in the rain. The dunes, faintly outlined in the misty drizzle, added, if possible, to the immensity of the solitude.

He turned back to her, visibly depressed.

"Is there anything in this life here?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, is the game worth the candle?"

She nodded affirmatively, always keeping her speech as laconic as possible, lest her voice betray her sex. He was silent a moment, then he said:

"You boys seem contented enough—except Captain Sears. The captain shows the effect of the life. How long has he been in the service?"

"Thirty-nine years."

"Thirty-nine years! No wonder he has the blues! Why, the man's face looks despairing."

"They retire him," she said, "very soon now."

"Do they? They ought to cheer him up. He can go home to some comfortable town and live on his pension."

She averted her face and shook her head sadly.

"There is no pension."

"What?" he exclaimed, sitting up in bed. "No pension? That's incredible, inhuman! Do you mean to say our government—"

She nodded. He muttered an oath and dropped back on his pillow.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "the captain wouldn't take a cent!"

"You offered him money?"

"Yes—and a thousand dollars to divide among the crew. What do you think he said? 'No,' he was just as much obliged to me, 'but that would take the cream off.'"

She acquiesced with that quaint nod of hers.

"So it would."

The man grew restless in his bed—even irritable.

"Look here, Scudder, don't be a fool! With you, it's different. You did all the

rescue work as far as I'm concerned. Now, you've got to let me pay you. Look at me!"

She turned, facing him, and her glance fell. She was chilled by his talk of money; he had unconsciously wounded her to the quick.

"Scudder," he insisted, "you've got false pride. You saved me, and I'm rich. Name your price."

She rose from the bed, trembling, choking back a protest. He caught her arm and forced her to sit down again.

"Oh, well, if you take it that way, let it go. I'll send you something. My life isn't worth such a lot, anyway. But you do beat the dickens! In my world they don't refuse money when it's offered them—not by a long sight."

He lay back again and closed his eyes; his voice fell:

"You don't know my world, Scudder. Thank your stars for that! It's hell. I was cast up here out of it, like Jonah out of the whale's belly. Those flames on the yacht were the fires at the mouth of as real a hell as ever was."

She saw his face cloud, and a look sadder than any sign of physical suffering settled about his mouth and closed lids.

"Scudder, you don't know; you can't imagine—praise be! In the last few days I've lived my life all over again. My delirium lighted it up like a torch. I saw it all—crooked, jumbled, garish; but not much more so, I suppose, than it's really been."

The quiet remorse and sorrow in his tone thrilled her. He was unconsciously playing on some unguessed string in her nature. She felt it vibrate.

"Scudder," he said, "I'm blessed if I know why I'm maundering like this. As a rule, I'm not given to serious talk. It doesn't go down with my crowd; but somehow you're different. You're a hermit in a desert—and I've had such a deucedly close call."

"Yes," she said very quietly. "If it does you good, tell me more."

He lay silent a moment, then he said:

"Scudder, there are all kinds of shipwrecks, all kinds of shoals, storms, and fires."

She made no reply; but she moved closer to him. She felt that here was suffering such as she had never ministered

to. It began to awake deeper sympathies in her, more obscure capacities.

"Scudder," he said, "the Atlantic's a drop of water compared with another ocean, and Davy Jones is a saint from heaven compared to other devils I've rubbed up against. Their name is Legion. You saved me from Davy; but who on earth can save a man from Legion—a man hopelessly adrift?"

Before she knew it, she was on her knees beside him. He had drawn on her inexhaustible sympathy.

"Scudder," he said, with a smile for what he took to be the impulse of a generous youth, "take my advice. One thing above all others—be sure to keep away from women. I'm not speaking of the grosser attractions. Those are bad enough. I'm speaking of their innate cruelty, their littleness, their maddening inconsistency. They have no hearts, Scudder—no humanity."

She drew back a trifle. For the first time in her life she was more than a boy; her sex became all at once significant to her. He was belittling it, and his attack fanned it into flame. He had vitally touched her womanhood.

"They're a cold lot," he said in conclusion; "a mercenary lot. That's the one reason why I envy you boys—you live apart from them."

He opened his eyes, and smiled at her with hard irony and cynicism.

It was more than she could stand. She had a curious instinct as of self-preservation. Still kneeling, she unbuttoned her coat and threw it aside, disclosing her bodice; then she took off her hat and laid it on the bed. Her hair, which had been pent up under it, broke loose and fell about her shoulders, even to his pillow.

He was not a man to show the amazement that he felt; the transformation only silenced him. For some time he did not say a word. He merely touched her hair and looked up into her eyes bewilderedly. Then he said:

"My God! I take it all back!"

The surfmen already noticed a difference in Periwinkle. Their primitive devotion made them quick to feel the subtlest change. Like most men close to the elements and isolated from an intricate society, they received elemental impressions

on the instant, and were at no pains to conceal them.

When she came down-stairs that evening from the intruder's bedside, they were sitting dumb, one or two making a pretense of reading books or newspapers, others puffing thoughtfully at their pipes. On her way through the mess-room she paused, wondering why they were so gloomy.

"Ira, what are you thinking about?" she asked.

He blew forth a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, screening his face.

"I ain't sure," he answered moodily. "I have a notion I was remembering that morning when Jim and me first brought you here, and Jim was going to give you a fried egg, but I said you must have a boiled one. Think of giving a baby a fried egg!"

They all tried to laugh, but they were not of the world that simulates laughter easily.

Big Jim, tipping back his chair, spread his legs out beside the stove and stuck his hands in his trousers-pockets. He was gazing through the isinglass at that little patch of red that seemed to fascinate so many of these people.

"Queer!" he said, nodding. "I was remembering that, too."

#### KVI

THE castaway stayed at the station four days more. On the second morning he went out to see the surf-boat drill. On the third he saw the men practise the methods required in the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. On the fourth he witnessed the drill with the beach apparatus, and that last morning was the most memorable.

The dawn had been misty, the sea lying under a veil like a vast cobweb; but a southerly breeze soon brushed this aside, leaving the day clean and shining.

The castaway had by now fully recovered. He stood outside, witnessing the drill. With keen interest he watched the apparatus drawn out from the boat-room, saw everything rapidly made ready, the white-clad crew attacking the apparatus like artillerymen unlimbering a cannon; saw the sand-anchor fixed in position, the faking-box opened and placed, the Lyle gun loaded with its whip-carrying projec-

tile—each man quick at his special duty, yet all perfectly in concert.

Then he saw the gun fired. The station flag-pole, some way off, did service as the imaginary distant mast of a wrecked vessel. One of the crew stood on a cross-tree near the top of the pole, waiting.

Captain Sears aimed true. The whip fell exactly over the crosstree. In an instant the man had grasped it, and was hauling out the hawser and breeches-buoy; in another moment his comrades had landed him safely.

The onlooker applauded. He was deeply impressed by the sharp alertness of this work. It stimulated him, made him restless. These surfmen had acquired discipline and efficiency. It mattered not that their task was manual, simple; it demanded a capacity for service and rapid routine in which he, a man of a so-called higher intelligence, was utterly lacking.

These fellows were forehanded. They trained themselves in advance to cope with emergencies. When the storm broke, they would be ready for it. They would not smother in the breakers, nor yet be duped by the undertow's treachery. They would stand firm, like seasoned infantry, to meet the charge of the sea-horses.

He admired them, envied them; they had resolved life into such simple terms.

His recent long days in the upper room had afforded him ample chance for introspection. He had been more at the mercy of his thoughts than for years, and the result was a mind troubled by regret—a general uneasiness of spirit.

He strolled away from the station, this last morning, to be once more alone with his thoughts before returning to civilization. Instinct led him deep into the trackless waste. The day was warm and sunny—one of winter's gracious interludes. He wandered on and on so long that when at last he paused, for the first time conscious of his surroundings, the station lay far behind him, hidden by a sand-hill.

He glanced at the ocean. It was very smooth. There was none of the flash and froth of windy mornings. The sea's bosom was not hidden to-day by sparkling jewels and fluttering laces. She lay bathed in silver as if in a calm dream; and the rise and fall of her breathing was visible on her bare breast.

That wonderful rhythm oppressed him. Somehow, he was not in time with it.

He turned to the landward scene, and now for the first time he faced the full panorama of this sandy desert. He was appalled. The sheer beauty of it awed him. He was impressed as if with a limitless unreality. It was as if he had been set down on another star—a planet dead and empty, though still flooded with the sun's light.

The color of the desert was mainly saffron—cloth of gold; but here and there the gold was alloyed with a reddish copper flush; and in places broken veins of black sand crossed it like scars burned into it by torches.

At various distances rose the dunes, and it was these that seemed most to isolate him from the human earth. They were now sharply outlined. The winds had carved them on a gigantic scale, yet there seemed to be something in their majesty which random winds could never have imparted. They seemed fraught with unimaginable meanings; shapes lurked in their shapelessness. They were of varying colors in the sunlight—saffron, orange, purple—but each had its own distinctive, though unnamable, form.

They were at once suggestive and baffling, these dunes. They filled him with a lost feeling. It was like a dream—not a nightmare, but a dream at high noon, full of golden phantasmagoria. The shapes were surely likenesses of strange creatures—crumbling statues carved and left on this dead planet by the sculptors of a dead race.

He tried to forget the shapes of the dunes in the coloring of the whole scene. He was not an artist, but he had once had a painter's ambitions. He could not but feel the unusual colors, the underlying golden hues, the pale gold, the orange gold, the coppery gold, and then the subtler overtones—the traces of green and silver where sparse salt grasses struggled for life; the mauve, magenta, and purple of the sand, all different in different lights and distances under the pale blue sky; the streaks of brownish poverty-grass, gray-black stubble, and somber elderberry scarring the landscape with ugly scorched places.

The whole strange symphony fascinated him; but the golden dunes still rose from

it all like harp-notes from an orchestra, thrilling his imagination.

The impression was almost painful. It increased his disquiet. He felt that he was not in tune with these mysterious infinitudes. There was something wrong with him. He had a sudden desire to flee from these overpowering expanses of sea, sky, and shore. It was not only a desire; it was an impulse filling his body as well as his mind, communicating itself to his veins and muscles—an impulse prompting him to flee from the scene like a coward from danger.

He had never known this sense of fear before; but then he had never before stood alone with Nature in all her nakedness.

There was something terrible and strange in her aspect. She was so beautiful that her beauty seemed to wither his unworthy heart. There was death in her—death in this revelation of herself.

He could not understand; the situation was unprecedented in his idle, pleasure-seeking, worldly life.

For a moment he did not reason. His thoughts were a confused medley. He had fleeting memories of his lost youth, of his dead ambitions; a painful consciousness of the last few years, their futile drift, his carelessly dissipated friends, the bitter shame of it all. Face to face with Nature as she came to him naked through the golden noon, he felt as a man might feel on his wedding-day—a man confronted by the ghosts of his dead selves rising up between him and his bride.

These ghosts seemed to mingle with the shapes of the dunes and overrun them, and the veins of black sand seemed to spread and blot out all the strange, soft colors.

Perhaps he had overexerted himself in walking so far; perhaps this was a brief return of the fever; but he did not think so. He believed he was beginning to understand.

Turning, he seated himself at the foot of one of the dunes and looked wonderingly over the sea. It was still very smooth; there was still only that under-movement, that slow, eternal rhythm of the silver breast.

He believed he was beginning to understand; but the awakening was not pleasant. It meant that he, once in tune

with golden mornings, once in time with the eternal rhythm, had been so jangled, so wantonly strummed upon by flippant players, that every string in him sent forth a discordant note.

How long he sat there, staring unblinking at the sea, he did not know. His thoughts obscured the silver water as they had obscured the golden desert. The day was clear, but his past befogged it; dull mists of regret seemed to creep silently over the ocean.

He gradually grew conscious of a presence near him, and, turning, he saw the girl who had saved him, sitting quietly beside him at the foot of the dune, looking off, as he had been looking, over the water.

He thought he was dreaming. This was part of the golden phantasmagoria dreamed of at high noon.

She sat a few feet from him, her knees drawn up, her elbows resting upon them, her chin in her hands, her gaze on the sea.

It made no difference that she could have easily come unobserved; that her steps in the sand had been silent; that it was just like her to come and seat herself mutely beside him with a quaint, unobtrusive companionship. She was not real; she was merely a part of the general illusion.

She had forgotten his presence. She was oblivious of all but the sea.

He had two impressions of her as she sat there—an outer impression and an inner impression.

The first was merely of her figure—slight and boyish; of her dress—a plain serge skirt and sailor blouse, navy blue, with a linen collar, low and flaring. It was merely of her profile, this outer impression—her delicately modeled profile, her soft, tanned skin, her brown hair with gleams and obscure, rich colors in it, like living seaweed.

His inner impression he voiced aloud.

"What a mystery you are crouching here close to the sea—brooding over it! I believe you're the secret spirit of this dune!"

## XVII

THE girl kept looking seaward without any change of expression.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Well enough, as far as my body's con-

cerned," he answered. "I'm going home to-day."

"Yes; they told me."

He, too, looked over the water.

"Did you come here to say good-by?"

"Yes."

"I almost wish you hadn't," he said.

"Why?"

"I don't know. It's like a minor chord stealing into things."

They both sat silent for a long time, meditating on thoughts that drifted past, vague and suggestive as dim white sails far out on the horizon. At last he said:

"They tell me that you, too, were cast up on this shore."

"Yes."

"Then we're both castaways. Do you think that's merely chance, or something more?"

She did not answer. He turned to her.

"Tell me, you sibyl, sitting here so quietly! Read this riddle, you little sphinx, you spirit of the dunes—what's the meaning of this queer moment? Is it chance, or something deeper?"

"Something deeper," she said.

"You mean—"

"The sea," she answered simply.

"The sea? Oh, of course—that's obvious. It cast you up, and it cast me up—and here we are. You're rather too matter-of-fact for a sibyl. I didn't mean that."

"Neither did I," she said.

"Didn't you? Then it's I who am too matter-of-fact. What did you mean?"

"I don't know how to explain. Look at the sea, and you'll understand."

"What's the good? I've been looking at the sea every day for a week."

"That's nothing. I've been looking at it every day for years."

"And what have you learned?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know—at least, I don't think I can put it into words. I can't talk the way you do. But I know one thing."

"What?"

"I'd like to go down in it."

"Down in it! You don't mean—"

"No, not drowning. If a person could only live deep in it!" She had a dreamy look, quaintly serious. "Which would you rather be—a fish or a bird?"

He smiled, but the smile was fleeting.

"I don't know. I haven't thought

about that sort of thing for years. Evidently you'd rather be a fish."

"No; I'm not sure. Look at those gulls!"

He followed her glance out toward the bar, where a flock of sea-mews flashed in the sunshine.

"It must be fun," she said, "to tease the surf like that." Her eyes sparkled as she noted the dartings, dippings, whirlings of the players in that brilliant game. "Look at them peck at it! Hear them jeer at it! See how it tries to catch them!"

He watched the battle of the birds and waters, and the moment had a strange effect on him. Her little verbal sketch, so sudden, true, and sprightly, because here was a thing that she knew and could express, surprised him, caught him off his guard. All at once he had a glimpse of a childlike, happy innocence of spirit such as he had never known before. The glimpse was like the flash of one of the sea-mews over the surf.

"I've tried it here on the beach with my bare feet," she said.

At last the oracle had spoken. This was the answer of the spirit of the dunes—the pagan answer, the Christian answer, the answer of all the ages. "Except ye become as little children—"

Where nature, large and terrible, had only awed him, this treble note on youth's Arcadian reed-pipe touched him with exquisite sadness.

He sighed, rose, walked to and fro for a moment, then came and stretched himself on the sand, close to her.

She lay back against the sloping dune, her hands clasped behind her head, and he noticed that the slow rise and fall of her young breast had the rhythm of the sea's breast.

"Tell me," he said, "more about yourself."

### XVIII

HE felt a new interest in the girl.

"Was the name of the boat never learned?" he asked.

"No; there were three coasting schooners never heard from after that storm. We calculated that all of them might have been off the Cape that night. Which I was on I don't know; but there's a story of a young girl—a lady—who ran



off with a sea-captain, and sailed with him on all his voyages. He was the captain of one of the lost ships. Like as not, I was their baby. I love to believe so, anyhow. I love to believe it was her arm that held me up out of the sea as she went down for the last time. It's all like a foggy day with the sun trying to break through," said Periwinkle; "but the fog won't let it—no, the fog won't ever let it," she concluded, with a gift of true prophecy.

They were both silent, till at length he echoed amusingly:

"And she sailed with him on all his voyages."

"Yes."

"Then you're the child of a love-match. You're a rare product. 'And she sailed with him on all his voyages,'" he repeated. "That's epic. That's a line worthy of the Bible. What worlds you're opening to me to-day! Yet you know nothing of life, and I thought I knew everything."

Again he was silent; and again, when he spoke, he reverted to this hazy story of the sea.

"They might have eloped from any port from Maine to Florida—yes, or, for that matter, from any port under the blue sky."

Her lips trembled. He saw sudden tears quivering in her blue eyes.

"Yes," said she. "Sometimes I forget how hopeless it is—sometimes I forget I'm a foundling."

"Foundling!" he ejaculated. "What a word! No; do you know what you are? You're a child of the world—of the sea—of the sky. If you'd lived before Homer, you'd have been in the 'Odyssey.'"

"And she sailed with him on all his voyages." Lord Harry! I'd forgotten that sort of thing. Poor old Morty wasn't conducive to it. Neither are any of them."

To his surprise, she drew one of her hands from behind her head, held it next to his on the sand, compared the two, and then replaced it behind her head, without a word. He was puzzled and waited for an explanation. Finding that she had none to give, he asked:

"What did you do that for—to show how little yours is, or how big mine is?" She shook her head.

"I noticed your hand on the blanket one day when you were in bed. I had

never noticed a gentleman's hand before. Somehow, it made me wish I knew more about myself."

Like most men of quick perception, he had stupid moments.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. Isn't it queer for me to begin to feel badly about a thing after years of not feeling badly about it?"

"Yes," he answered; "but to-day it's that way with me, too." He dug his fingers into the sand. "I don't know what the deuce to do. I'm at a standstill. I don't know whether to go on down-hill, or to try to climb back again." He scooped up a handful of sand and let it run through his fingers. "That's the way the years have gone, and now the question is, whether to let the rest of my life run out the same way? Do you realize you don't know my name?"

She nodded.

"The captain says you won't tell him. He doesn't know what to do. He can't make any report."

"Of course he can't. That's just the point. I don't want a report. I want time to think. Thinking's about the only luxury I've missed all these years."

"What do you want to think about?"

"I want to think about you."

"Me?"

"Yes—the spirit of the dunes—the answer to the riddle. May I call you Nancy? You're not Scudder any more; not a boy—praise be! Or shall I call you Periwinkle? I like that name."

"Yes, if you'll tell me yours."

"That's a go. I'll tell you my first name if you'll call me by it."

"Yes."

"It's Dick, or Richard, if you like—anything but Dickie. They all call me Dickie. And when it gets out that Dickie So-and-So's yacht has been burned up, it will be the sensation of the season."

"But maybe they're worrying."

"No; I had started on a long cruise. We weren't to be heard from for a month—perhaps two or three months."

"But the men who died—how about their folks?"

He did not answer at once; but he was not thinking of the tragedy. She had unconsciously given his thoughts a queer fillip. "Folks!" He wished she hadn't used that word. Her occasional little na-

tive expressions grated on him—the way she said “maybe,” and “like as not,” and now this homespun word “folks.” True, the lapses were rare and slight; her speech was remarkably pure; she had been lucky in being adopted by a one-time schoolmistress; but it seemed a pity that a girl with such a look of breeding should have caught even this faint tinge of the vernacular.

She was looking sadly over the water.

“I can see that yacht afire now,” she said. “Oh, your poor friend!”

The sympathy in her voice smote him. How the world must have warped him if he could shudder at her grammar and, even for a moment, forget her spirit! The queer twists of her talk had even crowded out the memory of the friend whom, though a stranger to her, she in her loving-kindness mourned. The world had certainly withered him. If he could only stay here a little longer with her, the great expanses and the dunes!

“Why should I let it get out?” he said half to himself. “Poor Morty had no family; and as for the captain and crew, is there any use in hurrying along bad news?”

“No; but you’ll be blamed.”

“I’m accustomed to blame.”

He rose, paced to and fro again, then paused and stood looking at the sea. Out beyond the bar it was still smooth, still breathing with the even rhythm of this girl’s young breast; and before he withdrew his gaze he began to feel in time with that great heart-beat.

He turned to the sandy reaches and dunes.

The light had changed with the sun; but the key-note was still topaz of varying glow or pallor, the overtones were still those subtle, soft violet tinges scarcely namable, and the dunes were still like golden harp-notes rising out of the symphony.

He found that the sheer beauty of the scene no longer appalled him, no longer even oppressed him. He turned to her slowly.

“I must go back now to the life-saving station. It’s a long walk, and they say it’s a two-hour drive from there to the train.”

“Yes.”

She rose, and he took her two hands.

“It would be a sort of sacrilege,” he said, “to try and thank you. Good-by, Periwinkle.”

“Good-by!”

“Won’t you call me by name?”

“Yes; good-by—Dick!”

He left her, and she moved behind the dune, instinctively seeking shelter there, as she had often sought it in storms.

## XIX

SHE had folded her arms against the soft sand of the dune, and was standing with her face buried in them, when suddenly she heard his voice again.

“Periwinkle, where are you?”

She straightened up, listening, thinking her ears had deceived her. The call was repeated, and she quivered. She kept to her refuge a moment, recovering herself; then she came out to him on the beach.

“Periwinkle! Periwinkle! I have a plan!” he exclaimed with a new excitement, almost boyish. “I’ve just thought—do you suppose your mother would let me come and board with her for a day or two?”

The girl’s cheeks and temples were suddenly flooded with color. It streamed up, a ruddy tide under her soft brown skin—then as quickly ebbed.

“I don’t know. I think she might.”

“Will you ask her?”

“Yes.”

“Good! I’ll come with you.”

They started southward along the beach. Both were silent till they reached the bend where the look of nature began to grow less forbidding. On gaining the top of the long bluff he paused with an exclamation:

“This is better—more restful.”

The green of the salt meadows was good to look at; so were the long slopes clad in silver moss. There was cheerful warmth in the deep red of a distant cranberry-bog at the edge of a wood. He found relief in the quiet grayness of the sand. The dunes were humbler here, and devoid of startling shape or color.

The scene was almost pastoral—a sunny moorland—yet it offered the same seclusion and range.

“I do hope your mother will put me up,” he said. “If this whole business is something more than chance, if the sea

cast a man away to find himself, he'd better have a try."

"You'll have to tell mother who you are."

"I'll give her my middle name—Langdon."

"Then are you going to bury yourself here? That's what summer people call it."

"Do summer people come here?"

"They drive out now and then, and they say: 'Think of being buried in this wilderness!'"

"No thought could please me more," he declared.

"Then do you mean to say you don't even intend to write to anybody?"

"No—except perhaps to—there's one—"

They walked along the bluff in silence. At last she asked, looking straight before her:

"Is it a woman?"

"Yes."

"Your mother?"

"No."

"Your sister?"

She knew intuitively that he shook his head.

They walked on without looking at each other. Finally she asked:

"Are you bound to her in any way?"

He hesitated a moment that seemed to her an hour; then he answered:

"Yes."

## XX

ANN SCUDDER was a woman of few intuitions, but the sight of her daughter and the stranger descending from the sand-ridge put her on her guard.

She stood back from the window to see without being seen, and sharply studied the approaching pair—Nancy's look, the man's look, and their mutual demeanor. She surmised at once that this was the castaway rescued by Nancy. He was not one of the surfmen. The native flannels he wore did not deceive her, even at a distance. His walk and bearing were easier than those of a surfman. He had an idle swing, unlike the stanch and dogged step of men accustomed to patrol the stormy shore.

Ann remembered Nancy's reticence on the morning after the rescue; she thought of the girl's frequent visits to the station, and, while she peered out at this young

stranger approaching with Nancy across the sands, her eyes, under her down-drawn brows, were keen as those of a mother hawk.

The old beach-comber sat outside, basking in the sunshine. His failing eyes were closed against the glare, and he leaned with clasped hands on a cane between his legs—the stick chosen for to-day from his curious assortment. He was so bent and rickety-looking that but for this support he had surely toppled forward into the sand. Even in his heyday he had had a marked bend, thanks to his constant stooping over the beach and to his long trudges homeward, staggering under mountains of wreckage; and now his years weighed on him heavily. He feared that each new day added to the load would prove to be the last straw; and then he would go deeper into the sand than he had ever yet gone.

But sometimes he had happier fancies, here in the sunlight with his eyes closed. Sometimes he had day-dreams in which the weight of his years seemed more desirable burdens. Once again he was bearing home gifts from the sea, once again mysterious prizes to be investigated, pondered on, and added to his beloved collection.

"Grandfather!"

It was Periwinkle's voice. He stirred, but did not open his eyes.

"Do you remember," he mumbled, "the night the Comanche—that excursion-boat—turned turtle outside Crooked Bar? No, that was afore your time. I can see the beach next morning." He raised his head a little, and his closed eyes had the occult, visionary look of a blind man's eyes. He was keeping them shut to hold the day-dream. "Two hundred passengers aboard her—and next morning all their stuff spread out like what-not on a bargain-counter. My, how we snatched for it! But I had the start on the village gang. I count that the best haul Eph Rawlins ever made. Lan' sakes!" he concluded, his voice suddenly rising with shrill delight as the vision reached its climax; "I can feel the pack on my back same's then!"

He opened his eyes with a senile smile at his granddaughter; then, as he saw the man at her side, his eyes narrowed with the old peering look, and he grunted, irri-

tated at thought of how he had unwittingly revealed himself to a stranger.

"Grandfather, this is the man whose yacht was burned."

She hastened within to her mother. The veteran beach-comber nodded, not in greeting, but to imply that he had already surmised the stranger's identity.

"Anything else come ashore?"

"No," said the visitor; "I'm the only bit of wreckage that was picked up."

Again the knowing nod.

"That's the worst of fire. When fire eats up a ship a man may as well stay abed. The beach'll be bare as a bone—though sometimes there's lumps of charcoal."

Dick smiled ironically.

"This time the beach was not bare as a bone, you see."

The old man slightly shrugged his stooping shoulders.

"I ain't much on life-saving," he muttered dryly.

"Your granddaughter is."

"That's so. You ought to know."

"I do. She is really wonderful!"

The old man's face softened and brightened. Out came one of his hands from the stick under his struggling white beard—a hand like a claw.

"Shake," he said. "She's the likeliest gift the sea ever gave us."

The two men, in age and nature so far apart, warmly shook hands, as if recognizing the existence of a bond between them.

At this moment Nancy reappeared, followed by Ann. Surprised by the old man's unaccustomed geniality, the girl and woman were speechless a moment, Nancy's face brightening at the sight, her mother's darkening.

As the hands of the two men parted, Nancy found voice:

"Mother, this is the man the sea cast up."

He smiled and bowed.

"Mrs. Scudder, I believe?"

She slightly inclined her head.

"My name," said he, "is Richard Langdon. I've come to ask if you can let me board with you a little while? I have urgent reasons for wanting to prolong my stay on this shore, and my time's up at the life-saving station."

Ann turned to her daughter.

"Nance, you haven't had your dinner yet. I left it in the oven for you."

The girl, obeying the tacit command, reentered the house.

"Come one side a minute," said Ann to the visitor, and led the way around a corner of the house beyond ear-shot of her father.

The old man muttered irascibly at being excluded from the interview. He couldn't make out what had come over Ann in the last few days, but he kept muttering to himself that he'd get even with her for being so grumpy. It made little difference that she had sacrificed her life to him, stuck to him through all his years of crazy beach-combing in this wilderness. He was concerned only with her present gloom and crankiness, which reminded him of her bitter ways before the sea had given Nancy to her.

What was she talking about to the visitor? He could hear her speaking harshly; but, though he strained his ears, the words were unintelligible to him.

He was keen enough to realize that she did not take kindly to this visitor, and he had an inkling of the reason why. It occurred to him that anything he could do to show that he liked the stranger would rile her; and the desire to rile her was in his shriveled heart. He rose unsteadily, hobbled to the barn, and began delving amid his hidden treasures.

Meanwhile, Ann was having her say without circumlocution.

"What's your urgent reason, Mr. Langdon, for wanting to stay here?"

"That would be hard to explain, Mrs. Scudder."

"It ain't my girl, is it?"

"You mean Periwinkle?" he asked, dazed by the woman's frankness.

"Yes. Who else? So you call her Periwinkle already!" Then, seeing that he hesitated: "Well—I asked you a straight question, Mr. Langdon."

He was quite abashed. He was unaccustomed to women who handled situations without gloves. At length he replied:

"I'll give you a straight answer. I don't know why I want to stay."

"Do you call that a straight answer? I don't call it any kind of answer. Now, look here. Many a man's been prowling around after Nance; they've come from

every village on the Cape—yes, and a lot farther. She's got something about her that just draws them; but they might as well stay home. She always sends them off quick enough; and if she didn't, I would. The Cape's a bad place for a young girl. The men are as loose as the sand. But I guess you come of a pretty loose class, too, don't you?"

He laughed mirthlessly.

"Yes, I do. That's why I want to stay here."

"Is it? Well, that's why I don't want you to stay here."

"But, Mrs. Scudder, you don't understand. Your love for Periwinkle prejudices you. I want to get away from the loose class you speak of. Why, she and I have only known each other a few days. Your fears are utterly groundless, I assure you. Besides—"

She interrupted him impatiently.

"Wait a minute. Have you a wife?"

"No."

"Well—you're a man, aren't you? Are you a man?"

"Yes, Mrs. Scudder; and a gentleman, I hope."

"That's neither here nor there. If anything, that makes it worse. What I'm getting at is this—you're a man and she's a girl, and she saved your life—and there's something about her to a man, in spite of herself, that's like honey to a bee."

He nodded.

"Yes; she was born of a love-match."

Mrs. Scudder winced. Her face was gray as the sand they stood on.

"Oh, so Nance has told you all about herself, has she? What's come over the girl?"

He made a deprecatory gesture.

"It was very natural. You see, your daughter and I are both castaways."

"Yes," said Ann, "I see. I'm afraid we have no room here for you, Mr. Langdon."

The shrill voice of the beach-comber intervened. He came hobbling around the corner of the house.

"Yes, we have, Ann; yes, we have!" he cried vehemently. "Nance can sleep with you."

"What, and give him her room? Never!"

"Yes; give him her room, I say."

"No, father."

The old man trembled with a rage which, to Langdon, seemed partly assumed to master her. He raised his stick and shook it at her.

"Don't you cross me, Ann!" he warned her. "I'm gettin' tired of your crankiness. I won't put up with it—no, I won't." He pointed with his stick to an upper window. "Go get the room ready," he added peremptorily.

She did not protest again. When her father feigned temper, he strangely dominated her. It was these crafty, studied outbursts of wrath that had kept the strong woman his slave for years, even while they had deadened her affection for him.

She turned submissively toward the door. She looked callous and resigned, with the old bleak resignation of the days when she had been childless. Langdon could not but pity her.

"Mrs. Scudder," he said, starting after her hastily, "I had no idea how it was. I meant to stay only for a day or two. Put me anywhere. Put me in the garret, or even in the barn. This is too bad, my being forced on you. I'd lie out here in the sand rather than—"

She shook her head.

"No; if it's got to be—"

"But it has not got to be!"

She smiled, and he thought it was the saddest, strangest smile he had ever seen.

"You don't know," she said; "but I knew long ago. I knew this day would come."

She went inside to prepare the room.

The old beach-comber chuckled, and, taking Langdon's arm, led him back around the corner of the house.

"I brought you one of my sticks," he said. "I wanted to give you a present, just to rile her."

Leaning heavily on his own stick, he stooped and fumbled for another, which he had left on his chair. Picking it up, he eyed it fondly. And it was, indeed, good to look upon. It was slender, straight, and tapering, but strong. It was without any adornment whatever, but the old man had smoothed it by rubbing it for hours in the sand.

"True Norway pine, home-grown," he declared. "I cut it from one of the gaffs of the schooner Hilma, wrecked off Crooked Bar twenty year ago next September."



As the other hung back, loath to take it, he chuckled again: "Here, don't be a fool. I was only jokin' about rilin' her. This is a token between you and me."

The younger man took the stick with murmured thanks; and his host, now satisfied, sat down again in the sunshine. Then Periwinkle appeared in the doorway.

"You'd better come in and have some dinner," she said to Langdon. "I hope you don't mind eating in the kitchen."

"I should think not. Have you had yours?"

"Not yet."

"Good!" he exclaimed, and they went in together.

They sat at a plain deal table near a window, through which the sunlight slanted broadcast into the kitchen; and though the china was thick and the meal frugal and salty, he enjoyed that dinner as he had rarely enjoyed any dinner before.

They had bacon, cut in long strips from a rasher, and cooked just crisp enough; they had eggs, fresh laid by Ann's own hens, and neatly fried so that the yolks lay like small golden suns set in snowy circles; they had piping hot coffee, half chicory, no doubt, but so well brewed that it gave off an aroma redolent of flavor; and they had brown bread, moist and sweet.

"Is this your cooking?" he asked. "I never had such an appetite in my life."

"No," she said. "I'm afraid I'll never learn how. Mother just cooked it fresh for us. There was some in the oven, but she said she guessed that wouldn't do."

"Your mother cooked my dinner?"

"Yes; and she's up-stairs preparing my room for you."

"She's wonderful!" he said. "She makes me think of a sort of female *King Lear*. Have you read 'King Lear'?"

"No," she replied. "I've read very little. I've read Mrs. Hemans and 'A Garland of Beautiful Thoughts,' and 'Gems from the New England Poets.' That's about all mother has, except a few old school-books and the Bible."

He did not smile. He would have cut off his hand sooner than let her think he was laughing at her.

He glanced about the kitchen. How clean it was! How spick and span! Every-

thing was neat and shining and in its place. Behind the stove hung a line of cooking-utensils under a shelf spread with a long sheet of white paper, scalloped at the edges. On the shelf stood a round nickel clock, flanked on each side by a pewter candlestick.

There were shelves, too, in a corner, each covered with that inevitable sheet of white paper, scalloped at the edges. Two or three cups, saucers, plates, and platters, all thick white crockery, were arranged there with scrupulous precision. In another corner stood a wood-box, and on the wall over it hung a small, cheap mirror that had lost its frame. It was dim with age, and seemed to be the only thing in the room that was unused.

Facing the stove, at one side, there was a rush-bottomed wooden chair with wide arms. On the other side of the stove stood another chair, straight-backed, wooden-seated, and devoid of arms.

"That's where they sit," said Periwinkle, "every evening when I'm in bed or out on the beach."

"Do you go out alone at night?"

"Of course I do."

"You wouldn't, if I had anything to say about it."

She laughed, and he realized that it was the first time he had heard that laughter. It was like a little golden chime tuned to the sunshine.

"If I hadn't been accustomed to going out at night," she said, "where would you be now?"

In the mean time her mother had finished her arrangements up-stairs. Coming down, she avoided the pair in the kitchen, went out by the rear door, and came around the house to her father. He blinked up at her.

"Did you fix the room for him?"

"Yes."

"Ann, you were a fool to think of turning him away. His board-money'll come in mighty handy."

"Yes," she admitted. "But hear them laughing and talking in there!"

"Why shouldn't they laugh and talk?"

Ann stared off at the sea.

"I'd never have thought," she said, half to herself, "that there'd come a time when I'd wince at the sound of that baby laughter of hers!"

(To be continued)

# THE HEROISM OF FRÉDÉRIC FLORIAN

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

ON a biting cold day in February, 1882, while Paris was celebrating the eightieth birthday of Victor Hugo, the ubiquitous Jules Claretie stumbled upon the illustrator Daniel Vierge, a broad-shouldered colossus whose endurance all his fellow artists envied, making sketches under the poet's window, on the Avenue d'Eylau. M. Claretie remonstrated with Vierge for exposing himself thus to the inclement weather.

"I am just back from the Pyrenees," the artist retorted with a ringing laugh. "Two days ago, I was hunting bears in the snow!"

That very night, Vierge had a paralytic stroke which rendered his right side helpless. Nothing daunted by this disaster, he at once began drawing with his left hand; and this left hand, in the course of time, created masterpieces, as the right hand had done before. Indeed, it is not easy to distinguish, except by their dates, the work of Vierge's earlier period from that of his later years. For instance, it was after the crippling of his right arm that he drew his admirable series of illustrations for "On the Trail of Don Quixote," a journal of travels in Spain by the American artist and author, August Jaccaci—illustrations showing the same delicate quality that distinguishes the studies made many years earlier for Quevedo's "Pablo de Segovia."

About the time that Vierge was stricken, a tall, athletic, fair-haired, gray-eyed young wood-engraver, Frédéric Florian by name, whose destiny was to be, like Vierge's, at once tragic and heroic, came up to Paris from the tiny village of Saint-Aubin in the canton of Neuchâtel, French Switzerland. Florian was the son of a notary and the eldest of seven children. As a youngster, he was so much infatuated with the pictures of the few illustrated volumes—mostly school-books and almanacs—within his reach, and displayed so much zeal in trying to imitate

them, that his father apprenticed him to an engraver of watch-case inscriptions and emblems—the nearest approach to an artist, no doubt, of which the community of Saint-Aubin could boast. The pupil quickly surpassed his master and sighed for other worlds to conquer.

While in this agitated frame of mind, there came to Saint-Aubin a man who had lived in Paris and had acquired there some notion of wood-engraving. He interested himself in the aspiring Frédéric, and gladly taught him all that he knew, which was not very much. Under his direction, Frédéric engraved and sold a number of blocks—to the unspeakable admiration of the villagers, who were unfamiliar with so exalted a form of art. Encouraged and, possibly, dazzled by this local success, he announced his intention of establishing himself as a wood-engraver in Paris.

His worthy parents—prudent, old-fashioned folk, for whom, as for most of their kind, Paris was the modern Babylon, were fairly horrified; but circumstances alter cases. When Frédéric secured from a Swiss bookseller an order to engrave the illustrations for a "Natural History"—a stupendous undertaking, in their eyes—they withdrew their opposition to his departure; the more readily that the enthusiastic boy declared, in the best of good faith, that it would be absolutely impossible for him to execute such an important order properly anywhere except in the art center of the world.

## FLORIAN'S SUCCESS IN PARIS

Arrived in the French capital, Florian rented a little room, bedchamber and studio in one, and, without even taking time for sightseeing, set to work upon his blocks. He toiled like a Trojan, supremely indifferent to everything except the success of his commission; but he advanced so slowly, by reason of his in-

adequate training, that his bookseller grew nervous, after a while, and requested him to confide half the blocks to some other engraver of his own choice. Florian offered the work to Lepère, then the best-known engraver in Paris, who accepted it. In the course of the frequent visits to Lepère's studio necessitated by this arrangement, the young man made good use of his eyes, and picked up not a few of the secrets of the engraving trade.

After the "Natural History" was completed, Florian, unable to find other work,

With their help, he did large full-page engravings for the *Monde Illustré*. In the *Revue Illustrée* he launched a novelty, a sort of engraving by tones, reproducing paintings—works by Besnard, the painters' painter, and by Duez—which wood-engraving had hitherto been considered an impossible medium.

"Florian," said Edouard Pelletan, an eminent connoisseur of that period, "has chosen to belong to his time, and, since the painters have invaded book illustrating, to get from the *tache* (spot) every-



ONE OF FLORIAN'S RECENT ENGRAVINGS, DESIGNED BY THE ARTIST HIMSELF AND EXECUTED WITH THE LEFT HAND

had frightfully hard sledding for a time. Had not Lepère turned over a small order to him now and then, he would probably have been obliged to choose between an inglorious return to his Swiss village and literal starvation in his Paris garret. But he did his very best with every piece of work that came to him, and, orders or no orders, he kept busy, training his hand and perfecting his taste, to the end that his best might be better.

"I have always worked from morning till night," he told one of those eager questioners who fancy that there must be a royal road to success; "and sometimes from night till morning. There has been room in my life for nothing else."

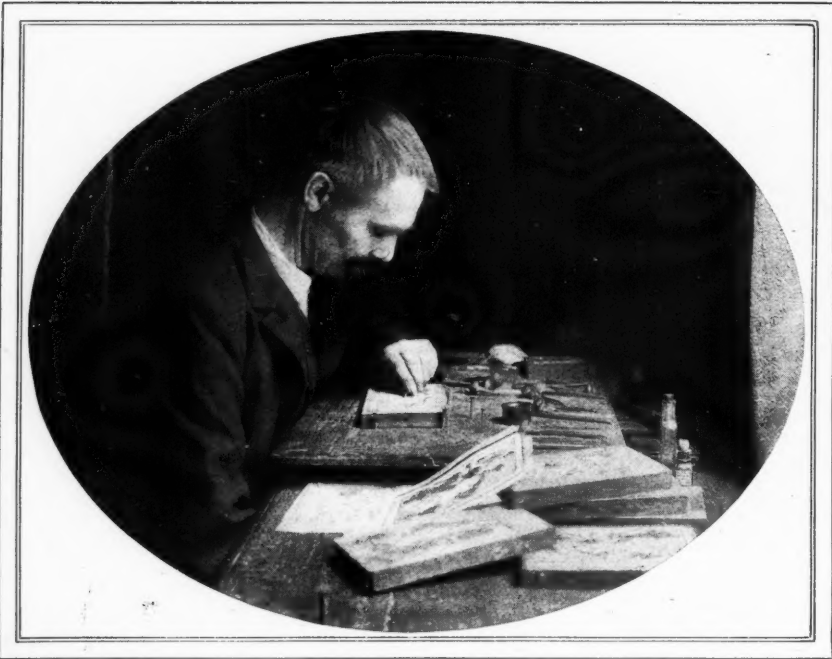
Thus, by dint of unremitting effort, Florian mastered his art, and, in the course of time—a shorter time than it takes the average artist to get a grip on Paris—orders came to him in such abundance that he had to employ assistants.

thing it is capable of giving. Thus he comprehends his epoch and, by the same token, affirms brilliantly the rare flexibility of xylography. He is the master, and in a sense the protagonist, of tone engraving."

By the early nineties, Florian had come to be generally recognized as one of the three or four leading engravers of his adopted country. He was elected successively *associé* and *sociétaire* of the Salon of the Champ de Mars. The publishers of art books and of the illustrated periodicals almost fought one another in their eagerness to secure his services. His reputation traveled across the ocean, and some of the American magazines gave him commissions.

#### FLORIAN'S RIGHT HAND IS STRICKEN

Later, when the Bank of France required, for a new series of bank-notes, an engraver possessed of exceptional pa-



FRÉDÉRIC FLORIAN AT WORK—SINCE HIS RIGHT SIDE WAS PARALYZED, HE HAS LEARNED TO ENGRAVE WITH HIS LEFT HAND

tience and conscientiousness as well as of exceptional talent, it was Florian whom it honored with its choice. For this honor, alas, he paid a fearful price. The physical and nervous strain of so delicate and trying a task was more than even the robust constitution of a mountain-bred man could bear. The crash came like lightning out of a clear sky. One day in 1904—the very year when Daniel Vierge went to his final rest—Florian's scrupulously obedient working-hand suddenly refused to do his will. In a trice, his entire right side became as dead, and the power to speak forsook him. From that moment to this, he has been a speechless hemiplegiac.

Florian had never been a spendthrift, but he was an artist who had unbounded faith in his wonder-working right hand, and, artist-like, he had no savings to speak of. Fortunately he had a brave wife and two brave little daughters, who had not been accustomed to work, but who were willing to toil for the sake of the helpless husband and father. The family sold its choicest belongings, and

moved into a humble tenement far south of the Seine. Mme. Florian, one of those wonderful Parisiennes in whom taste and business capacity seem to be inborn, promptly transformed herself into a dress-maker. The younger girl helped her mother, and the elder girl became a designer for a milliner. Their combined earnings did not amount to much, but it was sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

And Florian?

Florian had no notion of letting the women-folks support him for any length of time. Like Vierge, with whose magnificent achievement he was conversant, he determined to make the living half of his body do duty for the half that stubbornly shirked its functions. In the modest family dining-room—upon which a couple of ancient oak dressers, and the few pictures, potteries, coppers, and faïences saved from the wreck conferred an artistic atmosphere—in the corner where he would be the least in the way, and which he playfully christened "the studio," he set up a work-table. Here,

day after day, he labored to train and exercise his clumsy left hand.

At the end of a few weeks of rigid discipline, he was able to manipulate a pencil or a brush with tolerable dexterity; so he painted some water-colors, and designed some typographical ornaments, which brought in a little money. Then, emboldened by his progress, he screwed a block to his table, and began a fresh apprenticeship as an engraver. He ruined block after block, of course; but he was not to be discouraged by a little thing like that.

#### A BRAVE BATTLE AGAINST FATE

Weeks lengthened into months, and months into years, before he was able to ply his graving-tools with a force and an address comparable to the powers that had been his before his shock. During those months and years, he counted so little, professionally speaking, that he was lost sight of by all but a few intimate friends. Then, suddenly, a year or so ago, his renewed activity was charmingly revealed by a series of exquisite engravings in color exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon, of which he had formerly been one of the pillars. To the Parisian art public, who had well-nigh forgotten Frédéric Florian, the view of a cluster of little gems signed with his name was as the view of one risen from the dead.

Florian now depends for his support upon the sale of autographed proofs of his engravings, since he is not able to accept the trying orders that he used to welcome. If any of the thousands of Americans who visit Paris each year are interested in the story of his heroism, it may be worth while to note that his address is 4, Rue du Lunain.

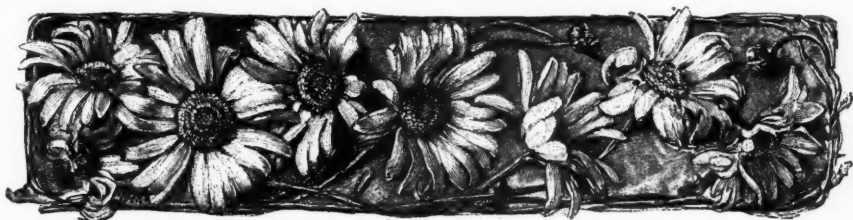
He does nothing but original engra-

ving in color. His art has gained by the change a personal element which more than atones for any slight falling-off in technical precision. These original works are splendidly rich in temperament. And thus, in freeing him from the trammels imposed by even the most conscientious imitation, in giving him an opportunity to utter himself, his artistic resurrection has also turned out to be an artistic emancipation.

Amazing as are the courage, the energy, the patience, and the perseverance which have enabled Florian to fight his hard battle against fate, they are less amazing than his persistent cheerfulness. He has not only done difficult things well; he has done difficult things smilingly. His is not a smile of the sardonic, grin-and-bear-it variety, nor is it the sickly smile of the saintly sufferer waiting supinely to be "released." No, it is a normal, wholesome smile, a positively boyish smile, an infinitely contagious smile, without the slightest suggestion of introspection, of disenchantment, of anxiety, of present or of past pain; an ideal expression, in short, of genuine joy in living.

And those who have been closest to Florian during his ordeal affirm that there has not been a day, not an hour, not a minute, from the very beginning, when his smile has not been ready and eager to appear. The fact seems to be that it takes the place of speech with him; that it says for him the hopeful and joyful things that his poor sealed lips would say if they could. No one who has been privileged to see the eloquent smile of Florian can ever forget it.

The recently organized French extension of the Carnegie Hero Fund would honor itself by honoring Frédéric Florian.



A TAIL-PIECE ENGRAVED BY FLORIAN—A SPECIMEN OF HIS EARLIER WORK AS AN ENGRAVER ON WOOD



# THE STEPPING-STONE

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

AUTHOR OF "THE CARPET MAN," "THE RENAISSANCE OF PETER VAN BRUNT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

MRS. BUCHANAN JONES, having failed, after years of unrecognized effort, to land herself in the saddle of her social ambition, looked to pretty Sylvia, now nineteen, as a stepping-stone. She did not acknowledge the fact to Sylvia. She hardly acknowledged it to herself; but subconsciously she planned to mount and soar through Sylvia. A pliable younger sister, of Sylvia's beauty, who had grown up in the right school, and who had been allowed friends only in the right set, could do much for the person who controlled her so absolutely that she decided the very curve of the girl's finger-nails.

Sylvia's debut safely made, with sufficient advertisement of the right sort in the newspapers and a quartet of very fashionable buds "assisting," Mrs. Buchanan Jones followed up her sortie with the second move in her battle plan—a dinner.

It was to be a very important dinner. Six guests were asked to fill chairs; the seventh guest was the occasion of the dinner. In fact, to Mrs. Jones, the seventh guest, Winthrop Everard Calvert, was the dinner.

His acceptance of her invitation flushed her with delight, and changed her florist's order from chrysanthemums to baskets of violets. She talked Winthrop Everard Calvert to Buchanan Jones, whenever she could corner that elusive gentleman, until he was simply forced into a business trip to Chicago. She wrote so glowingly of Calvert to her dearest friend in the West that that lady, knowing as little of social gradations in New York as she did of the mound-builders, wondered if Cor-

nelia did not require a stronger hand than that belonging to Buchanan Jones, and wrote to her a letter upon the evils of overlooking a husband.

In fact, Mrs. Jones lived and breathed in the coming of Calvert for two weeks. She was no fool, however. She did not mention him—save casually—to Sylvia. She suspected him of rather admiring Sylvia; and to be even mildly admired by Winthrop Everard Calvert established a girl and her entire family, handsome or otherwise—even to the extent to which Mr. Jones was otherwise—in the very heart of those dull and sacred circles toward which the soul of Mrs. Jones panted.

It was when she was completely dressed for her dinner, and was just on the way to give a last glance to Sylvia, that she was met in the corridor by Vance with his announcement. Vance was a bit less immovable than usual. There was some one in the drawing-room. It was a—er—gentleman. No, he had no card. He had been informed that madam was out. It had no effect. He had remarked that he was in no hurry, and would wait. He was waiting now, in the largest armchair, with his hat on, holding a bag made of paper. Vance respectfully advised madam to see the man herself—which madam did.

It took a good deal to move Mrs. Buchanan Jones to tears; but when she finally reached Sylvia's room and sank into a chair, she wept frankly into its pink silk back.

"Oh, Sylvia," she cried, "I'm the most unlucky woman in the world! Why did he come to-night—to-night of all times?"

Why couldn't he have waited a day? Why didn't he miss his train? Why did he have to come at all?"

Sylvia, slender and beautiful in white and silver, turned in amazement.

Mrs. Buchanan Jones sat up straight. "Bother the dinner," she echoed, "when I've thought of nothing else for two weeks!" Here she stood up. "Sylvia, Deering," she said dramatically,



"OH, SYLVIA, I'M THE MOST UNLUCKY WOMAN IN THE WORLD!"

"Why, Cornelia," she said, "what is it—oh, what is it? Something wrong about the dinner? Bother the old dinner! What's a dinner? It isn't worth crying about."

"guess who is in the drawing-room this minute—sitting in the Empire chair *with his hat on*? Guess who!" Her voice rose to a shrill note, but she was too much wrought up to wait for an answer. "Un-

cle Ethan!" she cried. "Uncle Ethan Evans!"

"Uncle Ethan!" said Sylvia, and then her bored little face brightened. "Not dear Uncle Ethan actually in New York? Why, bless his heart, he's come to see me! The dear old innocent! His last letter said he might come this winter. Montana was all right for clothes, he wrote, but he hankered for some real, shiny, New York shoes. He will want me to shop with him. I'll go down at once—"

She had already started when Mrs. Jones found her voice, and in finding it, arrested Sylvia in the doorway.

"Come back into this room," she said harshly, "and shut the door!"

Sylvia, wondering, obeyed.

"Are you absolutely crazy?" went on Mrs. Buchanan Jones. "We can't have this old man here to-night. We can't have him here at all. Why, he's a miner—a common, horrid, ratty-looking old individual that I'd be ashamed to be seen bowing to on the street!"

"Cornelia, how can you?" broke in Sylvia.

"How can I?" cried Mrs. Jones, carried beyond herself in the torrent of her excitement. "When I've worked and slaved and pulled wires to get to the point where I now am; when I've just got my foot over the threshold, I'm not going to be turned back and have the door shut in my face for the sake of an old man we met one summer in Montana, who is no relation to us and has no claim upon us."

"He was a good friend to us," burst out Sylvia. "You cannot possibly have forgotten—"

"There are things one has to forget to get along in this world," interrupted Mrs. Jones. "I can't afford, at this stage of affairs, to be seen owning any such friends. I'm going down now to send him away."

"Cornelia!" cried Sylvia, her eyes blazing. "You can't! You won't! You shall not!"

"I shall!" said Mrs. Buchanan Jones. "Imagine any of the guests—just imagine Winthrop Calvert walking into the drawing-room and finding Uncle Ethan Evans! Mr. Calvert," intoned Mrs. Jones, still carried beyond herself, "whose family dates back to the Restoration, and

who is the most exclusive man in New York!"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Sylvia. "Mr. Calvert"—with scorn—"in my opinion, is an exclusive mummy. I sat next him the other night, and he didn't speak from soup to dessert. He only looked at me out of the corner of his exclusive eye, and I felt like a germ under a microscope. He made me wild," cried Sylvia, roused on her own account, "and I'd like to flaunt Uncle Ethan in his face. I'm utterly tired of this society fetish. I love Uncle Ethan, and he's come to see me. He's my friend; and if he's sent away, I warn you, Cornelia, fairly, that I will not stand it!"

Mrs. Jones, considerably taken aback, opened her mouth, and then thought better of it. She sat down slowly. Sylvia, roused to active conflict, was some one entirely new.

Like all bullies, Mrs. Jones understood force alone, and did not know the meaning of compromise. She was secretly alarmed at Sylvia's attitude, but she did not show it. She adjusted a hairpin and rose.

"I am going to my room, my dear," she said crisply, "to calm down and to get some powder. I'm a sight, and I know it. I'll give you ten minutes with Uncle Ethan. In that time you can patch up an explanation and get rid of him gently. I do not wish to seem harsh or unkind; but I am a great deal older than you, and understand life a great deal better, and I draw the line—in New York—at Uncle Ethan Evans. In Montana, of course, he amused you; here he is absolutely impossible."

"May I see him after to-night?" asked Sylvia.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Jones, true to her method. "I'll give Vance orders should he come again. It's a concession to let you see him at all, and perhaps even that is unwise."

"I will go down," said Sylvia quietly.

"It may be unpleasant for you," said Mrs. Jones, "if you like him. I think I'd better go—"

"Not for the world!" interposed Sylvia. "I will go down."

Mrs. Jones, blind to the unwonted color in Sylvia's cheeks and the unwonted sparkle in her eyes, and alive only to the girl's



"OH, UNCLE ETHAN—DON'T! HE MAY NOT BE WAITING FOR US"

return to her usual quiet acceptance of orders, departed in search of her maid. Sylvia, her chin in the air, went down to the drawing-room.

## II

MR. EVANS, still occupying the largest chair, and wearing a coonskin overcoat, was yawning wearily as Sylvia stopped in the doorway; but when he saw her, delight radiated from every inch of him.

"Well, well, well!" he began, beaming. "If she ain't prettier'n ever—prettier'n a pigeon. Well, well, well!"

"Dear Uncle Ethan," cried Sylvia, shaking both his hands, "take off your hat, for pity's sake. Good gracious, how warm you must be! How glad I am to see you—how *glad* I am! Why, it's like a breath of old times, free times, Western times! Do you remember that gray pony of yours I used to ride—"

"Shoh—that little skate!" remarked Mr. Evans, beaming redly, and still shaking hands.

"Skate—nothing of the sort!" flashed Sylvia. "The finest little creature in the State! And you've come to New York to see me, you dear old thing! Have you bought your shoes yet?"

"No—going to buy 'em to-morrow, and wear 'em out of the store," continued Mr. Evans, "if they kill me. Pretty good suit I've got on," he added, with a glance of careless pride. "Think so?"

"Oh, so good!" gurgled Sylvia. "Such a nice satin stripe to it! Where did you ever find such a satin stripe, Uncle Ethan?"

"Town of Puller Springs, out in old Montana—fellow's opened up a clothing-store—said it was the only stripe just that width west of the Mississippi. I didn't quite believe that," said Mr. Evans, "but I bought it. Where shall I get the shoes? Haven't been here in twenty years."

"Oh, we will go to-morrow," laughed Sylvia, "if I can manage it. What on earth is that?"

She pointed a slender forefinger at a bag made of brown paper, which rested on the floor beside the Empire chair.

"Oh, that?" said Mr. Evans, looking at the ceiling in an embarrassed manner. "Oh, shoh! Just a little present for

you, Sylvia. I stopped on my way from the hotel, and gathered up some little traps. Girls always like little traps. You can open the package right now, if you want to."

Sylvia, diving into the paper bag, brought forth a small pink carnation upon a fearfully long stem, a bag of horehound drops, and three oranges. Mr. Evans stood by, wiping his forehead with a large handkerchief and deprecating her thanks.

It was at this juncture that Vance, with an immovable eye glued to Mr. Evans in his coonskin coat, announced Mr. Winthrop Calvert.

Sylvia jumped up and dropped her oranges, which rolled. Uncle Ethan found one beneath the Empire chair. Vance, resolving meanwhile to give notice, pursued another into the hall. Mr. Calvert, emerging from a dark and distant corner as unflurried as usual, gravely handed the third to Sylvia, who laughed like a child.

Mr. Calvert took in Sylvia discreetly, and then turned slowly to Mr. Evans.

"Mr. Calvert," said Sylvia, "this is Mr. Ethan Evans, of Montana, a very dear friend of mine, recently arrived in New York. He was kind enough to bring me some presents—"

"Little traps," murmured Uncle Ethan. "Didn't amount to a hill of beans."

"One of which you rescued for me. Mr. Calvert, dear Uncle Ethan, has come here to dine, and it's going to be the stiffest, formalest, deadliest dinner that Cornelia can concoct—which is the sort of dinner," continued Sylvia, "that suits Mr. Calvert down to the ground."

Calvert glanced at Sylvia out of the corner of his eye, and then shook hands with Mr. Evans.

"What might your first name be, young man?" inquired Mr. Evans cheerfully.

"One of my names is Winthrop," said Calvert, as cheerfully, "and I have several others, equally long, but my friends—my real friends—call me Bud."

"Well, I'll call you Bud," said Mr. Evans, "for I like you. Say, I've got an idea! Let's all three make tracks—let's get to cover before the storm bursts. I ain't a going to sit through no French



dinner. Lord, you'd ought to have seen Cornelia in her war-paint! I'm hungry," said Mr. Evans, "and I want my milk toast."

"Milk toast!" ejaculated Sylvia and Calvert in one breath.

"Never eat anything else for supper, year in, year out, when I can get it," said Mr. Evans. "Let's all three make a break."

Sylvia and Calvert turned toward each other involuntarily.

"I cannot imagine anything that would give me more pleasure," said Calvert.

Sylvia stood for a moment without speaking. She glanced from Calvert to Uncle Ethan, and at the sight of his kind red face, and the knowledge of his kinder heart and deep affection for herself, the smoldering revolt within her burst into flame. Not for any command of Cornelia's, not for any ridicule of fashionable acquaintances, not for the world, could she hurt Uncle Ethan. The power was not in her. And with the thought came decision.

"Mr. Calvert cannot go," said Sylvia. "He is too important here. Besides, he wouldn't go if he could," she added. "He will sit through this dinner, as he has through others"—a wicked gleam in her eye—"dumb with dignity, supporting his family name. But you and I, Uncle Ethan, are not important. I'm a chit of a girl. The rest are all Cornelia's friends, invited with a view to solidity."

"That cuts me out," put in Calvert quickly.

"Social solidity," swept on Sylvia. "Uncle Ethan and I won't be missed, regarded in that light. He and I will—make tracks."

"You don't really mean it?" said Calvert eagerly.

"I do mean it, and I'm going," announced Sylvia with her cheeks glowing. "I'm on a tear to-night. I'm wound up. After to-night, I'll settle down again and be as conventional as a primrose, and as uncommunicative as—as you, Mr. Calvert; but to-night I'm Western, I'm free. Uncle Ethan has inoculated me: You have spurred me on—"

"How?" demanded Calvert.

"By your unspoken criticisms, by your

tone, by your mere existence! Heaven help me if I meet Cornelia on the stairs, but I must get a cloak. Heaven help me when I get home, but I think I can weather it. By the way," she turned in the doorway—"do tell Vance to phone for a taxicab. I won't be three minutes!"

"Bully for Sylvie!" ejaculated Mr. Evans. "She's got grit, I can tell you! Say, Bud," he added, wiping his face, "you tackle that Pooh-bah. He's got me paralyzed!"

### III

It was a near thing, but they managed it. As Mrs. Jones started majestically down to her drawing-room, the outer door closed quietly. Three figures stole softly down the steps, and two entered the waiting cab. The third lingered on the pavement.

"Break it to Cornelia for me," came a voice from the cab. "Say you like unconventional people. Try to say it heartily."

"But I do," answered Calvert from the pavement; "that is, some unconventional people."

"Say it to Cornelia just like that," suggested Sylvia, "and she won't blink at me afterward. For some reason, she thinks a lot of your opinion. I feel like a conspirator and a caitiff, but I couldn't desert Uncle Ethan, could I? We are going to see 'The Three Mice.'"

"No, are you?" said Calvert.

"Better come along, Bud," rumbled Mr. Evans wholly unconscious of his iniquity.

"Mr. Calvert is going in and we are going on," said Sylvia. "He will catch his death of cold. Tell the man to drive to the Tulkinghorn. I think we can get milk toast there. And thank you, thank you, thank you—you've been so kind! Good-by!"

A slender hand was extended to Calvert, who still lingered upon the pavement. But even this was not the last of Sylvia, for before the cab had rolled beyond the next house, she stopped it.

"Oh, Mr. Calvert!" she called back. "Hide the oranges from Cornelia. I forgot them."

"Will it be necessary to eat them?" inquired Calvert.

"Not at all. I haven't given them to you," answered Sylvia. "Merely pres-tidigitate them. Now go in, for pity's sake, or you'll sneeze. Good-by—really good-by this time. Good-by—Bud!"

They were gone, and Calvert walked up the steps very slowly. He was beginning to understand, with increasing clearness, just why he had been willing to arrive so exceedingly early for Mrs. Jones's dinner.

## IV

It was Mr. Evans who first spied him waiting for them in the lobby of the theater—Mr. Evans, still chuckling over the final antics of "The Three Mice," still wearing his coonskin overcoat, and wiping his forehead, with pretty Sylvia undis-mayed upon his arm.

"The one in pink now," Mr. Evans was saying. "She was a regular human pinwheel though, warn't she, and not a bit dizzy when she stopped, right side up! She'd just lift the roof off in Pul-ler Springs. Lordee, but it's warm in this town. Lordee—why, if there ain't Bud!"

Sylvia clasped his arm involuntarily and stood on tiptoe. Across the lobby stood Calvert, inscrutable as usual, eying the crowd keenly as it surged past him.

"Hey, Bud!" shouted Mr. Evans, and waved his hat.

"Oh, Uncle Ethan—don't!" whispered Sylvia. "He may not be waiting for us."

"Bud, who you waiting for?" inquired Mr. Evans bluntly, as Calvert joined them. "This party, or some other?"

"This party, of course," said Calvert. "Why?"

"Shoh! Sylvie had her doubts. I didn't," replied Mr. Evans dryly.

"I suggested to Mrs. Jones," said Calvert, turning to Sylvia, "during a talk I had with her, that I should meet you at the theater. She permitted me. She even consented to some supper—at Vau-rian's. Don't be anxious. She is not angry."

"Supper—at Vaurian's?" echoed Sylvia, wide-eyed. "Cornelia agreed? Cor-nelia?"

Calvert smiled.

"She agreed. She is to meet us there, as soon as her last guest has been sped upon his wav."

"But—Uncle Ethan," said Sylvia, her hand still upon Mr. Evans's arm, an un-spoken question in her eyes.

Calvert nodded.

"Certainly Mr. Evans," he answered.

"Mrs. Jones admires Mr. Evans im-mensely. She spoke particularly of his 'undismayed democracy.' She likes his 'independence of convention,' his 'bluff Westernism.' He is a very great friend of hers."

"Say, I'm no bluff Westerner," put in Mr. Evans indignantly. "Cornelie was throwin' it into you, Bud."

"Cornelia said all that?" gasped Syl-via. "Cornelia?"

"Cornelia," smiled Calvert. "Now suppose we get out of this crush."

There was a quiet force about Calvert. Without apparent effort, without noise or confusion, he managed things. The wheels did not show, but they moved, and swiftly. The number of his car was quickly displayed upon the electric sign-board. Sylvia and Uncle Ethan were adroitly piloted through the crowd before the theater. In next to no time, they were rolling up Broadway.

Mr. Evans removed his hat and once more wiped his forehead. As the car drew up just below Forty-Second Street, to await the traffic policeman's signal, he rebelled.

"Say, Bud," he remarked, "I've got to get cooled off, or I'll die. I stayed in that there flyin'-machine Sylvie and I came down in, because I wouldn't leave her alone, but now I'm goin' to get out. I'll ride with the engineer outside. I've got to have some cold air, or I'll blow up and bust."

When they crossed Forty-Second Street, Mr. Evans occupied the seat be-side the driver; Sylvia, in one corner, looked straight before her, and Calvert, in the other, regarded her fixedly. For some time there was silence, and when Calvert finally spoke, it was with ap-parent irrelevance.

"I want you to listen to me for a few moments. Will you?"

Sylvia, still looking straight before her, nodded.

"Almost every one has some fixed no-

tion or other, I suppose—some whim, or hobby, or fancy. You admit that?"

"Oh, yes," assented Sylvia. "Cornelia's is society. What is yours—old china?"

"No," said Calvert, "not old china. Mine is a pet aversion—not a fancy. Mine is an aversion to snobs."

Sylvia turned slowly and looked at him. For a moment, his eyes held hers; then she flushed.

"Don't—please don't—say that Cornelia—is a snob," she said, with a quiver in her voice.

"I have no intention of saying that Cornelia is a snob," said Calvert. "I am merely trying to justify myself. Some time ago, I met a girl—whom I very much admired. I sat next her one evening at dinner. I'm afraid I looked at her more than I should, and talked to her less than I should. I went West the next day. I thought a great deal about the girl."

Sylvia clasped her hands tightly together beneath her white cloak, and looked straight before her.

"The girl troubled me. I did not wish to allow myself to admire her more than I already did—it's rather hard to say it, but I want to be honest with you—because my admiration for that girl collided with my pet aversion."

"The girl—was a snob?" asked Sylvia, very low.

"I did not know. I was fearful that she might be—something of that sort. You cannot imagine how happy—that is the old-fashioned word that expresses my condition—how joyously happy you have made me to-night."

Sylvia turned once more slowly and looked at him. Her eyes were brilliant and her cheeks were aflame, but she faced him bravely.

"You mean—about Uncle Ethan?" she asked steadily. "You mean that—I—am the girl?"

"I mean about Uncle Ethan," answered Calvert as steadily, "and you—of course—are the girl."

Just here Mr. Evans, forestalling the carriage man at Vaurian's, opened the door for them.

"Say, Bud," he cried, "when I get down to hard-pan out in Puller Springs, I'm comin' here to hunt a job. That

motorman of yours has opened up and given me some facts. Golly, Bud, he's a Rockefeller!"

Calvert leaned out and pulled Mr. Evans inside. There was an air of suppressed excitement about him.

"Sit down a moment," he said, to Mr. Evans's surprise. "Now tell Miss Deering, please!"

## V

MR. EVANS removed his hat and fanned himself with it.

"Do you mean it?" he asked. "All over, is it? I can breathe free breath once more?"

"Tell Miss Deering," repeated Calvert.

"Sylvie, my dear," said Mr. Evans, taking the girl's hand and patting it tenderly, "I haven't been able to breathe right all this evenin'. It wasn't only the heat. It was the game I was puttin' up on you, my dear."

"Game?" questioned Sylvia.

"Well, this young man here is interested in mines—Montana mines," said Mr. Evans. "In fact, Puller Springs mines. To get down to it, Sylvie, he's interested in my mine. He and I has been mighty good friends for a matter of two years. When he came out there a little while ago, we got to talkin' about you, my dear; and I saw he was"—Mr. Evans stumbled and gulped—"well, we got to talkin' about you. The upshot was I swore you had the levellest head and the loyalest heart in the world, and Bud said:

"If you can prove that to me, to Halifax with Cornelia!"

"Only it wasn't to Halifax he said, my dear. Cornelia worried him, you see. Cornelia'd worry anybody—between friends. Well, we came to New York together, Bud and I. I was comin' anyway, but Bud got me started a little earlier'n I intended. Bud wanted me to stay at his home, but I said:

"Not much. When I get a chance at a good hotel, I take it!"

"Well, I knew you was to have a dinner-party to-night. That's the reason I come. I said to Bud:

"Cornelia'll throw me out,' I said, 'but my little Sylvie won't.'

"And my little Sylvie didn't," con-

cluded Mr. Evans, patting her hand, with a mist in his eyes. "And that's the end of the story; and, thank the Lord, I can breathe again! I nearly give the whole thing away about fifty times this evenin'. I ain't had a secret on my lungs in twenty years."

For a space Sylvia sat rigidly upright, although she was trembling uncontrollably. For a space there was silence, while Mr. Evans tenderly patted her hand. Then Mr. Evans spoke.

"You ain't mad at us, are you, my dear?" he asked wistfully. "I'm a old fellow that never had nobody much—ain't got a relation nearer 'n a cousin-in-law; but from the time you was twelve years old, you and I has been friends, really friends, ain't we, Sylvie? You ain't goin' to be mad at us—Bud and me?"

"No, indeed I'm not, dear old Uncle Ethan," began Sylvia bravely, but her voice broke.

Suddenly, down went her head upon Uncle Ethan's shoulder, and she cried a little—well, for a variety of reasons, into Mr. Evans's coonskin coat. Mr. Evans

patted her head tenderly and nodded frequently over the top of it at Calvert.

The carriage man recalled to them the exigencies of the occasion. He touched his hat at the open door.

"Beg pardon, sir. Are you getting out?" he suggested to Calvert. "Several motors behind you, sir."

"Directly," said Calvert, and stepped out.

Uncle Ethan dried Sylvia's eyes carefully and stepped out also. Each held out his hand to Sylvia, as she prepared to follow. Sylvia looked from one hand to the other, from one face to the other. Both were wistful faces until she smiled. Then she accepted both hands and stepped out.

On the way up the broad steps, she turned to Calvert.

"It won't be necessary, will it," she said shyly, "to tell Cornelia?"

Calvert, still with the air of suppressed excitement about him, looked down upon her.

"Some of it, Cornelia knows; more of it, she may guess; but all of it," said Calvert, "we will never tell Cornelia!"

#### MEADOW DREAMS

ADREAM amid the clover  
In idleness to lie,  
While fleecy clouds drift over  
The blue sea of the sky,  
Laying their shadow fingers  
Upon you as they pass,  
Oh, happy he who lingers  
Couched in the cooling grass!

The merry birds for brothers  
To cheer you with their song;  
While joy remembrance smothers  
Of all the heart deems wrong;  
About, above, around you  
The arms of summer bright  
Until her bliss has bound you  
In fetters of delight.

Here is the home of pleasures  
Where all enchantment dwells;  
Where Time the minutes measures  
By fairy, fragrant bells;  
And where, on gorgeous pinions  
Go butterflies—the gay,  
Glad lords of these dominions  
For one, long, golden day!

*Frank Dempster Sherman*

# THE RAVAGES OF THE SEA

## THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF PROTECTING COAST-LANDS FROM DESTRUCTION BY THE OCEAN-WAVES

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "ELEMENTARY COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY," ETC.

ATLANTIC rollers, hurled upon the shores of some of our pleasure resorts during the storms of last year, tore long strips from the beaches and compelled the moving back of summer hotels and cottages. Human skill has not yet devised a perfect defense against such assaults of the sea when current, tide, and storm-wind combine to overwhelm the land edge with a tremendous onrush of waters.

For long ages waves have wrought wonderful changes in the shape of land masses. Here and there they have torn lands asunder. A recent book pictures the impressive ruins of cliffs that lie in great boulders and fragments along the north shore of France. There is reason to believe that Great Britain was separated from the continent of Europe by the retreat, before the attack of storm-waves, of the sea-cliffs on both sides of the English Channel.

Even tourists who visit the coasts of England observe the rapid waste that is in progress at many points along the Channel and the North Sea. The importance of these changes most impresses those who have carefully read the geological history of England, for they find that the Britain which Cæsar first invaded, nineteen hundred and sixty-five years ago, had a very different coast-line from that of to-day.

The sea makes some compensation for its ravages. It not only tears land to pieces, but often uses the fragments to build up new land. These contributions are not always gratefully received. For instance, along the coast of New Jersey we see low bluffs where the sea is con-

tinually cutting the shore back. Here the Atlantic has long toiled to dig out vast quantities of sand and carry it north for the building of Sandy Hook. This famous sand-spit, five miles long, has been slowly built up at the entrance to New York Bay by the northward movement of sand and silt along the New Jersey coast.

In seventy-five years, Sandy Hook advanced northward nearly a mile, and expanded to a mean width of a mile. For the past twenty-five years it has advanced thirty-three feet a year; and only a part of the New Jersey sand is used in the extension of Sandy Hook, for the sea-currents need an enormous quantity to form the sand-bar between the Hook and Coney Island, through which thirty-foot channels are maintained by dredging, at an annual expense of about fifty thousand dollars. The large surplus of material remaining is carried over to the Long Island coast. But we need not share the fears of the United States Coast Survey Commission, which reported in 1857 that, if the encroachment of Sandy Hook continued, "the destruction of New York Harbor might ensue." Modern engineering science can handle that problem.

### THE DROWNED COAST OF SCHLESWIG

We must cross the Atlantic to witness the assaults of the sea that have most cruelly interfered with human interests. Along parts of western Europe man has been compelled to put forth his utmost energies to keep the ocean in its place and stop its threatened encroachments upon his domain.



No part of the world has suffered more from these invasions of the sea than the coast-lands of Schleswig, in the north-west corner of Germany. Whoever knows the history of this part of Europe's coast cannot look at a map of it without feeling the pathos of the long, tragic story illustrated by the broken lines on the chart. The North Frisian Islands are the ruins of the former edge of the continent. They were part of the mainland, from which they were long ago torn asunder.

According to some historians it was the attacks of the sea upon this low-lying land that compelled the Cimbri to flee the country, and opened the period of their wars with the Romans. Wide areas of sand-banks, now under water at high tide, were fertile fields when Chaucer lived. The wretched inhabitants of the Halligen, or Low Islands, exist in cabins perched on the top of artificial mounds. No wonder that the hard conditions are driving many away from their homes, all insecure in spite of the stout defenses that edge the islands. The government has been stretching great walls between some of the islands and the mainland in the hope of diverting the fury of the storm-waves that still break through the line of protective works.

The unexpected often happens on this western shore of the Jutland peninsula. A little farther north, in Danish territory, Lim Fiord is a depression stretching across the province of Jutland. It was an inland, fresh-water basin, widening, here and there, into lakes, and barred from the sea by coast-lands at both ends. One day, eighty-five years ago, when the low-lying shores of the North Sea were being devastated by tremendous inundations, the western barrier was broken down by the pounding waves, and ever since the Lim has been an inlet of the ocean, filled with salt water, and abounding in sea-fish.

#### THE EROSION OF THE ENGLISH COAST

The problem of protecting the British coasts from the attacks of the sea has become an important national question. The Scottish shore-line, and a large part of the Irish, are walled by hard rocks upon which the waves beat with little effect. But the loss of land by erosion is

a serious matter for England, especially along the east and southeast coast.

Atmospheric agencies act rapidly on the softer rocks along the shore. When they give way, material from above falls with them, and the sea carries the mass into the depths or spreads it over other parts of the coast; for much of the wasting of coast-lands is due, not to the direct assaults of storm-waves, but to natural processes of erosion, emphasized by waves, currents, and tides that remove the débris which, if left in place, might widen the foreshore and afford some protection against the attacks of the sea.

No one knows how much land England has lost through the destructive agencies that are continually nibbling at her coasts. The facts could be found only by collecting data from local reports all around her shores, and this work has not yet been undertaken.

Some special facts, however, may be given. The east coast, between Flamborough Head and the Thames—a length of three hundred and twenty miles, following the sinuosities—is being whittled away at the average rate of about three feet a year. Probably no part of it is changing more rapidly than the forty-five miles between Bridlington and Kilnsea, in Yorkshire, where the shore material is glacial drift and easily eroded. This coast is retreating at the average rate of eleven feet a year.

At Lowestoft Ness, the most easterly point of England, the cliffs of glacial drift, for several miles north and south, receded eleven hundred feet between 1854 and 1901, or about twenty-four feet per annum. In the neighborhood of Southwold, in Suffolk, the loss is estimated at about thirty feet a year, and whole parishes have been swept away within historic times. Expert observers say that along the Yorkshire coast about two million tons of soil are annually swallowed up by the waves of the North Sea, and that a total of at least sixty-six thousand acres of land has been swept away on that stretch of coast since the Roman invasion.

For generations the larger land-holders along the sea have been waging desperate but unscientific warfare upon the hostile ocean. The struggle, handed

down from father to son, has too often been ineffective, and vast sums of money have been wasted. The sea-walls they reared have been undermined by the waves or crushed by landslides from the cliffs. When their groynes, or breakwaters, have retained the shingle and served to protect the land directly behind them, these very defenses have prevented the accumulation of débris in front of adjoining properties, so that their builders have merely gained a respite for themselves by involving their neighbors in trouble.

Some remarkable surprises have followed injudicious endeavor. When, for example, immense quantities of sand were dredged from the sea-floor to make concrete for the Plymouth breakwater, the depth of water was so increased that, in the next big storm, waves of unprecedented size and force rolled in and carried away a village on the shore.

The statement has been made that, in spite of great losses of land, England has to-day more square miles of available soil than in past times. This is no doubt true, if we count in the reclamation of the Fens—those large areas of marsh land which now supply more than a thousand square miles of very fertile soil. Many of the banks of silt found off the estuaries of the rivers have also been turned to useful purposes. Along the Humber, for exam-

ple, more than a hundred square miles of these banks have become valuable grazing-ground. A great deal of waste torn from the coast has also gone to build out other parts of the shore; but, after all, these accessions do not compensate the losses that England has suffered.

#### A PROBLEM STILL UNSOLVED

No adequate solution of the problem has yet been reached. About four years ago a royal commission was appointed to make a thorough investigation. Months were spent in the collection of statistics and in the examination of scores of witnesses; and the commission's report was both valuable and disappointing. It was valuable because it contained a vast amount of information, the best that is now available, on the whole question of coast erosion, how to fight it, and how to minimize its evils. It was disappointing because it proved that the subject is one of great difficulty and has not yet been sufficiently studied. The evidence it presented was conflicting, its conclusions were indecisive, and leading engineers dispute the merits of the remedial measures that it proposed.

There is need for further experimental research before the best solutions can be found of the many problems connected with the interesting and important phenomena of coast erosion.

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#### THE KING'S JESTER

OH, keen of wit is he,  
And light of foot is he;  
'Tis well he wears the cap and bells,  
For wondrous are the tales he tells;  
And if he sings or talks,  
Or if he skips or walks,  
Each word or move makes fun  
And mirth for every one;  
And when the king is vexed or sad,  
It is his jester makes him glad.

But when the task is o'er,  
The jester laughs no more;  
He puts aside the gaudy clothes,  
And with a weary step he goes  
From out the courtly hall,  
Beyond its beck and call;  
His face is wan and gray,  
He is so tired of play;  
And when the jester's sick or sad,  
There is no one to make him glad.

*Emma A. Lente*

# MRS. DEANE'S CALLER

BY MARIE B. SCHRADER

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

MRS. DEANE expected a caller. She was alone in her handsomely furnished rooms on the top floor of an apartment-house facing Central Park. It was Sunday, and, after serving tea, the maid had departed on her biweekly evening out. The night was chill, and a muffled, metallic sound against the window-panes told of sleet and snow, while a deserted landscape of bluish white stretched beyond the flash of the corner lights.

Mrs. Deane had given orders to the elevator-man that she would receive no one; then she bolted, locked, and chained the door, made a tour of the apartment, and sat down to wait for the visitor who never came.

The clock was striking eleven. Mrs. Deane glanced up from her book to make sure that there could be no mistake, for she had cautioned her maid to return promptly at ten-thirty.

She was about to turn her attention once more to her reading when she chanced to look out into the hall. What she saw there caused her to start, clutch her book nervously, and half rise from her chair.

She fixed her gaze steadily on the wall just outside the parlor door. Pictured on the embossed satin paper was the figure of a man. At last the long-expected caller had arrived—the burglar had come!

The intruder was evidently pausing in indecision, after realizing that the light from the parlor gave a hint of somebody's presence. His silhouette glared in menacing flatness from the wall.

"Come in!" called Mrs. Deane in a commanding tone, to which came no response.

The uninvited guest was no doubt awaiting her next move.

"Come here!" repeated the calm, even tones.

The shadow on the wall fluttered in indecision. Now a hand was raised. In that hand appeared what was evidently a revolver.

"I can see you very plainly," continued the lady. "Put that pistol down and come into the room at once! I wish to speak to you."

The shadow moved forward, then wavered.

"You need not be afraid. I shall not hurt you," continued Mrs. Deane. "I am alone in the apartment, and I have no weapon."

The next instant the projector of the silhouette stepped into the full light of the doorway. He was an ideal burglar—just such a one as Mrs. Deane had often pictured, only this fellow was younger. He wore no mask, but stood there with his cap pulled well down over his eyes. His face was unshaven and dirty; his clothes were old and worn.

"Well, lady?" he said inquiringly, after having submitted to a minute inspection.

Then he looked away, across the room—anywhere to avoid the half-stern, half-pitying expression on the face before him.

"Put that weapon on the table," ordered Mrs. Deane.

After a questioning glance, the burglar did as instructed.

"Now sit down—there," continued the lady, motioning him to a stately chair.

The intruder, with the air of one who is helplessly waiting to discover what will happen next, seated himself in awkward fashion.



"PUT THAT WEAPON ON THE TABLE!"





"Take that cap off," came the next command.

The man hesitated. By way of response, he pulled his cap more firmly over his forehead; then, finding Mrs. Deane still looking intently at him, he lifted it and crumpled it in his hand. The mistress of the apartment studied his countenance.

"You have an honest face," she remarked at last.

The burglar turned his head away.

"You came here with the intention of robbing me," continued the lady. "I know that. And, no doubt," she added, pointing to the pistol, "you might have killed me."

"Oh, no, lady!" protested the intruder. "Nothin' like that! Me gun wuz only a bluff."

"No matter what your intentions were," said Mrs. Deane, "the fact remains that you entered this place with a deadly weapon in your hand."

"But I tell youse that was only in case of—" began the burglar.

"I understand," interrupted the lady. "In case of resistance you would have murdered me."

The burglar made no reply.

"Most people won't put up a fight in the dark," he muttered uneasily.

"But you didn't find me in the dark," went on Mrs. Deane. "You found me in the light. You were the one who was in the dark, and I am going to do my very best to lead you out of the darkness into the light."

"Aw, what yer givin' us?" said the burglar disgustedly. "Youse must belong to the Salvation Army. That's the way they preach!"

"You are mistaken," replied Mrs. Deane quietly. "I belong to no religious sect."

The man laughed.

"Aw, go on!" he said. "No religion? Ye're jokin'. Ye're the picter of one of dem street saints."

"I am no saint," said Mrs. Deane emphatically.

"In de name of mud, then, what is youse?" demanded the man.

"I am your friend," replied the lady, "and I am going to prove it to you. My poor fellow, do you realize what you were about to do this night?"

"Sure!" answered the unbidden guest, with a spacious grin. "I come here to get all youse has got—that's all!"

He was getting tired of the discussion, and wanted to get to work. He stretched himself uneasily.

"And do you know of how much my all consists?" asked the lady.

"I've been told it wuz a pretty good haul, and an easy snap, bein' as you wuz a widder, and rich, and the maid bein' out evenin's."

"You have been misled," said Mrs. Deane, with a compassionate shake of the head. "Come with me, and you shall see the extent of my possessions."

With these words she left the room, followed by the burglar. They went from one end of the apartment to the other. In the dining-room, she opened the sideboard drawers, and displayed the contents of the china-closet.

"Examine the silverware," she said.

The man picked up one article after another, and threw them down again.

"Plated!" he growled.

They next entered Mrs. Deane's bedroom.

"You may look everywhere," she said, throwing open closet-doors and bureau-drawers. "Satisfy yourself regarding values. Here is my jewelry. Look at it carefully. You will see that the settings, like the silver, are plated. The jewels are paste. Nothing remains now but the carpets, furniture, and etchings, and I don't believe you would care particularly about them, especially as they are somewhat worn and old-fashioned."

The burglar uttered an eloquent grunt of disgust. Mrs. Deane led the way back to the parlor.

"I have been looking for just such a visit as yours for some time," said Mrs. Deane; "and, naturally, I have taken a few precautions in order to safeguard my property. I have jewels, but you would have to take them from a safe-deposit vault. I merely have them for a few hours at a time. I use checks instead of bank-notes."

The burglar listened to her in wonder.

"Lady, ye're too smart for me," he said in admiration.

"So you see," continued Mrs. Deane, "you have run all this terrible risk—a risk of the penitentiary, of the gallows or

the electric chair—with practically nothing to be gained by it. And you have an honest face, too. Your eyes are good honest eyes."

In order to avoid her steady gaze, the man looked from the ceiling to the floor and from the chairs to the table. Suddenly Mrs. Deane, who was watching him cautiously, saw his face light up with the expression of one who has made a discovery. The intruder had, for the first time, caught sight of a leather shopping-bag.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Deane, as she read his thoughts, "I had forgotten my bag!"

"So," exclaimed the burglar triumphantly, "all your money is in the bank, is it?"

He eyed the bag greedily. Mrs. Deane started toward the table, but her visitor was too quick for her, and the next instant he had gained possession of the coveted article.

"Hand me that bag," commanded Mrs. Deane; but her words fell unheeded. "I merely wished you to do so in order that I might myself give you the contents," she continued. "I should hate to think that you had become a thief for the sake of two dollars."

"Two dollars!" repeated the man. "Do yer mean ter tell me that two dollars is all what's in here?"

"Open the bag," said the lady.

The burglar pressed the clasp and extracted two one-dollar bills. Disgust was plainly written on his face.

"Take this money, my poor fellow," said the lady, "and I hope it will tide you over your troubles and help you to honest work."

She placed a kindly hand on the man's shoulder. For a moment he shrank nervously from her touch. Then his confidence returned.

"You were out of work—had nothing to eat—didn't know what to do or where to go," suggested Mrs. Deane in a sympathetic tone.

"You've hit it, lady," said the man, with a sob in his voice. "That's what druv me to it. People don't know what it is that makes a man a burglar."

"I know," answered the lady. "I understand. Now you may go!"

The burglar started in surprise.

"Then, there ain't no hard feelin's between youse and me?" he inquired anxiously.

"None whatever."

He fumbled with his cap for a moment, then started shamefacedly down the hall.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mrs. Deane.

"To the fire-escape—the way I got in," he replied.

"Oh, no!" she answered quickly. "You mustn't go that way. You came in like a thief, but you must go home like an honest man."

The would-be thief stood before her ashamed, abashed. He took the two dollars from his pocket.

"Here, lady," he said. "I can't take your money!"

By way of answer, she thrust the bills into his hand.

"Keep it," she said. "Now follow me."

She removed the chain from the entrance door, unfastened the bolt, turned the safety lock, and stepped into the outer hall. Then she pressed the electric button, and the elevator came whizzing up in response to her summons.

"Ye're not a goin' ter give me up now, are yer?" nervously inquired the burglar, with the feeling that he had been cleverly trapped.

Mrs. Deane motioned him to the door of the waiting elevator, where the attendant stood curiously inspecting the strange appearance of the late caller, and wondering how such an evident intruder could have reached the tenth floor without his knowledge.

"Good night, Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Deane. "I am glad I happened to be at home when you called."

The iron door slammed, and the car disappeared, carrying with it the astonished faces of the elevator man and the burglar.

"I really believe I've made a better man of one burglar!" said Mrs. Deane, as she took two one-dollar notes from a large roll of bills which she kept behind some books.

She thrust the money into the bag, and replaced it on the table, where it had lain every night for five years for the visitor who came at last.

# THE ROMANCE OF THE COMSTOCK LODE

## II—THE STORY OF THE BIG BONANZA

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

AUTHOR OF "THE PERILOUS GAME OF CORNERING A CROP," ETC.

THE year 1873 was a fateful one for the Comstock, for it witnessed the event which gave to that playground of fortune its greatest glory.

For more than a decade man had tugged at its silver heart; a populous city had risen on the very roof of its treasure-house; a few people had come to love it for the riches it had wrought, and many cursed it for the misery it had made. Bonanza and borrasca alternated with almost uncanny succession, but the sterility was usually longer than the plenty. Even the big Crown Point strike had subsided into commonplace burrowing for average ore. But destiny seldom stood still on Mount Davidson, and now it gathered for its largest stroke, for suddenly there stepped out of the lagging life of the lode the two masterful figures who were to project the most dramatic and spectacular mining episode of modern times.

### THE FOUR BONANZA KINGS

You will recall that in the previous article it was stated that John W. Mackay and James G. Fair had been swept into Virginia City on the high tide of the rush to Washoe in 1860. Look well upon them, for henceforth the story of the Comstock is their story; the unmasking of its imperial hoard is the record of their Aladdin find. They were both sturdy Irishmen, Mackay—or Mackey, as his name was then spelled—hailing from Dublin, and Fair from Tyrone. Reso-

lute, self-reliant, and resourceful, they were well mated for rich and daring enterprise, and how well they achieved their task you shall now see.

Mackay had come to the country in his early teens, and had been a shipbuilder's clerk in New York. The gold-fields of California lured him to the Pacific, and he took up placer-mining in Sierra County. He made and lost money, for early in life the passion of desperate gaming was deep within him. The first discoveries in the Comstock drew him irresistibly, and he passed unnoticed in the horde of silver-seekers that stormed Mount Davidson. He ran a tunnel into a small claim, but it failed to pan out, and he was forced to seek employment.

He got a job as timberman in the Mexican Mine, at four dollars a day, and later dug ore for the same wage. He had a swift imagination, and as he delved in the rocky deeps he brooded over a big ambition. He saw how Sharon and the Bank of California had reared the structure of a mighty power and lorded it over the lode. There came to him the vision of a still wider empire, and he yearned to be its dictator. So he worked, and studied, and remembered what he learned.

He was a born miner, and he rose rapidly. The Irish day-laborer became a superintendent in the Caledonia. To his technical knowledge he soon brought a marvelous genius for stock-trading. In time he became part owner of the Kentuck Mine. Yet no one saw in this tall,

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NOTE—This is the second of two articles on the Comstock Lode. The first, published last month, told the strange story of the discovery of the lode, and dealt with Stewart, Sharon, Sutro, and other famous figures of its earlier history.

slender, well-knit figure the coming ruler of the camp.

About this time he formed an alliance with James G. Fair, a personality scarcely less remarkable than his own. The Tyrone lad had mined on the Feather River bars, had become a quartz operator, and was a trained superintendent. He was handsome, strong, and lynx-eyed, and had the finest nose for ore that Nevada had known.

Fair had missed some of Mackay's drudgery, for shortly after he came to the lode he was made superintendent of the Ophir, which was one of the first producers on the ridge. Here he impressed some of the characteristics that were subsequently to lead him to vast fortune, for he had the reputation of knowing every inch of every level in his mine. When Mackay and Fair pooled their talent and syndicated their ambition, it was inevitable that things should happen.

After making the Kentuck a profitable mine, they reached out for new ventures. To the north of the Gould and Curry lay the Hale and Norcross Mine, which had a fine equipment, but which was only partly explored. Mackay and Fair had looked it over critically, and they came to the conclusion that it was worth working. There had been a lively speculation in its shares the year before, when a top price of twenty-one hundred dollars had been reached. Now the stock had declined to forty-two dollars, and the two astute miners began to haul it in.

In 1869 they had control of the property, which thus became the corner-stone of a mighty structure. They rescinded an assessment that hung over the heads of the stockholders, quadrupled the output, and paid out more than seven hundred thousand dollars in dividends. Out of this mine each of the promoters got his first considerable "stake."

Shortly after this, two San Francisco men joined the pair. These were James C. Flood and William O'Brien, and they completed the quartet which was later to be known as the four Bonanza Kings.

The manner of the meeting was picturesque. Flood and O'Brien ran a saloon called The Snug, down on Commercial Street, in San Francisco. Like most similar places, it was a poor man's club. Here gathered miners fresh from the

Comstock, and speculators stinging under losses and alive with hot tips. It was natural that the two proprietors should become a clearing-house for mining shares and mining information. They had a prosperous business, and their credit was good. Although both Mackay and Fair were pulling small fortunes out of Hale and Norcross, they knew that to realize their swelling ambitions they would need a great deal more money; so the saloon-keepers were taken in as partners in whatever they should undertake.

#### THE CINDERELLA OF THE LODGE

Mackay had felt that there was good ore on the barren stretch between the Virginia City and the Gold Hill groups of mines, so with his associates he bought Bullion, and became its superintendent. Fair was made superintendent of Savage, which was also acquired. The combination kept its interest in Hale and Norcross, and now controlled three mines.

Neither Bullion nor Savage worked out successfully. The name Bullion was a mistake and a hoodoo, for it never produced anything but debts and assessments. The "big four" received their first setback, and Sharon and the Bank of California people, who had watched their rapid rise with jealous alarm, now breathed freely, and calmly predicted that before long Mackay would be plying a pick in the levels and Fair would be hunting a job as superintendent.

The outlook for the moment was dismal. Bullion had fizzled out; the Hale and Norcross yield had ended, and the four allies had suffered heavy financial loss. But a burning desire for big conquest flamed in Mackay and Fair. Unknown to them, circumstance was even then shaping for the lode's great hour.

Mackay's restless eye swept the rocky ridge, and noted what seemed to be a very peculiar fact. Near the north end of the lode, and between the Ophir and the Best and Belcher Mines, lay a neglected strip of claims thirteen hundred and ten feet in length. Although flanked by mines of proved and staying richness, it had never produced any ore. The Central Company, which owned part of it, had sunk a shaft four hundred feet, and got nothing but a rush of hot water that stopped operations. Other concerns had

made half-hearted attempts to explore, but had given up the job.

Meanwhile the various interests owning this neglected strip had combined to form the Virginia Consolidated Mining Company, little dreaming that this name would be the kite that should fly the name and fame of the Comstock to the remotest parts of the world. Two mines were embraced in the company's property—the Consolidated Virginia and the California. Desultory work on them continued until February, 1871, when all activity was abandoned, and the company's stock fell to a dollar and sixty cents per share. This means that the market valuation of what later became the most valuable silver-mine in the world was scarcely twenty-five thousand dollars. Thus deserted, forlorn, and even abused, the vacant stretch of hillside waited, like some Cinderella of the rocks, for a mining prince to waken it into paying life.

Mackay and Fair believed that this neglected strip might shelter a great bonanza, and the combination decided to stake all they had in finding out. They put fifty thousand dollars into the project, and acquired control of both Consolidated Virginia and California.

On January 11, 1873, they took hold of the two mines. Fair was put in as superintendent, and his amazing instinct for ore was turned loose. The first operations were in Consolidated Virginia.

Now began an historic bonanza-hunt. Never was a treasure hunger keener; never was the campaign for its abatement more tenaciously pursued. It was no ordinary mining a few feet under the surface, but deep down, more than a thousand feet below ground, these seekers of the silver fleece bored through the solid rock. Only the most trusted miners were employed; every step was carefully planned, for something told the men behind this venture that they would find the prize at the end of what seemed to some to be a rainbow-chase.

Before the end of January, a thin seam of ore, hardly thicker than an ordinary pin, was discovered. In this Fair found fresh hope, and eagerly he followed its tiny trail. It got no bigger, and finally pinched out.

By this time more than two hundred thousand dollars had been spent, and the

stockholders were becoming disheartened. Only Mackay and Fair held grimly to their first faith in the proposition. Once more the tiny seam was located, but Fair fell sick and the miners left in charge lost it. When he came back, his marvelous nose for ore picked it up, and the pursuit was resumed.

#### THE FINDING OF THE BIG BONANZA

One day the seam suddenly widened out into a seven-foot vein, with ore that averaged sixty dollars a ton. In a month it spread to twelve feet, and before long it was forty feet in width. There was nothing dazzling yet, but the hearts of the pursuers were thrilled with the realization that they were on the outskirts of a bonanza. The coveted goal was near.

They were down twelve hundred feet, so a drift was run from the bottom of the shaft. Heretofore all the work had been exploration; now the real digging for ore began. As the miners crosscut here, a princely yield was uncovered. There was ore everywhere, and the deeper the men cut the richer it became. The top at last had been pried off the Big Bonanza.

While Mackay and Fair both appreciated that they had struck it rich, they did not at first know the full extent of their find; but, with rare wisdom, they determined not to lose any time in realizing on the bewildering opportunity that spread before them. They set to work feverishly to get out the ore.

As their legions ate their way into the rocks, there was created that vast and in erial hall of wealth, such as the eye of man had never beheld before. It was like a huge cathedral chamber that reared its glistening dome more than four hundred feet above its floor. Instead of stained and painted windows, it had walls of silver.

The very sight of this place stirred the most unemotional to the keenest enthusiasm, and provided an unforgettable picture. The great mass of pyramidal timbering that reached from floor to roof was alive with lights; half-naked men rushed to and fro; the sound of exploding powder rent the air, and everywhere was heard the thud of falling ore. Most marvelous of all, whatever the hand touched seemed to be silver, so pure that often it was necessary to mix waste rock and low-



grade stuff with it to make it work better. An average block three feet square contained from three to six hundred dollars' worth of gold and silver. The work of extracting ore was pushed feverishly, until there were days when a thousand tons were taken out.

This gleaming casket of fortune that held the Comstock heart of hearts was not hollowed out in a single day, and yet Mackay and Fair went about it so quietly, and with such superb organization, that the outside world was a long time in finding out that it had been walking for months over what was up to that time the richest spot in the universe. Indeed, of all the amazing things that happened in connection with the Big Bonanza, none was more remarkable than the indifference that the public at first showed to the discovery. In former years, a much smaller strike would have produced at once a wild carnival of speculation; but the two lucky miners took elaborate precautions to keep their find a secret as long as possible. It was said of Fair—and it is a good side-light on his craftiness—that when he went to San Francisco with the first of the Consolidated Virginia ore, he told the assayer it was from a mine in Wyoming. It was so rich that the assayer told his friends, and soon there was a rush to Wyoming.

#### THE MINING MANIA AT ITS HEIGHT

If the news of the Big Bonanza's wonderful riches was slow in getting abroad and soaking into the consciousness of the people, no time was lost when it did strike home. Those early seventies witnessed as mad a mining mania as the Western coast has ever had. The stock of Consolidated Virginia, which during the previous year had been hawked about at a little more than a dollar, went to six hundred and twelve dollars in 1874. The market value of the property, which had been scarcely twenty-five thousand dollars, was now seventy-five millions. The stock of the California Mine, which proved to be equally rich, went from thirty-seven dollars a share to seven hundred and eighty dollars, making the total value of the mine more than eighty millions. Thus the neglected strip of thirteen hundred and ten feet, which had been abandoned and despised, had reached a market val-

uation of nearly a hundred and sixty million dollars. The forlorn Cinderella of the rocks had become a queen of the cloth of silver.

As had always happened before, the shares of all other mines on the lode rose in sympathy. Frenzied search began for new bonanzas, and the sting for quick wealth bit into every skin. The coast went speculation crazy, and there were enacted anew those scenes which in the old days had turned the San Francisco Stock Exchange into a roaring gambling-hell. Once more the savings of the cook, the maid, the butcher, and the candle-stick-maker streamed from stockings and savings-banks into the market. Shares with a face value of twenty-five cents soared to three or four hundred dollars.

The tricks of traders were many. Here is one that shows how the gullible were worked:

One day a speculator came home and asked his wife if she had any money. She said she had six thousand dollars.

"Put it all in Alpha," he said. "But don't tell a living soul!"

The wife, however, thought it was no harm to tell her brother, and he in turn told his wife, and she told her cousin. The result was that in a few days everybody seemed to have the alleged inside information that Alpha was a "good buy," and there was a big demand for the shares, which rose beyond two hundred dollars. The shrewd operator waited until they had gone high enough to insure him a fine profit, and then he unloaded all his stock. There was nothing in the mine to warrant any such price. It was inflation pure and simple, and the collapse was swift and sure.

One night, shortly after the stock was down to thirty dollars, he asked his wife if she had sold out her Alpha when it was high.

"No," she replied. "I thought it would go to five hundred."

"Too bad!" said the husband. "I'm sorry I got you into this loss. Here is a check for six thousand dollars that will pay you back."

It was a small fee to pay for such a killing as he had made.

This episode is typical of Comstock manipulation in the days of the Big Bonanza excitement.

A young clerk in Mackay's employ, who had been faithful in his service, went back East to get married. When he returned to Virginia City, he found that thirty-five hundred dollars, which he had on deposit when he left, had disappeared. On making inquiry at his bank, he found that Mackay had drawn it out. In a great state of mind he rushed to the miner, exclaiming:

"Why did you draw out my savings? I don't know that I owe you anything!"

Mackay smiled, and replied:

"You went away and got married without having much money. I invested your pile in Con. Virginia. The stock is up here to your credit, and when you think it is high enough you had better sell. Perhaps you had better do it to-day." He made a few figures on a pad. "I guess you will find yourself about seventy-five thousand dollars richer."

#### A WINDFALL FOR "LUCKY" BALDWIN

In that period of frenzied speculation men became millionaires overnight. No freak of the Comstock was more interesting than that which gave to E. J. Baldwin the title of "Lucky." He was a California horse-trader, but was always on the square. One day, early in the seventies, a man who owed him some money approached him and said:

"Baldwin, I can't pay you that money, but I'll give you some Nevada mining stock."

He handed over a bunch of shares of Consolidated Virginia. Baldwin put the certificates away and promptly forgot all about them. His business took him to Australia, and he was gone a good while. In those days there were no cables to that far-away country, and, although the Big Bonanza strike became widely known, Baldwin was ignorant of it, and also of the fact that the papers locked away in his San Francisco safe had made him a millionaire. So he started home on a slow boat.

A certain stock sharp in San Francisco knew that Baldwin owned this block of Consolidated Virginia, so he decided to take advantage of the owner's probable ignorance. He went down the bay on the tug that usually met incoming boats, and sought out the horseman. Quite casually he remarked:

"Baldwin, I understand you own some Nevada mining shares."

"Yes, I think I have some in my safe," was the reply.

"Well, I'll take a gamble on them, and give you five thousand dollars for them," continued the trader. "And what is more, I'll close the deal now."

Baldwin looked him over steadily, and said:

"Do you mean to say that you have five thousand dollars in your clothes now?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well," added Baldwin, "you never had that much money in your life before, and I guess there's something wrong. I'll keep the stock!"

When the steamer pulled in at the San Francisco dock, Baldwin found his lawyer, Reuben Lloyd, waiting for him, to tell him of his great good luck. Those shares netted him three million dollars, and were the basis of the famous Baldwin fortune.

In the height of this speculative turmoil, James R. Keene first impressed his peculiar qualities as the sly gray fox of the market-place. In a borrowed seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, he ran a shoe-string up to several millions. He started out as a bull, helped to push up the price of worthless stocks, and then, when the market was as high as he thought it would go, he turned bear with the same energy that he had used in playing the opposite part.

It was with a "stake" made in this way that he started for Europe, and stopped off in New York with the celebrated remark that he would carry away the Stock Exchange there in his vest-pocket. Likewise he declared his intention of taking Jay Gould's scalp. He did neither of these things, but he became, and remains to-day, the master manipulator of the whole stock game. It was the Big Bonanza that gave him his first lessons, and his start.

#### THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF THE BOOM

The Comstock mining market kept on in a fine frenzy, and well might it have its fling, for the tumult of those days was the swan song of its speculative existence. In a single month the total stock sales of its mines aggregated fifty million dollars. At high-water mark, the total market val-

uation of all the mines on the lode rose to seven hundred million dollars. Everybody was looking for another Consolidated Virginia, but the secret had been ferreted out, and bonanza history did not repeat itself.

The time came when the silver bubble burst, and it spread destruction as never before. Such an ending had to come sooner or later; but the actual catastrophe, as has so often happened, was precipitated by a false report—a persistent rumor that the Big Bonanza had given out. Although the statement was untrue, or at least premature, the market crumbled and panic stalked about. Consolidated Virginia fell two hundred dollars in a day, and California shares lost sixty per cent of their market value. Ruin invaded thousands of homes, and the echo of the Comstock crash was heard all up and down the Pacific coast.

Down in San Francisco, the great Bank of California, which had been regarded as a financial bulwark of the Pacific States, and which had flung the weight of its moneyed power in the face of all opposition on the lode, closed its doors amid tragic circumstances. You will recall that one of Sharon's closest associates in the early days of Comstock development was W. C. Ralston, president of the Bank of California, and one of the Union Milling hierarchy. He had speculated recklessly in Nevada mining stocks, and now he faced the consequences of his deeds. It was largely owing to his commitments that the bank found itself involved. The directors demanded his resignation; he gave it without a murmur, and then went down to the bay and jumped in. Before the meeting of the board adjourned his body was found floating out near the Golden Gate.

Through all the drama of despair that the panic of 1875 created, the four Bonanza Kings remained immovable, and their treasure-chest continued to send forth its prize. Mackay became the target of much bitter attack, and he was loudly charged with speculating in his own stocks. To all inquiries he made the same reply:

"I am not speculating in stocks. My business is legitimate mining. I make my money out of ore."

The Big Bonanza bore out this state-

ment, for while stocks were going to pieces, and fear and apprehension haunted the speculators, it was paying large dividends. By the end of 1879 it had paid fifty-two dividends amounting to \$42,130,000, while the California Mine had paid its stockholders \$31,150,000. For months at a time, the dividends of these two mines had aggregated two millions of dollars.

No mother ever tended a child more carefully than did Mackay and Fair watch over the Big Bonanza. Its forest of timbering made it an easy mark for fire, and a conflagration would not only have wiped out a raja's ransom but prevented operations for years. Every night the two men inspected the properties, level by level, and it was largely through their watchfulness that the mines escaped disaster during the years of their fabulous yields.

But even the Big Bonanza could not last forever. The moment was at hand when the silver heart stood empty, a maze of abandoned drifts, the ghost of a great treasure. With the close of the seventies, California ceased paying dividends, and Consolidated Virginia followed soon after. Their decline sapped the last vitality of the lode. Borrasca fell again like a heavy blight over the whole region, and its glory departed, never to return.

There was a feeble flicker in 1886, but it soon flared out. The once turbulent city on the mountainside became the haunt of splendid memories, for the silver fleece was stripped.

#### THE COMSTOCK TREASURE IN HISTORY

As silence and desolation fell upon the Comstock, its treasure awakened new life and kindled fresh activity elsewhere. Even before the silver flood of the Big Bonanza had ebbed, it had become bound up with world affairs, for it affected the financial equilibrium of the nations. The discovery of the great silver lode had come at a time when the problems of bi-metallism were pressing for solution. At the moment when it poured forth its richest tribute, the United States and Germany demonetized silver, and France suspended free coinage. There is no doubt that the menace of the vast output of the Nevada mines had much to do with it. Thus the celebrated "crime of '73," destined to be

denounced in later years in eloquence no less silvery than the metallic flow that caused it, may be traced to that treasure-ridge on the side of Mount Davidson. But for it, American political history might not have had one of its most picturesque figures — that of William Jennings Bryan.

Now let us see just where the wealth of the Comstock went, and the part it has played in our development. To follow it means merely to trace the wanderings of the Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien money. Just as he was the dominating figure on the lode, so did Mackay step into high place when he came forth from Virginia City and took his station in big affairs. Before this time he had founded the Nevada Bank, which disputed the prestige of the Bank of California, and which was later merged into the Wells Fargo-Nevada National Bank.

Instead of following his colleagues to San Francisco, Mackay turned his face eastward. He did not join established enterprises, but proceeded to new ventures, for the spirit of pioneering was in him. In those days the cable business was corrupt, extravagant, and prohibitive. France and England had cables, and we had none. The rates were outrageous. The vision that had swept the lode back in the struggling sixties now scanned the seas for new conquest. Mackay decided to forge a new link between the Old World with the New.

#### MACKAY'S LATER ACHIEVEMENTS

With the aid of James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, he founded the Commercial Cable Company, and gave America a cable. It met fierce opposition, it incurred enormous cost, and it attacked a power that had fattened on excesses; but it won the battle, and thus for the first time the power of the bonanza spread out to other lands.

A greater achievement of the Mackay genius, backed up by the bonanza millions, was the establishment of the Postal Telegraph Company. The old money powers viewed this step with scorn and derision, for the Western Union, Jay Gould's pet property, had ruled the wires without rivalry for years; but Mackay's company prospered. The time came when it was bought over by its stout parent, the

Commercial Cable Company, and became the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, with Mackay heading the list of directors.

Then began a bitter warfare between the Postal and the Western Union. Meanwhile Mackay passed away, but the genius of his organization and the effect of his big vision remained behind him. His son, Clarence H. Mackay, took up his work; and be it said to his credit, here was a rich man's son who had ability of his own. A stronger weapon than had yet been forged against the Western Union came in 1903, in the organization of a holding company known as the Mackay Companies, which took over the Postal and Commercial companies and their growing allied interests.

As the years sped on, the Mackay Companies began to acquire telephone connections. The rulership of the wires was not to be accomplished by the control of the telegraph alone. Many people were startled in 1906, when the statement was made that one of the largest holders of stock in the Bell Telephone combine, otherwise the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was the Mackay Companies. This year (1910) they owned six times more stock than any other stockholder.

It now remains to explain the last link in the chain that the Mackay Companies have forged. The Goulds practically controlled the Western Union, but in the panic of 1907 the Gould railroads foundered on the rocks, and most of them went into the hands of receivers. At the same time the Western Union had a big strike, and business was bad. The telegraph company was a burden on the Goulds, whose roads clamored for money.

The inevitable thing happened. George J. Gould, as trustee of the Gould estate, sold the control of the Western Union to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Thus it happened that, for a time, the Mackay Companies controlled their ancient rival. In March of this year, however, they sold their holdings for eleven million dollars.

Now, after years of progressive development, the Mackay Companies own a powerful cable and telegraph system that reaches two-thirds of the way around the globe. Yet the genius of a great miner,



the boss of the Big Bonanza, set all this into motion.

More romantic in one way was the alliance that the Mackay millions made abroad; for the miner's stepdaughter, Miss Eva Bryant, married the Prince Colonna di Stigliano, and thus the strain of red pioneer blood of the West mingled with the delicate blue of the Italian nobility. Clarence H. Mackay, who is now at the head of the Mackay Companies, has extended his father's interests in many directions. The huge white Postal Building, down on lower Broadway in New York, is one evidence. In addition, it has gone into the Federal Sugar Company, the American Exchange National Bank, and the Southern Pacific Railroad. The founder of the fortune may rest in peace, for it is well bestowed.

#### COMSTOCK MONEY IN SAN FRANCISCO

To look for the other results of the bonanza millions, you must now turn to San Francisco. Into this city the Nevada mines poured a treasure greater than the amount of the destruction wrought there by fire and earthquake in 1906. Wherever you turn, you find some record of the Comstock treasure in brick, stone, and mortar. Fair built the Fairmount Hotel; Sharon erected the old Palace Hotel—now rebuilt—which was the most famous hostelry on the coast; Mills and Flood put up sky-scrapers bearing their names, while "Lucky" Baldwin constructed a theater, which later burned down. All these men had large real-estate holdings, not only in San Francisco but throughout California.

Fair became a United States Senator, and was the fourth to go to that august body as a result of the Nevada riches, the other three being Stewart, Jones, and Sharon. Through Fair the bonanza millions became caught up in the whirl of New York's smartest set, because his daughter, Miss Theresa Fair, married the late Hermann Oelrichs, and her younger sister, Miss Virginia Fair, married William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Thus the social evolution from the red-shirted miners of the Comstock was indeed complete.

In connection with the tragic death of Fair's son Charles, there is an interesting story which shows how destiny was bound up in Comstock affairs. In the old mi-

ning days, the elder Fair had a trusted French foreman, who lost all his savings in stock speculation, became ill, and finally went back to his native land full of bitterness against his employer, whom he blamed for his misfortunes. One day, many years later, young Fair was racing an automobile down a smooth French road, when his gearing slipped and he crashed into a poplar-tree. The car was wrecked, and all the occupants, including Charles Fair and his wife, were instantly killed. The old Frenchman who owned the tree, who was roused from his afternoon nap by the collision, and who dug the bodies out of the tangled wreck, was that same old mine-boss who had worked in the Comstock drifts, and who had gone away with malice in his heart against the Fairs.

D. O. Mills, who got part of his immense wealth from his partnership in the Bank of California's control on the Comstock, was interested in many enterprises, ranging from the Mills Hotels in New York—the homeless man's clubs, as they have been called—to the development of the vast power interests at Niagara Falls. He was director in half a dozen railroads, and a mining power on the coast. His son-in-law, Whitelaw Reid, became ambassador to the court of St. James, and in this way the bonanza fortune touched British royalty.

In this summing up Adolph Sutro must not be forgotten. The man whose marvelous energy burrowed into Mount Davidson sold his stock in the famous tunnel, and went to San Francisco, where he was elected mayor. He became a patron of art, and built the Sutro Gardens and the Sutro Baths. His name is perpetuated, not in his masterly engineering achievement, but in his princely gifts to the city that sheltered him.

To-day, of all those old lords of the lode, only Jones remains, last of the mighty miners. Their silver-chest, which once held the eye and the desire of the world, is empty, the glamour of it gone. But everywhere, in cables whose sparks leap beneath the seas; in noble buildings that rear their corniced heads above the earth; in railroads, banks, and industries that serve and propel a whole nation, is an imperishable tribute to the treasure of the Big Bonanza.



# A NOTE OF HARMONY

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A FATHER, A MOTHER,  
AND A SON

BY SUSAN HEARLE THOMAS

MARGARET WINSLOW was at her desk, writing a letter, when her husband came into the room. The moment she saw his face she knew he was angry; his eyes flashed, and white lines showed around his dilating nostrils.

"Will you please tell me where Oswald has gone?" he said.

"Oswald! Gone!" she repeated. "I thought he was somewhere about the place."

She put aside her writing-materials and turned in her chair with a look of sudden anxiety on her face and an air of unsettled purpose in her attitude.

"And you did not give him permission to take a horse to go gallivanting around the country? One of the hands said he saw him flying down the road about an hour ago. Things have come to a pretty pass when a child of his age comes and goes without a word to his parents! And to think of his daring to take the horse that I particularly wanted!"

Henry Winslow paced up and down the room with the energy of his wrath.

"I expect he has gone to the Claytons"—his wife began.

"That far! Across the river? I tell you what, Margaret, there may come a day when you will rue the time that child was born; but I wash my hands of all responsibility in the matter of his bringing up. Had you let me do as I wished in the beginning, things would be different to-day. What he needs now is a sound thrashing!"

"You always speak so sternly about your child. You would drive where I would lead—"

"Bah!" he interrupted, impatiently. "Your time for leading is past. The boy

needs a stronger hand than yours, and you know it."

With that, he went out of the room as abruptly as he had entered.

Not being able to concentrate a scattered attention again, Mrs. Winslow went over to the window overlooking the front drive, where she took her seat to watch the gate. Oswald, with all his daring, would not stay more than an hour or so. He must surely be back to dinner!

Henry had such severe ideas regarding boys! Now, she, on the contrary, believed in letting children get all the enjoyment they could out of life. Before Oswald's birth she had been guided, governed by her husband; since then, the passionate absorption of motherhood had developed a protecting strength toward her offspring which began to question her husband's wisdom.

From the very first, she had fiercely opposed the correction he would have administered. She shrewdly said:

"You have a temper which often gets the better of you; until you have learned to correct your own fault, let the child alone."

Taken aback by this sudden development of will, he had gradually learned to regard his child with an aloofness which did not make for either his or Margaret's happiness.

Dinner-time came and no Oswald. Henry Winslow's mouth was strained in its sternness; Margaret said little, and tried not to look worried. Afterward she heard her husband tell one of the farmhands that he could walk to the village and get the seed that was wanted. She knew how busy they were, and that Oswald could have done the errand if he

had been at home. For one instant she thought of offering to go herself, but the look on Henry's face checked the impulse.

It was a still, close day, and toward night the thick clouds gathered in the northwest. Oswald had not come back. All the afternoon his mother kept her anxious watch upon the gate—she was always anxious when she did not know where the boy was—but he did not come, no one came, and now a heavy storm was gathering.

Margaret's attention was divided between the clock and the clouds. She would come out on the porch, look up at the spreading blackness, and with indrawn breath stand for some minutes, held there by a weight of alarm that was increasing as steadily as the enclosing darkness.

It was night now. She had almost concluded that something had happened to Oswald. The loneliness of the place, the terrible sense of space, the horrors of night, and her own powerlessness, held her in the tense excitement of fear.

It seemed as if they were miles and miles away from the world that held humanity—cut off from friends on this solitary farm in lower Virginia.

"What ever made us come here?" she asked herself in passionate upbraiding, as there sounded the low rumble of distant thunder.

It was all Henry's doing—somehow she had lately got into the habit of blaming him when things went wrong. Then the lightning flashed, and the rain began.

She could hear Henry moving around inside the house, closing windows and doors. He came into the hall at last, and she knew that he had brought a lamp. Its faint light reached her where she was standing just beyond the door.

"Have you any idea when the boy will be at home?" Henry asked, coming out on the porch.

Nothing had been said about the child since morning, and once or twice she had told herself that his father did not care.

"No."

She did not turn a hair's breadth, but he noted the frightened drop in her voice, and, between the lightning and the lamp, he could see her fixed attitude, her straining gaze.

He went back to the door, standing for a moment as if undecided whether to go in or not. The lamp flickered and was almost extinguished in the gusts of wind; but when it flamed out again, his face showed with the clear distinctness that a sable background gives. It was very thin, with a broad forehead, and deep-set, passionate eyes, full of stern directness; but the small kerosene burner did not reveal the nervous, irregular emotion of the man, tempering the strength in his eye. He was not one whose patience made for understanding.

"Oswald ought to have come home early," he said, leaning against the doorpost. "It's much too late for him to be out alone; but, of course, you know best."

The irritation of years was in his words. She made a gesture of annoyance; his voice was an interruption. Then she turned to see if he was still there. She did not want to be left alone.

She was a pretty woman, with the fineness of feature that makes for beauty at every stage of life. Just as she glanced in his direction, the lightning shot across the heavens in a fierce, illuminating energy of light, then played along the earth in forked brightness, flashing around her as she stood there. Admiration showed in the man's eyes as he looked at her now, admiration without satisfaction. There was a jar in life.

"Hush!" she said presently, as he started to speak again. She leaned forward, her right hand raised. "Wasn't that the gate? It sounds like some one opening it."

In her eagerness she went down the two steps to the gravel walk.

"There's no latch to the gate. The wind has blown it open. That's all you hear—it's the hinges. You'd better come in out of the rain!"

But Margaret stood there, wringing her hands. The slightest sound outside the storm appalled her. Her sharpened imagination stopped short of no terrible possibilities.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "My child! where is he? Oh, this is dreadful, dreadful!"

Her husband came to the edge of the steps.

"Wherever he is, you can't do him a

particle of good standing out there in the wet. Come in!"

His voice rose in authority. She came up the steps toward him.

"He has never been out so late before," she said.

Her eyes were full of piteous appeal. For the moment she had forgotten that Henry said that he would like to thrash the boy.

As for him, this difference of opinion in regard to the bringing up of the child provoked and irritated him, but in no way did it interfere with his love for his wife. She seemed like a stubborn, foolish child, and he was always ready to respond to the least demand she put upon him.

"Oswald is all right," he said, over and over again. "Don't worry!" She felt that he wanted to help her. "If I had only known where he was, I might have sent one of the men after him. The horses were all tired out, else I could have gone myself. But how was I to guess where he was to be found? Now there's no one on the place but us two." Then he added, with a little nervous tremor: "The storm is not over yet, and you know I can't see my hand before me a night like this."

Her eyes were on the road again.

"No, you never were any good in the dark," was all she said.

They stood still after this; she in tense waiting, he in tense thought. Through the watching silence Margaret was conscious of that old sense of protection and care—odd that it should come to her now, when she was thinking only of her son!

"And the men have all gone!" she said suddenly, as if the long silence had not been.

Henry started, his features relaxing at the sound of her voice.

"Yes, but don't worry, Margaret. It's all right. The boy's got some sense—"

"It isn't all right!" she choked. "Oh, if I were a man, I'd go and find him!"

She felt, rather than saw, the compression of her husband's lips at her implied reproach.

The storm increased in fury; the rain fell in torrents; the thunder roared in sudden rage; the lightning flamed around the two watching there on the low porch. The thick row of walnut and paper mul-

berry trees, just beyond, played fantastic figures with their swaying branches, every now and then creaking and groaning beneath the strength of the wind.

The woman sat, close up to the door, in a small rocking-chair; the man, in an attitude of protecting pity, stood at her side.

"It's all nonsense," he said at last, "our staying here on this wet porch. It isn't going to bring the boy home tonight. He's comfortable enough somewhere, and isn't giving himself a thought of our discomfort and worry—"

"He's never spent a night away from home," she broke in. "He must be here soon—that is, if—" The rush of possibilities swept aside speech. "There's no use in your staying here," she managed to say presently. "I've got to, but you—you needn't."

He straightened his stiffening legs.

"You are quite right; there is no use in the two of us catching cold—much he'd thank us for it! Do you suppose, for one minute, that he's worrying about you now? He doesn't think much of anything outside his pleasure."

This speech had in it something of the provocation of years. Margaret only rocked in a slow, miserable way.

"Don't talk to me like this—now," she said, detecting the cold whiff of truth in what he said, and she made certain swift resolutions in regard to her son's future training—if he should be spared to her.

Henry went into the house, coming back presently with an old coat.

"Put this around your shoulders," he said, holding it out. "It's very damp and chilly."

She leaned submissively toward him. The clock struck nine, and he felt, as he fastened the coat, the quiver of her flesh in response to the trembling within. At that instant a peal of thunder shook the house. Margaret covered her face with her hands, bending forward with the terror of the moment.

## II

PRESENTLY she caught a sound not connected with the storm. She raised her head—intent, listening. The sound grew more defined—yes, it *was* the tramp of a horse's feet.

"Hush!" she hissed, as Henry moved.

"It is a horse!" she cried. "He has come at last!"

She was down the steps and lost in the darkness. Her husband followed the sound of her voice.

"At last! Oh, my son, you frightened me so!"

She ran down the winding road, catching her foot on a stone, tottering, then on again. The thud of a horse's hoofs, splashing through the mud and rain, came clearer and clearer. A flash from above lit the way before them for an instant, and in that flash they saw the horse, silhouetted against the white, treeless space of open field. The animal turned into the narrow cut leading to the barn.

"This way, Oswald!" cried Margaret. "Don't go to the stable; your father's here, and he'll put the horse away for you—you will, won't you?"

"Yes. Tell him to come this way; the gate's barred down there. Here, to the front, Oswald!" her husband shouted. He had groped his way to her side, and, as they started to follow the horse, he took her hand. "Why doesn't the boy come this way?" he asked indignantly.

Through all her own excitement Margaret felt the quivering of his cold fingers. She was clinging to him for comfort and help—in her overwrought condition, the touch of his hand was necessary to her mental poise.

"He is playing a trick on us," she said breathlessly, as they went unsteadily over the rough ground.

The rain had suddenly stopped, and the wind had died down. They could hear the slightest sound now, but they could not see, save by those pale, fitful flashes of retreating light. The clock in the house could be plainly heard striking the hour of ten.

By this time they had reached the bars, and it was Margaret who first spied the horse standing there, saddled and bridled, and—riderless.

"Oh, my God!" she cried in an indrawn, fearful whisper. "The horse has come back alone!" Her voice rose in terror. "Where is he? Henry, where is the child?"

In her fright, she gripped her husband's hand so hard that her nails pierced his flesh. He took hold of the bridle-rein with his free hand.

"The animal wants to get into the stable," he said in an odd, nervous way that he had when excited. "I had better take down the bars. Don't be so scared! It's really nothing, the horse coming home this way; he has broken loose from some place, that is all. I don't suppose Oswald tied him right."

"Do you really think so?" she said, clinging to him in appealing, shivering dependence. She drew in her breath. "You don't think he's met with an accident?"

He slipped his hand loosely through the rein, so as not to draw away from her on the other side. In the tension of the moment, they were both conscious of being nearer to each other than they had been for years.

"No, no! Margaret, let me go and put the horse away. You stay here a moment. You won't be afraid?"

"Don't be long," she pleaded. "I can't be left alone. Yes, you can go."

But he had hardly taken the bars down before she burst into a wild scream. The terror of an overwrought nervous system broke loose with the withdrawal of his hand. Henry came back to her side.

"Margaret, for God's sake, hush! It is dreadful to give way in this manner. You don't know how it sounds to hear a woman scream as you did."

"Oh, I can't help it!" she cried in panting breaths. "He is lying somewhere on the roadside, hurt—perhaps dead!"

"Come," he said, taking hold of her. "You must go with me to the stable. That's right—hold on to me. Now"—he pushed the last bar aside—"just a few steps more."

When they were back at the house, she refused to go up the steps.

"I am going down the road to look for Oswald," she said in sudden, obstinate determination. "No, I couldn't sit down again—I must go!"

"You are not going one step! Come—I say you must," he ordered with decision.

But she beat off his constraining hand, crying in weak stubbornness:

"I will go!"

He regained his hold on her.

"Margaret, if some one must go, I will be that one. Do you hear me?"

His tone mastered her. She went up the steps. Here she sat down on a chair.

"Are you really going?" she asked. "No, I thought you weren't!"

"I am going—that is, if you are not afraid to be left alone."

"I'm not afraid—what should I be afraid of?"

"You must have something around you if you stay here." He went into the house, and brought out an odd collection of wraps and rugs. "There"—drawing a blanket close about her knees—"I wonder if you want to kill yourself!"

She gazed into the black night, fascinating in its horrible darkness.

"I don't want to live," she cried in strong excitement, "if anything's happened to my child!"

Her restless eyes came back to her husband. The lamp, still burning within, sent a fitful glare across his face, revealing the expression of a sudden inner wound. He was her husband, and Oswald was his son as much as he was hers!

"It's all foolishness, my going," he began. He had been in and out of the house, and was now kneeling down on the door-sill, trying to adjust an old lantern. "It is only to please you. I hate to leave you here by yourself."

"Couldn't you have taken a horse?" she interrupted.

"No. I'm a good walker, you know that. I wish you'd go into the house!"

She felt his eyes, and was almost afraid of their compelling force.

### III

THE gray dawn found her still sitting where he had left her. Alone during the long night with her imagination and her excited nerves, the energy of her emotion had reached a state of numb suffering. Only once before in her whole life had she spent a night when each moment had ticked loud on her ear. That was the night before Oswald was born, and it had been very different from this.

Slowly the dawn advanced, heralded by the voices of nature. The clouds rolled up in the east, lost in the vast dome of light, and the sun rose in a hazy mist of splendor. Margaret sat with clasped hands, wondering what the day, which promised such outward brightness, would bring to her.

Her strong excitement had subsided, leaving her weak and nerveless; her head ached, and the chilly dampness of the night had stiffened her limbs. She threw aside the wraps encasing her, and stood upon her feet, looking around with dazed eyes.

Everything was so glorious, seen in this early dawn, that for a moment she was lifted above the fear of last night. She thought of Oswald as he was yesterday; she thought of her husband as he was twelve years ago. Pleasant and unpleasant memories flitted through her mind as she regarded nature's aspect under the influence of coming day.

Henry had not returned. Where could he be? She went into the house quickly as she felt the swift return of fear.

The clock was on the stroke of eight when Oswald came, mounted on a strange horse.

"They made me come right away this morning. They said you'd be worried," he grumbled, yielding for a moment to her fierce embrace. "There, mother, let me go—I can't breathe! You shouldn't hold a fellow so tight; it hurts."

"And you were at the Claytons'?"

A spark of fire showed in her weary eyes. He nodded carelessly.

"How dared you go without asking? And you took your father's horse, when he wanted it himself!"

Keen, reproachful anger shook her voice.

"He's got plenty of others. I don't see what you're making this fuss about."

The boy had his father's passionate eyes, and his mother's mouth, with its lines of wilful stubbornness accentuated. He was a bright, handsome lad with a strong will of his own.

"Do you know," she said sharply, "that you deserve a most severe punishment for doing what you did?" Her soft features grew rigid with wrath. "Your father went to look for you. And to think of your letting that horse come home by itself!"

"Is that what scared you? Fudge, mother! You're full of nerves! I know you started father; he'd never have gone of his own accord. Got any breakfast for me? I'm as hungry as all get-out!"

But his mother had turned away. She went out of the dining-room, into which



she had followed her son, and stood for a moment in the hall. Her heart was full of anger, bitterness, and regret.

She went out of the front door and on down the road. The trees shaded her from sight—the thick mulberry, the tall locust, and the overshadowing walnut. She walked quickly, following an instinct rather than a contemplated purpose. Her eyes were bright, and her step had lost its weariness.

Through the open gate she turned in the direction of the river. Henry had gone that way. After she had gone about a mile she sat down, feeling suddenly tired.

A colored man, driving a team of oxen, looked at her first in vacant curiosity, then with a gleam of intelligence.

"Marse Henry's down to Whitcomb's. He 'peared to be restin' on the porch. 'Spect he'll be along presently;" and the man and his yoke of oxen passed on along the road.

If Henry was at Whitcomb's store an hour ago—judging from the time it took the slow-moving quadrupeds to travel—he must be here soon. She might as well wait for him now.

#### IV

SITTING there by the roadside, with nothing to do but think, she began to realize many things. She saw the worse than folly of her wilful stubbornness in regard to her child's bringing-up. She repented her contempt of her husband's wishes, her ofttime contempt of himself. How easy, now, it seemed to forgive Henry's quick temper and sensitive irritation, viewing them in this dispassionate manner and with a strange pain gnawing her heart!

She spied him at last, coming along with his irregular, nervous strides. He had on a funny-looking old hat, and in one hand swung the bell-shaped lantern. From his appearance, he might have been wandering for days.

She hurried toward him. Now that she

had found him, she forgot what she wanted to say.

"Oh, yes, he is home," she said, in answer to his question. "He is all right. He stayed at the Claytons'."

"Then what on earth are you doing here? Why, Margaret, you are worn out! Where are you going?"

His eyes gleamed in sharp interrogation. She broke into weak, hysterical laughter.

"I can't help it; you look so—so funny!"

"Margaret," he demanded, "tell me what you want, now that Oswald's safe?"

She lifted her tired eyes to his and looked at him for a moment. Then, in spite of herself, she said, almost like a child:

"I want—you, Henry!"

His senses, easily inflamed, were on fire. The excitable, passionate man reeled with a hot rush of thought. The old rickety lantern fell with a jingling sound to the earth.

"Oh, my God!" was all that he said, but she felt his breathless stillness. It seemed to her that all misunderstanding between them was being slowly cleared away in that tense silence. "Then you do care for me—a little?" he cried feverishly. "You do?"

His voice rose into a note of passionate authority. Under the strange compulsion of the moment, the woman's head sank lower and lower. The voice of her lover rang in her ears; the years of their slight estrangements fell away, forgotten.

She was conscious of a leaping, surging joy, a finding of something lost. She raised her eyes to meet the flashing response in his. But all that she said was:

"Henry, you were right about Oswald; he needs to be punished."

The man's mouth twitched with a look of humor, though he did not smile. The note of harmony holding and thrilling them both was of such sweetness as not to suffer interruption.

#### YOUTH

I do not measure life by days and years,  
Nor clock nor calendar need I to know  
Seasons of joy and but a minute's tears;  
Young is my heart, and love shall keep it so!

*Julian Durand*

# AN AMERICAN SINGER AT BAYREUTH

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AT THE HOME OF  
RICHARD WAGNER

BY ALLEN C. HINCKLEY

ONE OF THE LEADING BASSOS OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK

TO sing at Richard Wagner's famous theater in Bayreuth is the ambition of every opera-singer in Germany. Once appear successfully there—and there are no actual failures; singers are too carefully chosen, and too rigidly drilled for that—and one's reputation is established in the German operatic world, so that one may sing in any opera-house in the country.

Siegfried Wagner makes a point of visiting, at least once a year, every German theater of importance in which opera is sung. He and his mother are ever on the alert to discover new talent, fresh and promising voices.

My own opportunity to appear at Bayreuth, however, came about in a somewhat different way. After singing for a year in Hamburg, and acquiring experience in grand opera—for my previous work had been as leading bass with the Bostonians—I

sang at Covent Garden, under the great Hans Richter. He was good enough to recommend me to Frau Wagner; and the following summer, as Klüpfer, one of the basses engaged for Bayreuth, had died, she telegraphed me to come there at once.

Unfortunately, I had already sailed for America, and I did not receive her telegram until the autumn. On the strength of that, however, I at once wrote to Frau Wagner, explaining the circumstances and saying that I hoped she would not forget me, but would give me an opportunity to sing for her. The result was a request to come to Bayreuth that December, and a promise that she would hear me.

Securing leave of absence from Hamburg, I traveled to the little Franconian city, where I found quarters at one of those small hotels—hot in summer, and cold in winter—which offer



ALLEN C. HINCKLEY, AS HAGEN IN "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG," AS PRODUCED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK

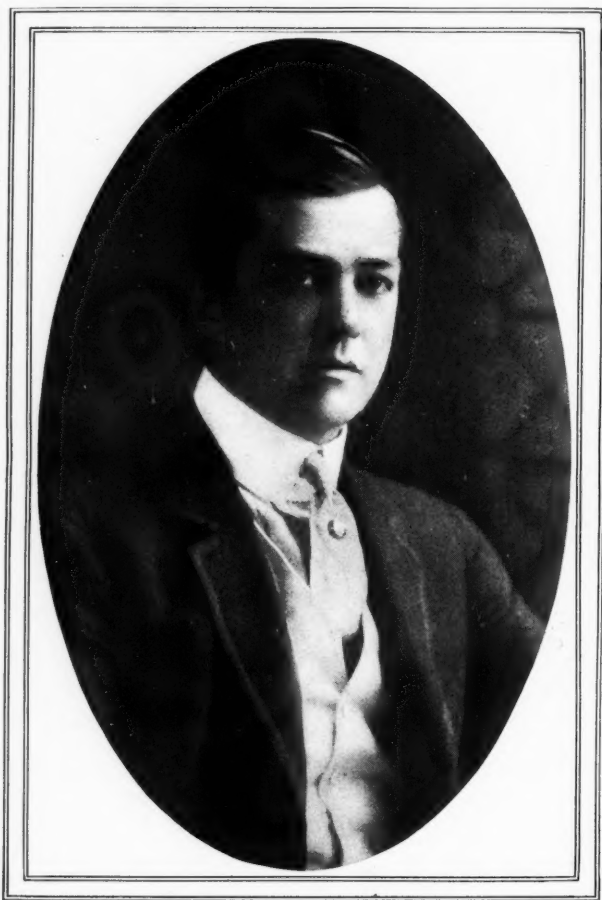
From a copyrighted photograph by DuPont, New York

the sole accommodation for visitors to Bayreuth. The day after my arrival I left my card at the Villa Wahnfried, and next morning I received a note from Frau Wagner, making an appointment.

#### AT THE HOME OF WAGNER

I can hardly describe my feelings as I walked up to the entrance of the villa. I felt awed, insignificant. One enters a

Then Cosima Wagner appeared. I had felt some anxiety as to my German. I understood the language perfectly by that time, having been in Germany for a year and a half, and I spoke it fluently enough under ordinary circumstances; but this was none such. I advanced toward her and raised her hand to my lips, as I knew was the custom. She, however, knew quite well that it was not the American



ALLEN C. HINCKLEY, THE AMERICAN BASSO

*From a photograph by Marceau, New York*

large square hall, in the center of which stands a grand piano, with bound volumes of all Wagner's operas upon it. Around the hall are busts of the chief Wagnerian personages—*Siegmond, Siegfried, Wotan, Hagen, Tristan*, and others. It seems a miniature Walhalla.

custom, and seemed amused. She addressed me in excellent English, and our conversation was, to my great relief, carried on in that language.

In spite of her graciousness, I was never so much afraid of any one in my life. She seemed a veritable goddess, and I feel

sure that I shall never see her like again. She is tall, angular, with a thin face, an enormous nose, and penetrating eyes. Her hair is quite white. Hers is a tremendous personality, and I could easily believe the stories of her hypnotic power, although she seems quite unconscious of the effect she produces.

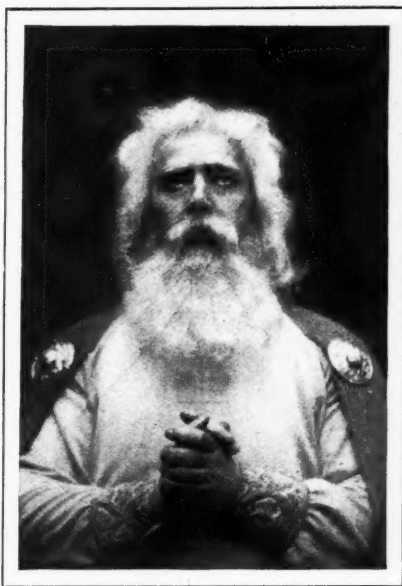
When I sang for her, she was kind enough to praise my voice, and said that she would like me to come to Bayreuth the next summer, in order to study the rôle of *Hagen*, with a view to singing it the following year; but she would make no definite promise of an engagement. Accordingly, I went to Bayreuth the next June, and remained there all summer, working on the music of the part.

#### FRAU WAGNER'S RIGID DISCIPLINE

To study a rôle at Bayreuth means to work for some two hours a day, going over a single phrase twenty times to get the exact value of each note, the right proportion of vowel and consonant, the precise volume of tone—in short, molding every possible detail to Frau Wagner's wishes. Rehearsals are attended only by those artists who are absolutely note and time perfect. I had no stage rehearsals that first summer, for there were no performances during my stay at Bayreuth, and I was merely learning a rôle.

Frau Wagner frequently invited me to her home, where I met all the family. I sometimes accompanied them on those picnics in which the German so delights. The beer-drinking was a novelty to me, as well as the habit of crying: "*Pros't!*" with each glass, and touching the others' glasses. It amused me very much, and Frau Wagner was amused at my amusement. I used always to insist upon touching glasses with her. We had many pleasant conversations, and she took the greatest interest in America, and things American—especially in my father's religion, he being a Unitarian clergyman.

The next summer I returned to sing the rôle of *Hagen* at the annual festival performances, and then my actual stage rehearsals commenced. We began to rehearse on June 15, and kept at it for a month, up to the time of the performances. These rehearsals were very severe. I realized the necessity of a good solid voice for the Wagnerian singer. A voice



ALLEN C. HINCKLEY, AS GURNEMANZ IN  
"PARSIFAL," AS PRODUCED AT THE  
METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE,  
NEW YORK

*From a copyrighted photograph by DuPont, New York*

that is not strong and healthy cannot possibly stand the strain. It is because many of those who wish to sing at the home of Wagner have not the essential qualifications that one hears so much about Bayreuth's ruined voices.

In my own case I noticed no ill effects, and I always sang out full voice at the rehearsals. Frau Wagner liked this, and noted my evident desire to do my best. At the first rehearsal she came and sat down directly in front of me, as she has a habit of doing with all her artists, and fixed her penetrating eyes full upon me, until it seemed as if she would read my every thought.

#### SOME BAYREUTH SPECIALTIES

The discipline of these rehearsals is tremendous. Each little detail is carefully studied out, and absolutely nothing is left to chance. The costumes are as archeologically perfect as it is possible to make them. For instance, *King Henry*, in "*Lohengrin*," is costumed quite differently there than on any other stage. He wears no crown—which is historically correct, I believe, as kings of the tenth

century did not wear such things. The adoption of a crown on other operatic stages is merely a concession to the usual conception of a king.

As *Hagen*, I wore a helmet surmounted with a dragon, and quite different from the one I had used in Hamburg. In other and more important points, too, the *Hagen* of the Bayreuth performances differs from the rôle as presented in other cities. For instance, as the legend describes him as being half human and half Nibelung, Frau Wagner wished the non-human side of his character to be brought out in a number of ways which the average opera-goer would hardly understand. She directed me to walk in a heavy, bow-legged manner, not with the usual stage walk. My gestures, too, were to be fierce, uncouth, absolutely opposed to the ordinary stage gesture, or to those which she prescribed for the human characters of her husband's music dramas.

Frau Wagner — she is usually addressed either as "*gnädige frau*" or as "*frau meisterin*" — is always very polite to the singers at rehearsals. She will say to each one in turn: "*Mein lieber*" — or "*meine liebe*," as the case may be — "you were excellent (*ausgezeichnet*) in that, you sang it extremely well, but—"

And then would follow criticisms that made one wonder what there could have been that was good in the singer's per-

formance. We learned to dread those "buts"!

At Bayreuth everything is studied down to the sixteenth part of a beat. It is a mistake, however, to say, as many have said, that Frau Wagner wishes beauty of

tone sacrificed to dramatic declamation. She does not, and it is a fine school for really strong voices.

She used to call me "*mein lieber Hagen*" — this being not the mere term of endearment it might seem, but because at the first rehearsals she did not consider that I made *Hagen* demonic enough; hence the satirically affectionate adjective.

#### THE WAGNER FAMILY

During the three summers that I have spent at Bayreuth I came to know the Wagner family very well. I often took supper at Villa Wahnfried, or played tennis with Siegfried Wagner, and afterward had tea with the others, besides accompanying them on many excursions. Frau Wagner is a great lover of nature, and we had that taste in common.

Of the daughters, Frau Tode is the most like her mother. She is highly intelligent and cultured, with a keen sense of the artistic fitness of things. She is married to a *heimrath*, a very clever, cultivated man. The other daughters, Frau Isolde Beidler, the Gräfin Grävin — whose husband is an Italian, and who used to join the picnic parties with her daughter and her two sons — and Fräulein



ALLEN C. HINCKLEY, AS KING HENRY THE FOWLER IN "LOHENGRIN"—THIS IS THE BAYREUTH COSTUME FOR THE PART, WITH A HELMET INSTEAD OF A CROWN

From a photograph by Pictorhoff, Bayreuth



Eva, whose marriage to Conductor Ballin was announced not long ago, were more of the purely domestic type of woman, chiefly interested in their family affairs. Fräulein Eva was constantly with her mother, but was rather an echo of her brilliant mother's opinions than an original genius. They were all remarkably sweet, amiable women, most kindly and pleasant.

As a musician, of course, Siegfried Wagner is overshadowed by the fame of his immortal father. He composes largely as a recreation, and has written a number of operas, in two of which, "Sternengebot" and "Brüderlöstig," I have sung. They are works of much technical merit, but none of them has made any deep or permanent impression. I can truthfully say, however, that he is one of

the best and most resourceful stage-managers I have ever seen, as well as an able and experienced conductor. He has a positive genius for planning scenic and lighting effects.

Those who have wondered as to the fate of the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth in case of Frau Wagner's retirement from participation in its affairs, need have no apprehension. Siegfried Wagner is fully capable of maintaining its distinguished reputation, being, in addition to his artistic capabilities, a man of great administrative ability.

As a matter of fact, during the last two summers, owing to ill health, Frau Wagner took little part in the management of the performances, leaving them almost entirely to her son, in whom she has the greatest confidence.

#### OLD LANDMARKS

Some households are there in the land  
Serene in their well-ordered ways,  
Where still the old traditions stand  
As worthiest of their pride and praise.

The restless tides have never turned  
Their feet from out the paths of home;  
For crowded streets they have not yearned;  
Their children have not thought to roam.

The guarded legends of their race,  
Through generations handed down,  
Center around the dear home-place,  
Nor seek they higher life-renown.

The proud initials of a name  
One stamped upon this old roof-tree,  
Though all unknown to worldly fame,  
Has lived here for a century.

The wide, substantial oaken chair,  
The table with its leaves outspread,  
The hallway portraits by the stair,  
The blue wool covers of each bed,

Are treasured handicraft of those  
Who sleep beyond the orchard knoll,  
Within the little willowed close  
That keeps this family as a whole.

On restful feet the years move by,  
With work, with sleep, with hope, with faith,  
Unchanged as is the changeless sky,  
And undisturbed by aught save death.

*Cora A. M. Dolson*

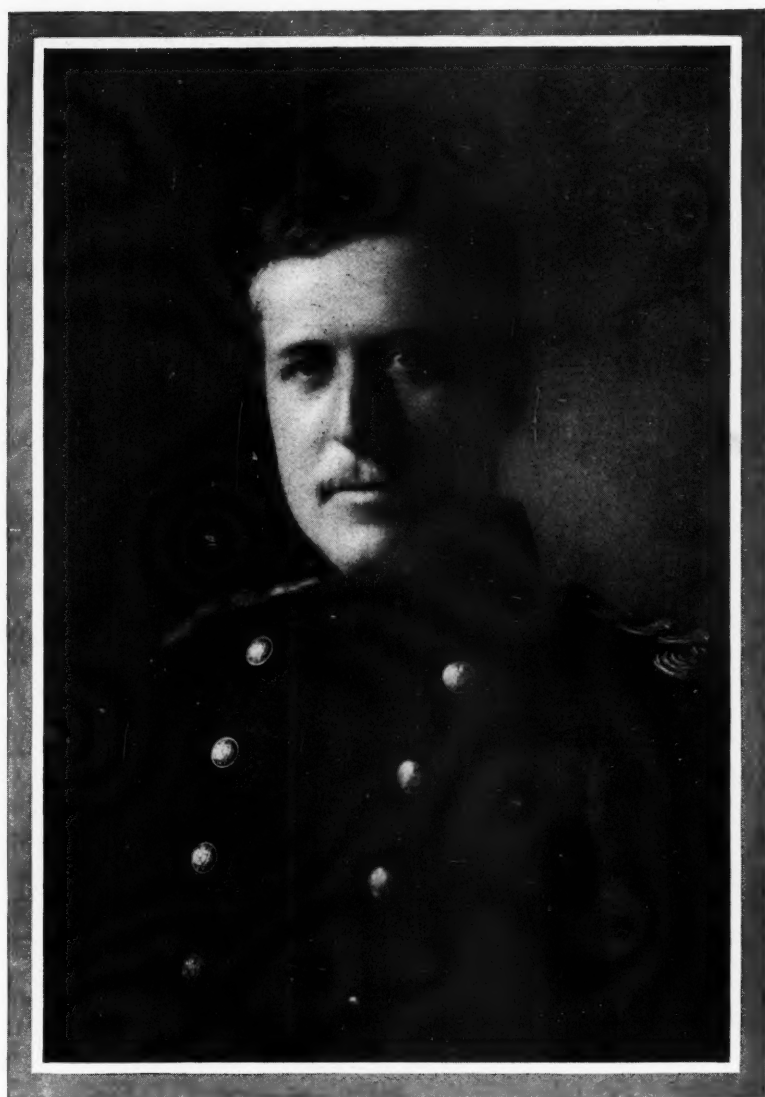


PRINCE LEOPOLD PHILIP CHARLES ALBERT, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF BELGIUM

*From a photograph by Bonte, Brussels*

## THE KING OF BELGIUM AND HIS SON

THE ill-luck that pursued the family of the late King Leopold of Belgium seems to have spared his nephew, the present king, formerly known as Prince Albert of Flanders. Leopold's only son died in boyhood. Of his three daughters, two made most unlucky marriages, and all three had differences with their father which caused public scandal. His wife, Queen Marie Henriette, died in 1902, after many lonely and unhappy years of separation from her husband. His sister, Carlotta, for a brief term Empress of Mexico, became hopelessly insane more than forty years ago, when her husband, the Archduke Maximilian, lost crown and life together in the tragedy of Queretaro. King Leopold's brother, Prince Philip, Count of Flanders, died five years ago; and that brother's son,



ALBERT I, KING OF THE BELGIANS, NEPHEW OF THE LATE KING LEOPOLD II

*From a photograph by Bonte, Brussels*

Prince Baldwin of Flanders, who stood next in line of succession, was stricken by fatal illness just as he was entering into a promising manhood.

Prince Baldwin's younger brother, Albert, was left as the only male representative of his house. Fortunately, he has lived to ascend the throne; and as he and his wife—who was Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria—have two healthy sons, the Belgium royal line is at least in no immediate danger of extinction. Albert I is the third monarch of the line, which is a branch of the house of Coburg, and which came to the throne of Belgium when the little kingdom refused to remain longer a part of the Netherlands. His two sons are Prince Leopold, the heir apparent, and Prince Charles. The elder boy, whose portrait appears on these pages with that of his father, was eight years old on the 2d of last November.

# THE STAGE

## THE DEADLY CURTAIN-CALL

IN searching out reasons for the public's increasing apathy toward theater-going, the blame has been laid on automobiles, on bridge whist, on motion pictures, and on the oversupply of playhouses; but nobody has yet mentioned the deadly curtain-call in this con-

nection. In comedies and musical plays, the blight is not so noticeable—and, by the same token, there are usually more hits in that line than in any other. The greatest mortality in drama lies in the field of problem or serious plays, and a contributing agency in their undoing may very possibly be the absurd curtain-call.

Take, for instance, the middle act of



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW THEATER COMPANY, WHO HAS ACHIEVED DISTINCTION BY HER SISTER BEATRICE AND HER HERMIONE IN "THE WINTER'S TALE"

*From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York*



OLIVE WYNDHAM, INGÉNU IN THE NEW THEATER COMPANY

*From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York*

Charles Klein's latest failure, "The Next of Kin." Here the heroine (Hedwig Reicher) cleverly outwits the lunacy commissioners who come to her boarding-house in order to commit her to an asylum. With the assistance of her cousin (Wallace Eddinger) she is smuggled out of her room by another door; and when her enemies discover that the bird has flown, Eddinger triumphantly remarks:

"Yes, I think she has gone to Jersey!"

Therewith the curtain falls on a good situation. Then what happens? Led by

the ushers in the rear, there is the usual applause; up goes the curtain, and there, in the same room, one sees the baffled commissioners, with Hedwig Reicher in the midst of them, smirking and smiling in acknowledgment of the call.

Nothing could be more completely destructive of dramatic illusion. Mechanically we begin to count the calls, wondering whether the leading lady will think that there are not enough of them, and will have the negligent ushers reprimanded after the play.



The curtain-call has always been with us, to be sure, but it was never the evil thing it is to-day until, owing to the disappearance of the stage apron, and the strictness of the fire laws, it became the custom to lift the drop on the scene just

in which he or she had just gone through some strenuous episode of the drama. To this kind of call there was no real objection; but with the passing of gas, the stage apron has vanished, and now there is very little space in front of the pros-



HOPE LATHAM, WHO IS BELLA KNOWLES IN THE COMEDY SUCCESS  
"SEVEN DAYS," WITH THE ORIGINAL COMPANY, STILL PLAY-  
ING AT THE ASTOR THEATER, NEW YORK

*From a photograph by White, New York*

enacted. Before the day of electric lights, the stage always projected several feet in front of the curtain line, so that there was plenty of room for the star to step in front and acknowledge applause, with the curtain to shut out the background

cenium frame. Moreover, the fire regulations have stepped in to make even this useless, as they require the curtain to be attached by rings to a wire cable, keeping it taut to the frame. A man might possibly squeeze past to step out on the



MABEL TALIAFERRO, STARRING AS ROSALIE IN THE NEW PLAY BY EDWARD PEPLER,  
"THE CALL OF THE CRICKET"

*From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York*



SADIE WESTON, AN ENGLISH ACTRESS CAST IN DRURY LANE PANTOMIME, NOW IN THE UNITED STATES IN VAUDEVILLE

*From a photograph by White, New York*



IDA CONQUEST, WHO IS ASTA ALLMERS WITH MME. NAZIMOVA IN "LITTLE EYOLF"—THIS PICTURE SHOWS HER AT WORK ON HER FAD OF MAKING JEWELRY

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

stage in front of the drop, but it is practically impossible for a woman, with her skirts, to do so.

There is a way out of it, to be sure. Let all the newer theaters be provided

always managed to squeeze in front of the drop and make his acknowledgments on what is left of the stage apron.

There are a few other shining exceptions to the general rule. For instance,



MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO HAS BEEN STARRING IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE," AND WHO IS TO APPEAR IN COMEDY NEXT SEASON

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

with curtains that part, as do those at the Metropolitan Opera-House and the New Theater, allowing the performers to step in front and appear between the two halves. Sothorn and Marlowe carry such a curtain with them. Mansfield would never take a call on an open stage, but

in "Springtime," Mabel Taliaferro relegated her call to the end of the play, positively declining to step out of her part until then. In "The Spendthrift"—the new and somewhat improved version of "Waste" that I noticed as having seen in New Haven last month—Frederic





LORA LIEB, WHO IS CAROLINE CURTIS, WITH RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN GEORGE M. COHAN'S  
"THE MAN WHO OWNS BROADWAY"

*From a photograph by Moffett, Chicago*



THE RUSSIAN DANCERS, MME. PAVLOVA AND MICHAEL MORDKINE, WHO CREATED A SENSATION  
LAST WINTER BY THEIR WORK AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE  
AND THE NEW THEATER

*From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York*

Thompson employs a special curtain for the call at the end of the big act. Here the husband walks out from his wife's boudoir, ostensibly forever, so that it would be the height of absurdity for the two to bow their acknowledgments from the room in which the scene was enacted.

Even the New Theater, though equipped with outfittings that make the open stage-call unnecessary, seldom or never utilizes them to this end. Indeed, the customary call at this beautiful house is more effective in destroying the spectators' illusion than in most other theaters. It takes an undue length of time to part the hangings and to bring them together again, leaving the performers to stand there in uncomfortable attitudes which shatter the last vestige of dramatic vraisemblance. With every facility at hand to set a good example, it is to be hoped that the New Theater's director will issue an ultimatum for next season, ordaining that the response to applause must be made between the hangings, and not behind them.

But of course your actors will be against the change. The open stage-call is to their liking. A whole bag of tricks has been created through this device—tricks with which the public must by this time be sadly familiar. And yet playgoers have it literally in their own hands to keep themselves from being any longer mere pawns in the managers' game. Let them refuse to be parties to this puerile trick that makes them serve as goats for publicity. The ushers can't do it all.

In more ways than one the curtain-call bogey interferes with what should be the supreme interest of the evening. Say there is a woman star in the bill. If the lifted curtain discovers her alone on the stage, "How selfish!" is the whisper that runs around the house. If, on the other hand, she beckons to her support to come on and stand beside her, "Isn't she generous?" is the comment. Both remarks are equally beside the case. With the stepping between the parted curtains, the star alone would be expected to appear. Time would be saved, and the stage-hands could make the necessary change of scene without delay.

Public sentiment has finally abolished the hat on our side of the footlights; shall we not hope that the same means

will eventually get rid of the open stage curtain-call on the other?

#### A CAUSE FOR REJOICING

In the March issue I mentioned the success of Francis Wilson's "Bachelor's Baby" as one of the hardest blows struck at the art of drama during the current season. As an offset to this, it is pleasant to record that the highest compliment paid to drama as an art during the same period, in New York, was the reception accorded to the New Theater's representation of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," produced as in the time of its author.

It has been persistently averred that only superior trappings, or the names of celebrated stars, would induce the playgoers of Manhattan to take serious interest in Shakespearian performances; but the representation of "The Winter's Tale" that I attended drew a larger audience than I had seen at the New Theater in some time, and it was followed as attentively as if the story it unfolded were as new as Eugene Walter's latest. Nor was there a player of star record in the cast, save Rose Coghlan, the *Paulina*.

Edith Wynne Matthison again demonstrated that she is an important addition to the New's roster. There is a restfulness about her manner of playing admirably suited to the atmosphere of the Central Park West temple of drama, and her versatility has been amply proved by the two rôles she has created there—the nun of "Sister Beatrice" and *Hermione*, the falsely accused queen in "The Winter's Tale." Even so small a point of vraisemblance as perfect rigidity while passing for the statue, in the final scene, did not escape her attention.

Leah Bateman-Hunter made an appealing figure of *Perdita*. She was the *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night" and *Ann Sinclair* in "Don." Henry Stanford, the *Fabian* of "Twelfth Night," became the *Florizel* of "The Winter's Tale," and a well-matched pair he and Miss Hunter made. E. M. Holland brought his consummate art to bear on the *Old Shepherd*, while Albert Bruning put off aged parts for the nonce and won new laughs for *Autolycus*, whose tricks have been the stock in trade of stage rogues from the time of Elizabeth down to the *Caddy* of "Erminie." Henry Kolker, recently in

Australia with Margaret Anglin, wrestled nobly with the unsympathetic *King Leontes*, while Ben Johnson made a fine figure of his courtier and confidante, *Camillo*.

Memories of Ellen Terry were aroused by Master John Tansey as the young prince *Mamillius*, this being the rôle in which the distinguished English actress made her first appearance on any stage, when she was eight years old. Nor must I forget to mention the lively shepherdess, *Mopsa*, of Jessie Busley, who never slights anything, no matter how brief a chance it gives her—and the clown of Ferdinand Gottschalk, whose inimitable voice and gesticulations admirably adapted him to the rôle. Poor man, he has less chance to show versatility than any other member of the splendid organization at the New Theater. His nearest approach to a part different from his regular line of work was as one of the directors in "Strife," and his decided success on that occasion should be a great satisfaction to him.

Those who think that "The Winter's Tale," presented in the manner of Shakespeare's time, is without any scenery whatsoever, and that the different localities represented are indicated only by the hanging up of signs labeled "A Street," "A Forest," or "A Palace," would be surprised to see the play as represented in Elizabethan style at the New Theater. This, we are told by a note on the program, conforms to the very latest researches. Thus, in the palace scene, a space completely up stage is fitted with a throne, before which, when the scene shifts to "before a prison," curtains are drawn for a few minutes, and the music plays. This same space is then supplied with a stretch of canvas painted to represent a jail; and so it goes on throughout the piece, the main curtain falling only for the regular intermission at the end of Act III, during which the sixteen years are supposed to elapse.

To make the present stage correspond more nearly to that of the Fortune Theater, in London, as it was in 1601, an extension was built out over the orchestra-pit, so that there were no footlights. The "inner stage," or alcove, and the exits on either side, were draped with two sets of sliding curtains—one for use in the

Sicilian scenes, the other when the action took place in Bohemia.

#### THE MODESTY OF MRS. FISKE

What's in a name, after all? Here is Mrs. Fiske playing at the Lyceum Theater with what she is pleased to denominate her "Manhattan Company." The Manhattan Theater, where the troupe was organized in September, 1904, was pulled down last year; and not one single member of her present support—with the exception of Holbrook Blinn—was with her in 1904, or even last year, when she presented "Salvation Nell." The name, therefore, seems to mean exceedingly little.

Mrs. Fiske means well, however; and she deserves credit for doing so much, as a star, to share honors with her associates. She did even more than this in selecting Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" with which to open her spring tour. The part of *Lona Hessel*, while it may be the dominating one in the piece, does not equal some of the other rôles in its opportunities for striking bits of acting.

Even though its name may be illogical, the timbre of which Mrs. Fiske's present company is composed approaches very near to a New Theater standard of all-round excellence. Besides Holbrook Blinn—for the all-important *Karsten Bernick*—there are Edward Mackay, Fuller Mellish, Sheldon Lewis, and Wilfrid Buckland. Mr. Buckland, by the way—loaned by David Belasco, for whom he is art director—is to be credited for the completeness and distinct individuality of the one set in which the action is played.

As a whole, the representation was one of the most enjoyable of all the Ibsen productions ever put forward in New York. Mrs. Fiske is not only to be congratulated on her own work—and incidentally on the pains she is now taking to speak distinctly, and toward the footlights rather than in the direction of the back drop—but on the entire presentation.

The "Hannele" of Hauptmann can in no sense of the word be considered as an entertainment. It differs widely from two other well-known plays in which a character representing the Savior figures. These two other plays are, of course,

"The Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," both written by Englishmen. But the German love of mysticism and the weird permeates "*Hannele*" so thoroughly that one view of it is enough for most spectators, and too much for a good many people.

One must constantly remind oneself that much of the play—or "dream poem," as Mrs. Fiske's program calls it—is a vision which the poor child *Hannele* is supposed to behold just before she dies; but this does not make it any more pleasant to see the four white-robed youths bring in a coffin, place it close to the footlights, and deposit in it Mrs. Fiske, who takes the part of the unhappy child.

The piece was mounted with extreme care, much attention being paid to the music, and to the quick transitions from vision to reality. Mrs. Fiske deserves more than a word of thanks for contriving to squeeze past the curtain-rods in order to take her call, at the end, in front of the drop. So impressed were the spectators by the reverential character of the performance that it was some time after its conclusion before they dared to applaud at all.

Rather tedious at the start, but worked out with extreme cleverness, was "*The Green Cockatoo*," the curtain-raiser in the same bill, from the German of Arthur Schnitzler. Mrs. Fiske did not appear in it, but the full strength of her admirable company was seen to great advantage in this "grotesquerie," the scene of which is laid in a Paris *cabaret* on the night when the Bastille fell—July 14, 1789. It is unusual to see a one-act play with so many characters—there are eighteen principals and a host of supernumeraries—and the climax is unexpected and exceedingly dramatic.

Harking back to the start of the Manhattan Company in the autumn of 1904, I find that John Mason was *Rawdon Crawley* in the revival of "*Becky Sharp*" which formed the opening bill. Since then Mr. Mason has soared skyward like a rocket as a star in "*The Witching Hour*," and come to earth like a stick in "*None So Blind*," its successor, while the public was so indifferent about paying good money to see him in "*A Son of the People*" that vaudeville magnates are tempting him to essay the varieties.

To continue the list, George Arliss was the *Marquis of Steyne*. He has since scored a marked success in "*The Devil*," and has occupied a more modest niche in the temple with "*Septimus*." The *Joseph Sedley* was Frank J. McIntyre, now known everywhere as *Bob Blake*, the traveling salesman in James Forbes's comedy, which has made even a bigger hit than his "*Chorus Lady*."

By the same token, "*The Traveling Salesman*" might stand a better chance of proving a box-office winner in London than did Mr. Forbes's earlier production, dominated as it was by the leading rôle. Miss Stahl, to be sure, is inimitable in the character—which by the way, Annie Hughes has lately been playing on tour in England—but the British do not seem to care as much for the one-part play as we do. Moreover, the "*Traveling Salesman's*" glimpses of middle-class American life, with no leaning toward the art atmosphere, would, I think, be more apt to win out than most of our exportations of the Strand. "*The Climax*" failed dismally there, being withdrawn after only thirteen performances, to be succeeded by "*Alias Jimmy Valentine*," presented by an English company. This pleased the critics mightily; how the public will regard it remains to be seen.

#### WHAT THE GREATER PUBLIC WANTS

On the authority of a recent newspaper item, there is only one actress in the divorce colony at Reno, Nevada. To this Elbert Hubbard adds the statement that "Sing Sing Prison has thirty-seven preachers and forty bankers, but not one theatrical manager, and only five actors."

Whether these statistics—supposing them to be accurate—go to prove that preachers are more prone to crime than actors, or that actresses are less likely to leave their husbands than society women, we are not prepared to discuss. If, however, we were left to form our opinion of actresses from those that we see as characters in plays, strait-jackets rather than stripes would be the style of garments most likely to fit them. This spring has brought two more types of this unpleasant sort to the fore—one from the German, the other from the French, but both based on the same overworked idea—the efforts of a man just married, or about to



be married, to free himself of entanglements with another woman, in each case an actress. Surely men must sometimes have *liaisons* with women in other walks of life. Why must the stage persist in spattering itself with mud?

"The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him" failed to provide Hattie Williams with sufficient to do, and was on view in the Broadway district only a month. "The Lady from Lobster Square" pleased the critics no better, and lingered at Weber's for only three weeks. It was sad, indeed, to see such clever performers as Fritz Williams, Georgia Caine, and William Pruette reduced to this environment. Even the innocent look of pretty, demure, clever Lucy Weston was used to drive home the *double entendre* of the song she sang.

Happily it has been pretty well established during the past season that the public which pays for its seats no longer tolerates this sort of thing.

"The Girl from Rector's" and "The Belle of the Moulin Rouge" companies were all in by the beginning of April, thus giving to each play a little more than a year of life. On the other hand, "The Lion and the Mouse" had four solid seasons of success, with three companies playing it most of the time; "The Third Degree" ran for two years, with two companies out; "A Gentleman from Mississippi" is still profitable after two years, two companies being out in it for most of the time; and the same is true of "Polly of the Circus." Moreover, look at the money that has been made out of "The Man of the Hour," "The Chorus Lady" (fourth season), and "The Traveling Salesman" (second season, with three companies playing it). "Ben-Hur," now in its twelfth year, is still the most profitable show of them all. And there is "The Music Master," which the public won't allow Warfield to shelve. A short life, if in some respects a merry one, is the fate of the salacious play.

Next to dramatized indecency, the most annoying excrescence on the face of the drama is the "angel" producer, who, armed with a bank-roll and a favorite, finds little trouble in getting a hearing. As bank-rolls seem to be more prolific in this country than elsewhere, I am sorry to say that this nuisance has its habitat

almost exclusively in America. The latest example to date is "Molly May," in which Miss Grace La Rue is being starred—save the mark! The one redeeming feature of the affair is the fact that the angel in this case is her husband, Byron Chandler, who has also the courage to announce himself as the responsible manager.

"Molly May" is labeled "original comic opera," with music by Julian Edwards, of whom one would expect better things. The plot turns on that highly original conception, an old man's escapade being laid at the door of his son-in-law. The young scapegoat, enacted by Sydney Grant, is the real feature of the production, which adds a fresh terror to theatergoing with a song calling for participation by the audience in clapping hands at stated intervals in time to the music.

#### "A SKYLARK" AND THE CIRCUS

There are one or two points of resemblance between "A Skylark," Henry B. Harris's first venture into the realm of musical comedy, and the Barnum & Bailey Circus, on view in Madison Square Garden at the same time. Both entertainments cost an immense amount to run, and neither banks on the spoken word for such success as it may attain.

But to give us "A Skylark" in the same season with "The Arcadians" argues a large-sized amount of courage in any manager. Both are fantastic, but with, oh, such a difference! The fantasy of "The Arcadians" is charming, idyllic, fascinating, like its music; while the imagination that outfitted "A Skylark" soars no higher than a schoolboy's ideas, set to music utterly lacking in distinction and individuality. That Mr. Harris would not have spent a small fortune on the scenery and costumes of such a book and score had not the former been the work of his brother is the nicest thing that can be said of his judgment in the matter. Frank G. Dossert, whoever he is, shares with William Harris, Jr., whatever honors and royalties may accrue from the joint venture.

No blind man would expect to be entertained at the circus, and it is only the eye that will rejoice in what "A Skylark" has to offer. One is reminded of

the intermezzo in "Cavalleria Rusticana," for, just as that famous bit of melody is the gem of the Mascagni opera, so the series of curtains leading up to the second half of "A Skylark" forms the best part of the whole bill.

A fairly good cast included May de Sousa—whom Charles Frohman first had in mind for the *Dollar Princess*—and Clarice Vance, a recruit from vaudeville; also John Slavin, from the wreck of "The Air King," and John Dunsmure, out of the collapse of "The Young Turk." But of what avail are clever people if there is nothing clever for them to do? It is small wonder that three weeks covered the stay of "A Skylark" in New York.

The circus, this year, is its own rival, as the electric signs advertising it along Broadway were almost as marvelous in their way as the show itself. But there is no stinting in what you get for your money in the three tan-bark rings and the two stages, to say nothing of the surrounding arena. It is refreshing to go, for once, to an entertainment where you know in advance that the ear may take a complete rest—a thing one often longs for, when forced to listen to the puerilities so common on the stage of to-day.

#### NAZIMOVA AGAIN, AND MME. OLLY

Still they come—actresses from the Continent eager to learn our language and appear in Broadway theaters. Years ago it was Modjeska and Janauschek; later on came Nazimova; and last autumn we had Hedwig Reicher, with rather a luckless experience in two plays that promptly failed—"On the Eve" and "The Next of Kin." Now here is Marietta Oly—from Vienna, I believe. She has played in New York before—at the Irving Place Theater, in German.

The Shuberts offered her at Daly's in a play by Bernstein, the famous Frenchman who wrote "The Thief." "The Whirlwind"—"Baccarat" in the original—is an earlier effort of the dramatist, and yet it seemed to me to be much more cumulative in interest than either "Samson" or "Israel." But it is terribly old-fashioned; it belongs to a past era.

The big scenes left the audiences at Daly's quite unmoved—and this wasn't because of poor acting, either. Mme.

Oly has genuine power. You never feel that she is not going to be equal to a scene, and she convinces you, at times, in spite of yourself. She is not pretty, having rather a broad face of the strictly Teutonic type; and in her moments of excitement her English is hard to follow. But all the while you feel that she is the character in the play; never once the actress.

Her support is very good, three of the company coming from the ill-fated "Watcher"—Thurlow Bergen, John Emerson, and Malvina Longfellow. Mr. Bergen had a difficult character—that of a married woman's lover, who has stolen money, and for whom she in turn sacrifices everything in the effort to save him from the consequences. The man is a cad, and yet Mr. Bergen managed to make him likable without putting him at all out of the picture. It is what is called a good acting part, and yet full of the speeches that Bernstein seems to love, stilted and untrue to life as we know it to-day.

✓ Nazimova, by the way, has returned to New York after two seasons' absence, the central figure in an event possible only in these United States. Nowhere else in the world could an actress, celebrated for less than five years, have a playhouse built and named after her.

Nazimova's Thirty-Ninth Street Theater is the latest addition to the Shuberts' lengthening list. Mme. Nazimova inaugurated it on April 18 with "Little Eyolf," perhaps the weirdest and most obscure of all the Ibsen dramas. Like Mrs. Fiske, she seems to have grown modest and retiring, as the piece is not one that would generally be regarded as alluring to a woman star. Happily, the Shuberts have given her a good supporting cast—although, unhappily, no member of it, save Ida Conquest, speaks with any too much distinctness.

That any public can be found for this somber work speaks well for Nazimova's drawing-power. *Rita Allmers*, it appears, was a favorite rôle of hers in Russia. Brandon Tynan has the all-important character of *Alfred Allmers*. Ida Conquest does some of the best work in her lately checkered career as *Asta*, the alleged half-sister of *Allmers*.

✓ Matthew White, Jr.

# LIGHT VERSE

## HIS DISAPPOINTMENT

ROMANCE I love. I wish I'd lived long  
centuries ago,  
When, clad in clanging armor, I could slay  
some hated foe;  
Or, robed in fancy garments, I could twang  
the gay guitar  
Beneath the lattice of some dame I wor-  
shipped from afar.

I would have gone crusading unto the Holy  
Land,  
To wield a battle-ax on high within my  
mailed hand,  
To rescue fair Zuleika from her cruel  
paynim lord,  
And gallop off with my fair bride despite  
his angry horde.

But ah, those days are in the past—they'll  
never come again;  
Romance is dead, to live no more. I'll  
prove it. Even when  
I fell in love with Martha Brown, and  
dreamed there was a chance  
To meet with opposition, and get up some  
romance,

The way things went was sickening! Her  
mother made no fuss;  
Her father gave his full consent—the easy-  
going cuss!  
Her sister was delighted; and her little  
brother, Jim,  
Without the aid of bribery declared I  
“suited *him*.”

So soon the cards were issued, the neighbors  
came to call,  
And we were married quietly, one morning  
in the fall.  
Our true love ran quite smoothly its un-  
interesting course,  
And, hang the luck!—I am not even seek-  
ing a divorce.

*Tudor Jenks*

## THE NEW WOMAN

YES, I worship and adore her,  
Spite of all her tyranny;  
Day by day I kneel before her  
In a perfect ecstasy.

What her whim by any chance is,  
She need only give it name—  
See how everybody dances  
Round to gratify the same!

No, she hasu't any manners,  
I regret to have to say;  
And she flaunts her gaudy banners  
In a most amazing way;  
And her temper's autocratic,  
And she knows no compromise;  
Yet is she a thing ecstatic,  
Viewed in my admiring eyes.

She's as noisy as the “divvle,”  
More especially at night,  
And her ways are most uncivil—  
Positively impolite!  
I have seen her thump a fellow  
With her fist upon the head,  
And set up a fearful bellow  
Fairly fit to raise the dead.

In my mind a memory lingers  
How this woman new and fair  
Once entwined her lily fingers  
In my slender stock of hair,  
And just pulled it till I hollered  
To express my inner woes;  
Whereupon the pull she follered  
With a punch upon my nose!

None the less am I her loyal  
And devoted slave for ay;  
I will hail her always royal  
Till the last eternal day.  
She has beauty superhuman  
And her heart is true as gold,  
This soft, chubby, pink New Woman,  
Just six months and four days old!

*Blakeney Gray*

## CRUSHED—A ROMANCE OF THE SUBWAY

I MET her on the Subway car. All crowded  
was the train;  
The seats were filled  
With sitters skilled,  
And every strap was ta'en.  
She looked so weary and forlorn, and yet  
so passing sweet,  
I wondered why  
No man came by  
To offer her a seat.

"Had I a seat to offer thee, madam," I up  
and said,  
    "I'd give it thee  
    Right cheerfully."  
She bowed her pretty head.  
"And I would thank you for it," she made  
very prompt reply,  
    A pleasant smile,  
    All free of guile,  
A twinkling in her eye.

The car then gave a dreadful lurch; together  
we were thrown,  
Now here, now there,  
Now everywhere,  
Like billows tempest-blown.  
She lost her balance, nearly fell—oh, ecstasy  
divine!

She lost her feet—  
Ah, bitter sweet!  
I let her stand on mine!

The train reached Forty-Second Street; two  
hundred more got in—  
Two hundred souls  
In rolls and rolls,  
Like sardines in a tin.  
And as they came from fore and aft, like  
huge waves on the sea,  
I got a per-  
fect crush on her,  
And she was crushed on me!

And then that maiden fair was lost to me  
forevermore,  
For when we stopped,  
She swiftly popped  
Out through the center door.  
She took my heart away with her—oh, tale of  
bitter pain!  
And what was worse—  
She took my purse,  
And brand-new watch and chain!

*Carlyle Smith*

MRS. GRUNDY

BEHOLD the reason of my rime,  
Mrs. Grundy!  
I sing the tyrant of the time—  
Mrs. Grundy!  
The dame despotic in her sway,  
Who makes the laws we must obey,  
And names the fines that we must pay—  
Mrs. Grundy!

Well for the one who cares to court  
Mrs. Grundy!  
Wo to the one who dares to thwart  
Mrs. Grundy!  
A friend to sycophants, although  
Full many to their sorrow know  
Her as a most relentless foe—  
Mrs. Grundy!

Her province is the wide, wide world—  
Mrs. Grundy!  
Her flag is everywhere unfurled—  
Mrs. Grundy!  
No matter how her subjects hate,  
Or loudly clamor for her pate,  
No mob could e'er assassinate  
Mrs. Grundy!

Harold Susman

## THE MERCENARY POET

WHAT shall he get who doth a sonnet  
write?

Who doth a sonnet *right*, what shall  
he get?

At Roosevelt rates it would my soul delight  
To write monosyllabic sonnets; yet,  
What if—the sonnet writ and taken in,  
And taken, too, by editor of taste;  
The rate agreed upon (rare prize to win!)  
A dollar for each word (one counts in  
haste)—

What if the magazine one awful day  
 Ascended up the spout like climbing lads,  
 And for my artistry I got no pay  
 But won apologies instead of "scads"?  
 "Art for art's sake!" Yet Shakespeare was  
 a winner.

Let art be mine when I am sure of dinner!  
*Charles Battell Loomis*

## THEIR PROFESSIONS

MOTHER'S now a suffragette,  
Out to get her "rights";  
And she'll get 'em, too, you bet—  
Gee, but she loves fights!  
Sister Fan is music-mad—  
Tries her best to sing  
Some old crazy German fad,  
Or the "Nibelung Ring."

Brother's cracked about his "art"—  
Got a studio  
All fixed up before he'd start  
In to paint, you know.  
Gives pink teas, and gets off guff,  
Wears a soft silk shirt;  
What's that? Does he sell his stuff?  
Not enough to hurt!

Billy's got the acting bee  
 Buzzing in his brain;  
 Says they'll think, when him they see,  
 Booth's come back again;  
 Talks of "inspiration's fount"  
 And "these mortal ills."  
 Father? Oh, he doesn't count!  
 He just pays the bills.

*William Wallace Whitelock*

# STORIETTES

## And She Was a Lady

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

"SHE cheats!" said Van Bolter.

I stared at him, almost speechless, shuddering at the word. To think that it should have been used by one so nice in his choice of expletives! He must have lost heavily. And of a lady, also! Too much!

"Impossible!" I replied.

"The solemn truth," said Van Bolter.

"You were there Thursday evening?"

I nodded.

"And you lost—"

"Four hundred. *You* were there—"

"The night before."

"And *you* lost—"

"Six hundred."

Van Bolter looked at me curiously.

"You didn't think, did you, after that, that Mrs. Uptone played a square game?"

"Well, no," I admitted; "perhaps not quite. Still, I have often lost as much as that—"

"With a creature like her partner?" asked Van Bolter. "She lives with Mrs. Uptone, you know, and they always play together. Did you say anything when you left?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Certainly not. I didn't *know*. I merely suspected. But, stay—I couldn't help—"

"Ah!" Van Bolter ejaculated.

"Now that I think of it," I went on, "I say I couldn't help, as I bade her good night, remarking that her luck was almost uncanny."

Van Bolter grinned.

"I said worse," he observed. "I said that it required great skill to have luck like that. And you ought to see the sweet look she gave me—reproach, astonishment, and all that sort of thing. I really felt sorry that I had said it. But she does—she cheats!"

"Hey, there!" I exclaimed. "Old

man, go light, will you? I hate that word. And a lady, too!"

Van Bolter, intent on his dissection of Mrs. Uptone's character—assuming that she had one—leaned forward, cigarette in hand, and went on.

"Now, there's a woman," he said, "who has a good position socially. She has enough money to keep her going. But she just can't help—"

I raised a warning finger.

"She just can't help being crooked," went on Van Bolter; "because she likes the excitement, I suppose, or for some other feminine reason. She began—well, I know about when she began. It started with her playing out of the wrong hand. She found that she could play out of the wrong hand—unobtrusively, mind you—without being noticed much, and every once in a while it made a big difference. Then she ran across her present partner—somewhere on the Continent, I believe—and asked her over here to live with her. Why, that partner is an all-around crook! You see, it's an easy way to make money. She gathers a lot of her good friends under her roof, and among them is the one man whom she wishes to relieve of his money. She has learned how to stack the cards. Oh, yes, she has! And of course, in pivoting, it's easy to get your own partner. Well, once during the evening, she plays with the other woman as her partner, and the man who plays against them is the man they are after. At a dollar a point it doesn't take more than two or three rubbers to lose four or five hundred. Then they separate. No one knows the difference. She only does it once during the evening."

I was thinking. I recalled the details of the evening I had spent at Mrs. Uptone's. I found myself beginning to react under the excitement of following Van



Bolter along his trail, and continuously realizing that he was right.

"That's so!" I exclaimed. "I never thought it out before, but I can see that it is just as you say. It's a perfect system. Why, we were the victims! And such a nice woman, too! It's amazing!"

"In an ordinary gambling-house," went on Van Bolter calmly, "you get a run for your money. You know, when you go in, that the chances are against you, and you don't care. You are ready to take them. But to be robbed in the dark! Bah!"

I found myself, with Van Bolter, working up an intense hatred for Mrs. Uptone and her methods. All the circumstances contributed. To put a note of finality to the whole affair, I wound up with the discomfiting thought that she had done it to me—had thought so little of me, had had such a contempt for me, so to speak, that she felt she could mulct me. And Van Bolter also!

"I'm going to get even with her," my fellow victim continued.

"How?"

"Nothing easier. We know everybody. Everybody knows us. All that we have to do is to pass the word along. Why, we—the two of us—can drive her out of town in a month. Let's see. We'll agree on something—I have it! To every one we see we will just remark that she plays a rather queer game. *Queer game*—get it? Depends on the accent and inflection. She's half suspected, anyway. There must be other victims. So! We'll bring the conversation around to Mrs. Uptone, and remark that she plays a queer game—a *very* queer game of bridge. And then we will smile and change the subject. Eh, old man? You take one side of the street, and I the other. Between the two of us, we cover the whole social world. Will you do it?"

"Will I?" I exclaimed, hot with remorse and chagrin. "Indeed I will!" and we parted, he to one club and I to another.

While I was sitting in my club, Peterstone came in. We chatted. I brought the conversation around to Mrs. Uptone.

"She plays rather a queer game of bridge," I remarked.

"Does she?" asked Peterstone curiously. "You mean—"

"Oh, nothing!" I paused for the effect. "I am not *saying* anything about it. Just a rather queer game—that's all. When were you at the Country Club?"

Peterstone, answering my question mechanically, got up. I thought he looked at me rather quizzically. He excused himself, and in a moment I was alone.

There was one thing about Peterstone—he was a gentleman. Somehow, the thing I had said to him wasn't quite right. It had carried its undoubted message. It had conveyed the unmistakable information that Mrs. Uptone— But I could not repeat that word, even to myself. It was what I had agreed to do. It was what I had been eager to do; but now that it was done—well, it sat rather hard upon me.

Something was wrong. Why did I feel sorry that I had spoken to Peterstone about this woman, who was obviously as bad as I implied, and who had in reality played a dastardly trick upon me?

While I was reflecting upon this paradox Billy Wharton slipped up.

"Billy," I said, not at all in a confidential manner, but as casually as possible, "do you think there is any circumstance that makes it right for a man to reflect upon a woman, no matter how bad that woman may be?"

"No!" said Billy. "Not even if she has ruined you!"

"Neither do I," I replied warmly. I meant it.

From that instant my mind was made up. I determined to do all that I could to counteract what Van Bolter was saying. I trusted to my own ability to explain it to him afterward.

I began at once. There was an afternoon tea on at the Willoughbys'. I had no intention of going there, but here was the opportunity.

In thirty minutes I had told ten people that I thought Mrs. Uptone was the loveliest thing I knew. And so much character! I managed, with what I considered adroitness, to work her into the conversation. I tried my best, in my humble way, to neutralize what Van Bolter was saying.

After dinner I went to a dance, and did the same thing.

At midnight I suddenly came across Van Bolter at the club. I grabbed him fiercely.

"Come in here!" I exclaimed. "You're just the man I want to see. I was going to write you, but thought I'd better explain in person. What do you suppose I have been doing?"

Van Bolter was as glad to see me as I was to see him.

"And I have been trying to find you," he cried. "I have something of importance to communicate. But you go on first."

We sat down in a quiet corner of the reading-room.

"It's this way, old man," I whispered. "After I left you I tried it on, and found that it didn't work. Somehow, I couldn't do it. Why should the morals of any woman be of any interest to me? The mere fact that I was a victim of hers does not make it any better. And so I have been going around all day saying the loveliest things about her—just to counteract what you have been saying. I had to do it."

"You brick!" cried Van Bolter in delight. "Why, that's just what I've been doing. Came to the same conclusion that you did; and, thinking that you were

wreaking your vengeance upon her, I have been doing all I can to crack her up."

At this moment Billy Wharton's great body filled the door. He recognized us.

Striding up, he said, his face as long as a seven-foot board:

"I'm feeling rotten."

"What's the matter?" asked Van Bolter.

"Why, I strayed in to that Mrs. Up-tone's to-night—ever been there?—and she pinched me for seven hundred. And between you and me, *I have my suspicions.*"

I squared up.

"She's a very nice woman," I said, somewhat severely.

"She's a bully good sort," echoed Van Bolter, scarcely holding himself in.

"I'm glad you think so," broke in Wharton hotly. "All the same, let me tell you that she plays a devilish queer game!"

Van Bolter and I each got up, and each put a sympathetic arm about him.

"That's what you say *now*," I whispered softly; "but to-morrow, old fellow, you'll agree with us."

## A Memory of Youth

BY MAUDE H. NEAL

IT takes M. Antoine de Labranche much longer these days to complete his toilet than it did thirty years ago, when he was the best-known of all the *beaux galants* of Paris. The effect is still excellent—how could it be otherwise, with the pains he takes? But sometimes he sighs regretfully as he thinks of the time when it required only a pulling down of the wristbands, a few strokes of the brush, a settling of the waistcoat, to put him in fine fettle.

Ah, those were indeed the golden days, when, with back very flat and chin well up, off he went to the Bois, all the lovely heads bowing as he approached and turning as he passed. Now, although the heads bend, the glances do not follow; or, if they do, there is something in them of delicate derision, of amusement tempered with pity. Antoine does not know this. If he did, he would not understand.

"I am as straight as ever," he says, as he glances at his reflection in the windows along the way. "I walk as lightly, my eye is as keen, my skin as firm."

Then he twirls his slender cane, and looks through his black-corded eye-glasses with something that closely resembles the fire of youth.

All his friends have grown old. The men with whom he reveled the nights away have grown rotund or feeble. The women he made love to have progressed into dowagers and grandmothers. Antoine has ceased to think of them as belonging to the same generation as himself, and treats them with a deference wonderful to behold. As for the old woman who dusts his rooms, mends his clothes, and cleans his shoes, he scarcely thinks of her as a woman at all. He has her lace his shoes on the days when the weather is trying, and to tighten the buckles in the ar-

rangement to which he owes his youthfulness of figure.

Near the mantel in Antoine's sitting-room hangs the portrait of a young and beautiful woman. It is a small picture, and admirably executed. There is such a consciousness of power in the woman, as she reclines on her velvet couch, that you are impressed immediately. In the exquisite outline and coloring of the face, in the tender, gay smile, youth and joy shine out as radiantly as sunshine.

"Ah, my boy," Antoine will say, as he surveys the picture through a cloud of smoke, "that was a woman—ah, such a woman! Every one was mad—absolutely mad—about her. Yes, I was like the rest. When she drove out, or appeared at the Opéra—"

In a confidential tone he tells spicy, scandalous tales about her. That is, they are scandalous if that quality can survive so many years. It is hard to be shocked at such long distance, easy to smile at the peccadillo of twenty years gone. When the ghosts of an almost forgotten youth walk for a brief half-hour, it would be a stern person indeed who would exorcise them.

One gathers from Antoine that he and the subject of the portrait once cherished a monumental passion for each other. It is all told delicately—more by silences than by words—with a sigh, an air of regret, and more than a touch of sincerity. The young men—usually it is only the young men who stimulate him to these reminiscences—listen respectfully, for the lady has a reputation to this day for her charm and beauty, and that is truly wonderful in a city where such reputations are so sadly ephemeral.

The truth of the matter is that Antoine *had* once been in love with the beauty in the picture. He *had* stood with the others as she drove by; he had dined at her house and appeared in her box at the Opéra. But although he was the handsomest man in Paris, she was not for him. She was a very great lady indeed, even if in a left-handed sort of way.

One day, not long ago, Antoine forgot his handkerchief, probably for the only time in his life. He was feeling in excellent humor. His shoes were polished to a satisfactory brilliancy. A close inspection of his hair had proved reassuring, and the

old woman had murmured, as she brushed his coat:

"*Monsieur* has a splendid figure."

So, when he opened the door of his apartment and found her standing idly in front of the picture, he called out gaily:

"A beautiful woman, a wonderful woman—eh, old mother?"

"Yes," said the old woman. "In thirty-five years, time brings many changes."

"Yes, yes," he replied impatiently, "but most of them are for the best. There is no use in dwelling on sad things."

The old woman did not answer. Antoine went over, and side by side they looked at the lovely, youthful face.

"What do you think of it?" Antoine finally asked.

"Very good. Paul Lambert would have been a great artist, if he had lived. His family cast him off for his wild ways, and I think he died more from cold and want than from disease."

"Why, how do you know?" Antoine asked.

"I knew Paul Lambert." She hesitated a moment. "*Monsieur* will hardly believe it, but I was the original of that picture."

Antoine looked at the wrinkled face, the gnarled hands, on which the dirty water had left a distinct line marking the height to which it had reached; then, with a forced laugh, he said:

"You will have your joke, old mother, eh?"

The old woman sighed.

"It is no joke, *monsieur*. The picture was painted by Lambert for—for a certain public official. I suppose it was sold when he married."

Such was indeed the history of the picture. It had come into Antoine's possession in that way.

"You—you are Mathilde Géraud?" he stammered, passing a trembling hand over his face.

The woman nodded.

"But—but this?" he questioned, pointing to her broom and pail.

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"You know how it is—sickness—loss of friends—"

"And you knew Jules de Belleville—Henri d'Antin—Charles de Bovet?"

"Very well indeed, *monsieur*."

"Then how is it you don't remember

me?" Antoine asked with considerable pique.

The woman looked at him with puzzled eyes.

"You knew me, *monsieur*?"

"Don't you remember a trip to Fontainebleau, when Henri d'Antin, the young Englishman, and I gave a dinner on the veranda? I remember you wore a pink dress and an immense bonnet with plumes. This you carried by the strings over your arm, afterward."

"Ah!" cried the old woman gaily, clapping her hands. "Now I remember you! You sat at the other end of the table. They called you the handsomest man in Paris—we were all wild over you and your good looks!"

Antoine went to his room and shut the door. After a few moments he went to the mirror and scrutinized himself carefully. He thought of the woman as he

had seen her at the Opéra, and on that day at Fontainebleau, as she sang with her bonnet hanging by its strings over her arm.

"My eye is as clear; I am as straight as ever. I am still a young man," he said aloud; but his step dragged as he went out.

He said to the old woman, who was kneeling on the hearth with a damp cloth in her hand: "*Madame*, I wish to inform you that I increase your compensation five francs a week, as appreciation for your faithful service. I regret that it is impossible for me to do more at present. I will request you not to trouble about the boots hereafter. Please have the kindness to inform the son of the *concierger* that I wish him to clean and polish my footwear."

And, taking off his hat, he bowed gracefully before he went out.

## For Love of a Man

BY FRANK CONDON

JOE TRUMBULL arose from the poker-table in the rear of Einstein's Sampling Room with a hot word on his tongue. At the same instant, Gambler Igou flipped the cards to the floor, tipped back his chair with a crash, and pulled the trigger. The little chunk of lead tore a mole away from Joe's red neck. Trumbull's revolver sent a return messenger across the beer-stained cloth, and thereafter a small hole might have been traced directly through Gambler Igou's person.

Two or three idlers had beheld the crooked play, the accusation, and the shooting, without particular animation.

"You saw what happened, men," said Joe, tucking his gun away. "I'll bid you good-by. Kindly remember the details of this little incident, in case you are ever called upon to discuss it."

The men nodded. Joe Trumbull lounged out through the rear door, mounted his pony, and rode away. The dead body was covered with a potato-sack, and soon after the authorities of Maumee made inquiry.

In spite of allegations to the contrary,

homicide is regarded as a serious offense in Nevada. Mr. Trumbull had killed three men during the course of a somewhat tempestuous career, and it was his very correct notion that continued absence on his part had it seven or eight ways on a studied legal defense of his act. He rode to a railway, caught a freight-train, and his old haunts knew him no more.

Six months later the town of Cat Eye took him in unknowing; and there he settled into a homelike life, with the Widow Barnes to mend his socks and the widow's daughter to cook for him.

Cat Eye is a small and silent community in the western foot-hills of the Sierras, containing a saloon, three stores, and a dozen unpainted huts. A score of deserted mines lie scattered about the neighborhood; and, for lack of edifying and instructive amusement, Joe Trumbull prospected among long-dead leads. He had never come across anything more valuable than cast-off clothing and a rusty bucket, but the pursuit occupied his mind until such time as he began to devote thought to the widow's daughter.

"I'm a kind of a bum, Allie," he told the girl, "and I find I'm falling in love with you, so maybe you'd better know something about me. The reason I'm dallying here in this pleasing village is not because I crave the picturesque, but on account of a certain sudden death that took place some time ago. I shot a dirty card-thief in Nevada, and that's why I'm here."

"What made you kill him?" Allie asked.

"Had to. He shot two seconds ahead of me, but a little mite unsteady."

"Why don't you go back and tell them that?"

"Because my name looks bad on their books. It has been necessary, in the past, for me to turn two other jobs of a somewhat similar nature, and my hunch is that the game looks a trifle monotonous on the third play. Does all this make a difference to you?"

"Not any," Allie replied. "If you were fighting, and not murdering, it makes no difference at all."

"My word ain't much, but you can take it that they were all straight fights. If I hadn't got the other fellow, I wouldn't be here now."

"Let's talk about something pleasant," said Allie Barnes.

"We will. Are you free to have me fall in love with you?" Joe asked, placing his hand on her shoulder and looking into her eyes.

"Free as the air," she laughed. "There was a man once—but that's over."

Joe took her in his arms.

"We hereby start with a clean sheet," he said gravely. "I've got folks in the East, and some day they may slip me a bunch of change—not that they'll do so willingly, but because they can't tote it along into the next world when they go."

Joe heard about the man of whom Allie had spoken, and his smile was grim. At the Bulldog saloon he listened to, a long story about a tall stranger whose pony used to stand before the door of the Widow Barnes—a lanky, handsome fellow with a waving brown mustache. One day the pony trotted away, and the stranger came back no more. Perhaps Allie could tell him more if she wanted to, they suggested at the Bulldog; and their

conversation trailed on into details that brought a sudden oath from Joe's lips and his gun from his pocket.

"Cut it out," he said slowly, "and don't mention it again! Whoever does will get the usual one-way ticket, and in a mighty unusual hurry."

He spoke to Allie again.

"I told you there was a man, Joe, and I told you it was all over. You've got to take my word, because I ain't going into details. What's over is over. If you love me, you'll be satisfied with that; and if you don't, it don't matter."

Months slipped by, and the subject never came up, either in the home of the Widow Barnes or at the Bulldog. The few times Joe had discovered an unreasoning jealousy tugging at his heart he had driven it from him angrily.

"I'm a fool," he was wont to mutter. "She loves me, because she says so, and because she shows it."

One moist, hot evening he walked slowly into Cat Eye in the gathering dusk, tired and worn after a fruitless day's work. His rifle hung despondently in the hollow of his arm, and the gleam of light in the Widow Barnes's window cheered him. Then he stopped in the middle of the road, with a catch in his breath, and stared ahead of him fixedly. A pony was tied up to the gate before the house, his head hanging until it grazed the ground.

"It's him!" he muttered. "He's come back to her!"

While he stood like a graven statue in the white dust, the door of the cottage swung open, and two figures appeared. One of them was Allie. The other was a tall, lanky man. They were laughing gaily, and Allie's hand rested confidently in the arm of the tall man.

Joe slipped into the brush. His mouth was dry, and his breath was rushing through his throat in hard gasps.

The two hesitated a moment at the gate, and then turned down the white road. As they approached the man in the brush, Joe saw that Allie's companion was remarkably handsome, and that his mustache was long and waving. He was leaning toward the girl and looking at her fondly.

Slowly Joe's rifle tipped forward till the barrel rested upon a stout twig. Lying behind it, Joe Trumbull stared at the two



like a fascinated snake. His finger was close to the trigger.

Allie and the man passed twenty feet away. They were speaking in low tones, punctuated with an occasional laugh. The rifle-barrel swung slowly in a broad circle and followed the retreating pair.

Without warning, the tall stranger turned the girl toward him, and, leaning over, he kissed her. Allie struggled an instant and then lay quiet in his arms.

When the arms released her again, Allie screamed and crumpled up like an emptied sack. The body of the tall man toppled and fell upon her. Above the growth of brush two white circles of smoke curled away from the barrel of Joe Trumbull's rifle and mingled with the increasing dusk.

A moment later Trumbull crawled from beneath his shelter, threw the empty shells out of his gun, and sauntered down

the road. The pony at the gate greeted him with lifted ears, and he rubbed its flank as he passed.

Inside the Widow Barnes's home, the clock was ticking, and the fumes of the evening meal drifted in from the kitchen. Joe lighted a lamp, and called aloud. No response coming from the kitchen, he started forward, and his eye fell upon a slip of white paper hanging from a pin on the mantelpiece. He plucked it off and held it close to the light. It was in Allie's writing:

DEAR JOE:

I'll be back as soon as I can. I am taking a walk with your friend, the sheriff from Nevada. He stopped to get a drink, and I found out who he was. He wants to take you back for shooting that man. Tell me where you go, and go quick, for I won't be able to keep the sheriff away long.

P.S.—Take his pony.

ALLIE.

## A Beneficent Soldiery

BY JOSEPH I. LAWRENCE

UNDER the heavy rain the Massachusetts landscape was all glistening yellows and greens, shading into the fine dark pines and hemlocks with their black trunks and shadows. The small shingled cottage of the Draganoffs, unprotected upon a hilltop, dripped water from eaves to underpinning. The yard and garden surrounding it were all storm-beaten corn and potatoes, and sticky red clay.

"*Ohé*, the water will never cease falling," sighed Rada Draganoff. "Two whole days it has rained; the potatoes will rot in the ground soon."

"Peace," said Kono, her husband. "It is a good rain; it fills the cisterns; and another day it will stop, and we shall have sunshine and warmth."

"Yes, yes, it will stop soon, I suppose," said Rada; "but I am sad to-day, husband. We are in a strange country, very far from home; the people are all strangers, and we know little of their language and their manners."

"They are a fine people!" declared Kono. "When I think of the old home, it is with tenderness, Rada; but it makes

me glad that we are here. Here we live in health and safety, and our days are not broken by the visits of the accursed zabties. If we toil and raise corn and pigs and fowls, they are for ourselves, and no one comes to snatch them from us. If we have a good harvest, and sell it at the market, we can have the gold for ourselves and our children; no Turks come to take it for taxes and black-mail."

"It is so, Kono," said his wife, with more cheerfulness, "it is so! When I look out of the door, and see these strange-speaking folk pass by on the road, waving their whips to us, I, too, am very glad. When we see a light on the sky at night, it is fine to think that it is not the Bashi-bazouks burning a homestead, but only some good farmer burning up bad wood to make the land better."

"No soldiers, no Bashi-bazouks, no zabties," murmured Kono comfortably, smoking his pipe and gazing into the fire. "Hark! What was that, Rada?"

A dull boom had sounded somewhere in the distance.

"It is nothing," laughed Rada; "you

know that some men are breaking great rocks over by the town with gunpowder. Because we talk of the soldiers, do not think that they will come, husband. There are no soldiers in this land, I think. From the great city where we landed to this, our new home, I have seen no soldiers of any kind; only the policemen, who spoke to us kindly."

The man nodded smilingly, and continued to smoke; but both started to their feet as another loud explosion came to their ears, followed by a rattling fire of musketry.

For a moment they stood and gazed at each other's pale faces. The man was the first to smile again.

"It is no doubt a great hunt," he said. "They are killing many rabbits and birds, I think."

A sharp volley and another rattle of rifle-shots sounded nearer to them, and quickly there came again the answering boom of cannon.

The man laid his pipe upon the table, and, putting over his shoulders a heavy woolen cape, hastened out into the garden. The woman stood in the doorway and looked about the surrounding hills and woods, pale and open-mouthed with sickening dread. There was nothing to be seen but the blowing, dripping trees and miry road. The pair talked breathlessly in low whispers and waited.

Suddenly, from the valley to the east, there came a rumble and a heavy thudding of hoofs. The man and woman gasped in terror and seized each other for support. A trumpet-blast rang out, and the rumble and clatter ceased, to be followed presently by a cannon-shot which shook the house and rattled the windows in their frames.

"God destroy them!" cried Rada fearfully. "They are soldiers, after all, Kono, and they are fighting. We have been deceived. Wherever are men, there also shall be soldiers and fighting, I tell you!"

Another trumpet-call, and the rumble and clatter came again; and soon a horseman appeared, mounting the hill at a gallop. He was followed by other horsemen and by a rattling, creaking gun-carriage and field-gun, drawn by four panting, foaming horses.

"God have mercy!" groaned Kono,

pulling his wife into the house after him and shutting the door.

"We must pile the chest and tables against it!" cried Rada.

"No, no," he said, "it is useless! They will come in if they want to, or they will burn us out. We are in the hands of God."

He peered cautiously below the window-blind, and started back in fresh alarm.

"The forest is alive with soldiers!" he gasped. "There are foot soldiers and horsemen, all coming this way. We shall be swept away!"

Outside the house, the trumpet blared another order; there was a great cracking of whips, with much shouting and stamping; and then it seemed that an earthquake picked up the house and tossed it about. The field-gun had been fired within thirty paces of the door, and the window-panes were shattered and fell crashing and jingling all about.

The two peasants fell upon their knees and prayed fervently, quaking with hopeless terror.

There came a new burst of rifle-fire from the erstwhile silent woods to the west of the cottage.

"They've got us, by Jove, they've got us!" cried a voice louder than the others.

There were dozens of pistol-shots all about the cottage, and the sound of galloping horses, rifle-shots, and shouting men came from every direction.

"It is a massacre, Rada!" murmured Kono in horror, while the woman pressed closer to his side and clung to him desperately.

Deeper-throated bugles now sang cheerily, and there was a sudden cessation of firing.

"I seem to have you dead to rights, captain!" called out a new voice.

"I assure you it was through no fault of my own that I tried to hold that road with one gun, major," answered another in a discouraged tone.

"They do not curse and scream like the Turks," muttered Kono.

"Well," said the first voice gaily, "I am thinking more of something to eat than of victory just now. If you surrender, captain, let's call it off and see what these farmers have in the house."

"I never heard such gentle voices

among soldiers," said Rada. "Pray that they will speak as gently to us, Kono!"

A loud and peremptory knock came upon the door. With quaking knees, Kono Draganoff tottered to the door and threw it open.

The artillerymen and their gun were there in the yard, wet and muddy, the men standing about dejectedly, but grinning with a strange cheerfulness. Around them were grouped two troops of cavalry, and the rain-drenched troopers were laughing and chaffing the captured cannoneers in the best of humor.

In front of the door stood two officers. One was enveloped in a tan-colored rubber cloak, and upon his slouch-hat was a wide scarlet band. The other was similarly clad, but a bright blue band ornamented his hat.

"Good morning," said the man with the red band, to Kono. "I want to get something to eat and drink for myself and my prisoner, here—and for my men, if you've got enough."

"Excellency, we are ver' poor people," quavered Kono feebly.

"That's too bad," said the major, "but we're just as bad as poor ourselves, if we can't find anything to eat."

"Do not refuse them, Kono," whispered the woman from behind the door; "give them everything; it is best!"

"We have cheese—milk—pork, excellency," stammered the peasant; "and bread, excellency."

"That doesn't sound so bad to me," said the major. "Let's go in out of the rain, anyway, captain."

They entered the cottage, dripping water from their ponchos, and tracking red clay over the immaculate floor. Rada Draganoff sobbed aloud with terror, and sprang, trembling, to place the best chairs for the formidable visitors.

"Look at this, captain!" cried the major, staring around him. "Shade of Miles Standish! Who ever saw a New England farmhouse fitted out like this?"

"It is all yours, excellency," vowed Kono. "All is your own, but don't burn our house, excellency. We work much—we ver' poor!"

"Oh, get up, what's the matter with you?" laughed the major. "You two seem to be clean off your nuts. What are you, anyhow—Russian?"

"No, no," said Kono proudly. "Bulgarian, excellency."

"What you doing with a Kis Khilim rug here?" queried the officer, picking a specimen out of the odd collection of carpets, carved furniture, coppers, and barbaric household utensils. "That was never woven in Bulgaria."

"It was of my father," said Kono. "He was merchant of Tirnova. It is yours, excellency!"

"Oh, cut out your foolishness!" laughed the major. "What are you afraid of, man? We don't have any looting in mimic warfare, you know."

"I don't know a Khilim from a Soumak," said the captain from the Blue Army, "but I'd like that rug on my office floor, just the same. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it, my man."

"Not so fast!" said the major. "I'll give forty for it!"

"Take it, and be darned!" cried the captain. "You Red invaders are getting everything in sight. I haven't forty dollars in my jeans at the moment, and I suppose this is a cash business."

The two peasants were almost speechless with mystification.

"It is too much money, excellency!" protested Kono. "You are too kind."

"Here, take the money while you've got the chance," said the major. "You're not much of a business man."

He thrust a roll of bills into the astounded peasant's hands and called in his orderly to take possession of the rug.

After that, the cottage became a temporary bazar; other officers came in, and there was a lively trade in coppers and pottery and barbaric textiles. Then the hungry men stripped the larder bare, paying liberally for everything; and when the bugles sounded once more, and the soldiery marched away, the Draganoffs were, in their own estimation, persons of wealth.

"And don't worry about the broken windows," called the major, in parting. "Another officer will call here in a day or two and pay for all the damage."

"Verily, my husband," said Rada, with tears of happiness in her eyes, "this is the good God's own land. Even the soldiers seem to fight each other with harmless bullets, and they come to us with showers of blessings!"